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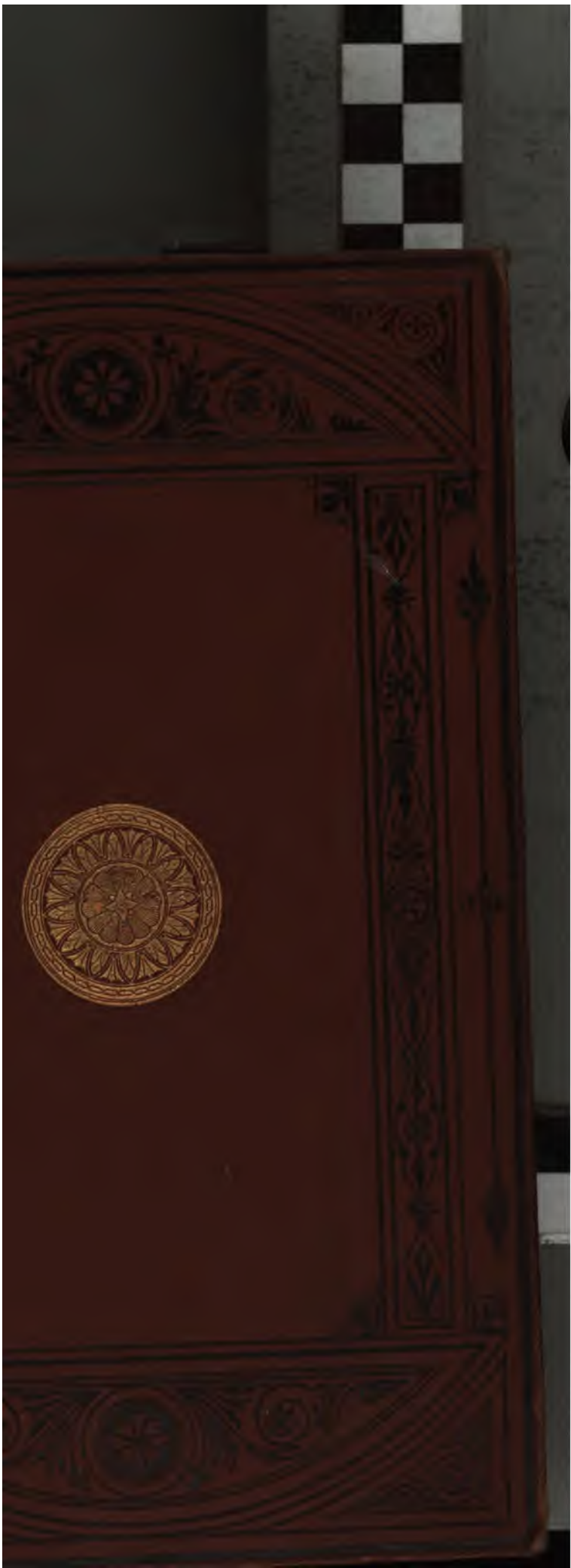
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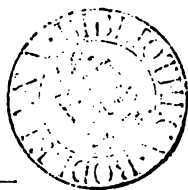
AN EDITOR'S HOLIDAY.

ITALY AND FRANCE.

AN EDITOR'S HOLIDAY

BY

ALEXANDER MACKIE.



LONDON :
HAMILTON, ADAMS, & Co.

—
1874.

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PRINTED AT THE GUARDIAN OFFICE, WARRINGTON.

DEDICATION.



TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE PROVINCIAL NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION.

SIR,

In accordance with your kind permission, I have much pleasure in dedicating this volume to you and to my fellow-members of the Provincial Newspaper Association. The letters of which it consists appeared in the *Warrington Guardian* in 1872, and are now reprinted with the view of aiding other newspaper proprietors and editors to spend a month abroad with comfort.

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The only peculiarity in it to which I would refer is this: The Composer is purely automatic, and its selection of the proper letters and spaces is guided

entirely by means of perforated paper, which may be perforated *anywhere*, and at various rates of speed, the Composer running at a fixed speed of 12,000 an hour. The perforated paper may be *used as often as required* for future editions, at *home* or *abroad*, and for *as many sizes of type* as may be required. [Specimens may be seen on pages xv. and xvi.] The same perforated paper may be *reproduced* to any extent by merely mechanical means, and be originally so perforated as to produce the most *accurate justification* as the type leaves the machine.

It may be necessary to remind my professional friends that the letters were written entirely for *home*, and some of them to very young members there, with the exception of those about printing and newspapers: hence the occasional repetition, and detail, which otherwise would have been out of place.

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Yours faithfully,

ALEXANDER MACKIE.

Guardian Office, Warrington,
and 112, Strand, London,
July, 1874.

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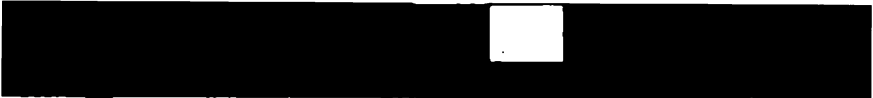
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AN EDITOR'S HOLIDAY.



LETTER I.

LONDON, March 28th, 1872.—At length the dream of many years is in a fair way of being accomplished. I am here, Rome-ward bound. My five friends have turned up to a man. No apologies, no broken promises, no unexpected delays. Our route is printed, pasted in our notebooks, and decreed to be like the laws of the Medes and Persians. We are to be home (*Deo volente*) to-morrow month. Once off, I and one or two others could have been less rigid in our dates; but we give and take, as our *compagnons de voyage* are much esteemed friends who must be home by a certain day. You will be glad to learn that we have appointed our ministerial friend chaplain, our banker treasurer, and our attorney fellow-traveller inspector of the laws which should regulate the conduct of those travelling in countries with which Her Majesty is at peace. It seems taken for granted that I am to be the ready-writer and historian of the party, and to set me free for my work I have nothing else to do. We have already paid away half our funds in securing Cook's tour and inn tickets, and the extra disbursements will be paid by our treasurer in one sum from a general purse. I

have, therefore, no fear of being bothered with francs and lires, and sous and centimes. A few good English sovereigns will be enough for extras. Cook's system seems an excellent one, and as my letters to you and others will only be worth printing for their practical value, I may as well begin at once by telling you what Cook promises. In the first place, then, we pay about £18 for tour tickets, which will clear us from Paris to Lyons, Marseilles, Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, Rome, Florence, Bologna, Venice, Padua, Milan, Turin, and back to Paris, a distance of 4,000 miles. Part of the way we are first-class, and part second; but my previous continental experience tells me that the second is as good as the first, for a party of six at any rate. The tickets require to be carefully kept, shown when demanded, and endorsed when you leave one town for another. They save you having to make *queue* with scores of others when the tickets are being given, and all the annoyance of foreign moneys, with the loss on the rate of exchange, and 20 per cent. of the price. The inn checks, or *coupons*, will be very useful, we are told. They have printed on them the inns where Mr. Cook has arranged for bed, breakfast, and a seat 'at the *table d'hôte* for all who present them. We are not tied to use them, nor to be content with the fare they secure. We may pay for extras in coupons or in cash. As no doubt the innkeepers will be interested in making Cook's customers comfortable, we are full of hope that at the ten or twelve inns at which we must lodge we shall have all we want, without the danger of being overreached or annoyed with foreign money.

But I must conclude. Twenty years of editorial work, during which no more than two *Guardians* have been without my contributions, make me feel warranted

in taking a month's holiday, and leaving my interests where I know they will be safe. I already feel that my part of the undertaking will not be slight; and had it not been an "old institution" with the *Guardian* staff to give sketches of their summer rambles, I might have begged to be excused. But it may not be; so I am off to bed, with the sure and certain conviction that I shall require to be up every morning by the break of day if I am to keep my contract.



LETTER II.

LONDON TO PARIS.

LONDON, March 29th.—We are all here at the railway station, safe and sound, at 7.30 a.m. I was up very early. Each has fallen in to his work. Our programme is laid out. We shall have 13 days' and four nights' riding together; so we are to have reading, singing, reciting, discussing, story telling, &c., besides the duties which more especially belong to our clerical friend. And we are likely to fulfil our programme, one or two of our number being evidently full to the mouth with fun and frolic.

PARIS, March 30th, 7 a.m.—I am now up, dressed, and in good condition for a day's out. We left London, as stated in my last, at 7.30, after an early breakfast, of which I was chary, having a judicious fear of *mal de mer*. We rattled along, both tongues and wheels, at a good rate, and when passing Chatham were blessed with the recognition of two young friends who were waiting to see us. We arrived at Dover at 9.40, and at once went on board. To avoid the rain, I sheltered rather near the engine, the fumes of which and the cooking establishment upset me in half an hour. I had held up bravely, and tried to turn my mind homeward, upward, downward, and onward. I turned my face

windward, but a chorus of smokers made my condition worse. Oh, for a despotic King James and another "blast" from his philosophic mind! But all in vain. My stomach wished to pay tribute to the great King Neptune. I sought shelter in a corner, where alone I poured out my sorrows and my small breakfast to the great sea god, and at once found ease and happiness from the oblation. No beefsteaks, no slices of bacon,—called "lard" in this city of polished phrases,—had laden my stomach, and so Neptune was easily mollified; in fact, he laved me from his briny washbasin, and even gave me a taste, so that I could make comparisons between his brine and that of Northwich. A sailor, out of pity and love for a sixpence, brought me a top-coat of sail-cloth and robed me in that. I stuck to my post of observation, watched the bow of the vessel clear the billows, and turn them into merry-looking foam, and heard the paddles smack them, one after another, like unruly school-boys who dared to laugh when such important business was on hand as that of carrying Her Majesty's mails. I did watch the waves, and, like the Yankee skipper, shall know many of them by sight on my return. How it fared with my co-voyagers I know not but from their own mouths, and these spoke of nothing but sea legs, nautical attainments, and a readiness to go on to the Bay of Biscay if needed. Twice the "monotonous sea" "lull-a-bye" me within a wink of sleep. But I kept awake, and in two hours we landed at Calais, ready for glory, sight-seeing, or—dinner. How curious it is that I, who have been brought up at the sea side and sailed many a long day, should be such a poor hand at crossing the Channel when compared with some who were never really at sea before! May I take refuge under the

transparent fallacy that it is my loyalty to King Neptune? I spoke of dinner, but dinner there was none for lack of time. It was no matter. Kind friends had provided sandwiches, and at *midi-trente* (or 12'30) we started for Paris, having, by judicious management known only to constant travellers, secured a favourable reply to my statement that "*Nous désirons un compartiment pour nous seuls.*" The same had answered at the London terminus in plain English. For nearly six hours we travelled along, passing thousands of pretty whitewashed farmhouses, cottages, and farm buildings. Either they whitewash at one time of the year—that is the present time—or they do it very often. At every railway crossing of the 200 miles, there was a woman with a little flag to tell the driver that the line was clear. These women wear uniform, a part of which is a man's glazed broad-brimmed hat.

At Amiens we had refreshments in two divisions. Tea, coffee, bread and butter I remembered were always safe in France, and here I ventured on nothing more. By 6.15 we reached Paris, all merry, and wondering how our baggage would fare. At Calais we had to show our passports, but nothing more. Having only what luggage we could carry in our hands, we were passed without the slightest difficulty, one of our party suggesting, perhaps with truth, that "our good looks did it all." We had a little difficulty about securing conveyances, and I once more reflected in no kindly terms on the men who built the Tower of Babel. I asked for *deux voitures*, but one two-horse one was the response, and as that only held four, and we were six, *une autre*—another—was required, and we drove to the "Hôtel Britannique" in a style worthy of six English travellers. It was a two-mile drive, during which those

who were for the first time in Paris had a fine view of that magnificent street—the Rue de Sebastopol. Our inn was even more than we had expected. An English hostess welcomed us—as six of her countrymen, and her worthy Swiss husband put on his best English to add to her welcome. In a short time we dined and went off for a two hours' drive through Paris by gas-light, and what those two hours revealed to those who had not been in Paris before is worth knowing. They were charmed, amazed, and overwhelmed. Shops in full swing till ten o'clock at least; coffee-houses in scores, crowded outside and inside, the pavement covered with tables and chairs. We passed the scenes of desolation wrought by the Communists; but I forbear describing them till seen by the light of day. The Place de la Concorde stood out under the rays of a young moon in all its old splendour. Its famed Egyptian monolith and representative figures from Strasburg, &c., looked stately, but lonely, for as yet the weather is too cold for those great gatherings which take place here further on in the season.

March 31st.—We have now had time to view Paris by daylight, and although much of the destruction wrought by the Communists has disappeared, much is yet visible. A map of Paris of the present day may be had with the buildings marked in red which have been burnt to the ground or rendered useless. Its appearance is very striking. A theatre in ruins here, a prince's house there, and Government buildings in many places, all tell of the horrid attempt to burn the city, if it had been possible. By gas-light the ruins had a ghastly gutted look, and spoke with trumpet-tongue of the will and the power of men to do evil, when they could not, or would not, do good. The Hôtel de Ville is in

ruins; so also are the Tuileries, the Palace of Justice, the Treasury, and the enormous building known as the Arsenal. I forgot to tell you in my last that in our evening ride we stopped at the Café Parisien, where four years ago I was so astonished at seeing some 800 persons at once drinking coffee at 200 or 300 little tables. There they were again, as if only a night had elapsed. Young men and maidens; young men without maidens, and maidens without young men; young men with their wives, mothers, and even grandmothers; and mothers and sisters with their young charges, quite down to little children, were there sipping coffee, playing at cards and dominoes, and men, young and old, at billiards. There was no wrangling, no drunken revelry, no swearing; but there was an absence of a home look. Can these two young women, thought I, who come in alone, and walk boldly to a table and ask for their coffee and brandy, or even without brandy, can they have those domestic feelings which we attribute to similar looking girls at home? There is no vice written on their faces, or they could not be here; but they cannot have an English home. They may be two girls making an honest living in some shape, living in *numéro soixante*, a little room at the top of a large building; a room which does duty for both at all times, and to which they only go to sleep, it being cheaper to buy coffee, bread and butter, and warmth at a *café* than in their solitary home—we mean their sleeping rooms. Then there is the glare of a thousand lights, the hum of a thousand voices, the chance of a friendly look, of a hearty *bon soir*—and perhaps an invitation to the theatre, that all-pervading institution of France. The Café Parisien is but the head of hundreds of others as to size. It has no out-door service of tables,

such as most other *cafés* have. All customers are inside; while at other *cafés* they sit under the trees in front by the hundred. The short-time movement does not exist in Paris.

The religious condition of Paris is, however, hopeful. Efforts are being made in the highest quarters to establish what are called "Cercles Catholiques d'Ouvriers," or, working men's religious institutions—Christian Associations, in fact. On entering the Church of Notre Dame I had put into my hand an appeal to aid these movements, with the usual English subscription list forms, on which I was asked if my subscription was annual, "*et pour combien d'années, ou seulement une fois payée.*" The treasurer is Count de Mun, and the secretary Henry Blount. A sermon is announced to be preached on the 14th April in the church of Sainte-Clotilde. I have read the circular with deep interest. It is expressive of life—home, social, religious life. It tells us that the working man question is not a problem to be discussed. It has become a menace—a permanent peril. The revolution has attained its end. The "brains" of the philosophers have descended into the hearts of the people, and have organised for a last fight the working men, who are the backbone of a nation. The passions of the working man have been flattered—and he is an *enfant sublime ou égoïste*—to the injury of France and of the world. But by the invincible powers of the heart of the "workman Jesus," they shall not let the glory of France, as the eldest daughter of the Church, be lost. To subversive doctrines they will oppose the holy lessons of the Evangelists; to materialism, the teachings of sacrifice; to the cosmopolitan spirit, the idea of country; to the negations of atheism, the affirmations of the Catholic Church. The

well-to-do are urged to place themselves face to face with their working men brothers, and aid them to save themselves from evils worse than shell and shot. Already there are two or three Christian Associations in Paris, which find lodgings, reading rooms, savings banks, sick clubs, &c., for working men, who otherwise have no homes but garrets, and no diversion rooms but cabarets. Out of these have risen some who are now masters, and many who are now foremen. The cost of the number France needs may be one hundred thousand, or one million francs. What of that? The putting down of the Commune cost France far more, and has not England and Germany such places in hundreds? I have given you this long epitome, as it must interest every one who has a heart to feel for the young men of Paris, who are really *homeless* in our sense of the word, and upon whom no quiet Sabbath-day ever dawns wherein their brains might cool.

We have but one week-day in Paris until our return. What shall we see? My old friend Notre Dame Cathedral. There I go at an early hour, and drink in the light streaming through its immense and beautiful oriel windows of stained glass. Can St. Peter's be more impressive? We shall soon see. But there is the sacristy. Into it we entered. There were all the sacred vessels and ancient relics which such a church should possess. There were the robes of the last three Archbishops of Paris—all killed by the hands of assassins. One died in 1848 trying to calm the mob, then in a gory street revolt. Another was stabbed by a priest in a church which we visited near the Panthéon. And the third was shot by the Communists not twelve months ago. The strong in faith, among whom were not we, took coins and laid them on the holes made

by the bullets and the poignards, on purpose to procure "luck." We passed on to the Louvre and the Tuileries—the latter a ghastly heap of ruins. The walls still stand; but windows, roofs, ceilings, and their etceteras, have disappeared. There are 60 acres of trees, walks, and squares, but all look sad compared with the year of the Paris Great Exhibition. We spent several hours in the Louvre under the intelligent guidance of a well-known French minister—M. E. Cook. He was read up in the endless rooms which abound in that famous place. The Egyptian, and especially the Roman antiquities, which are very numerous, attracted our close attention. We are soon to be in Rome. Well, there were Rome's great emperors before us in marble, and at various stages of their lives. We studied veritable busts of Nero taken at three periods of his life, and we should not have been surprised if Nero Number One had been reported to have said of the predicted deeds of Nero Number Three—"What! is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" Of the endless paintings time would fail me to tell. In fact we saw but part of the contents of the Louvre after all. I have a dim remembrance of many scores of Virgins with babies on their laps, but only of one face which showed womanly and motherly pride at the precious gift. I cannot forget an enormous painting of the "Marriage in Cana of Galilee," and the way it upset my old notions of a quiet marriage party of a score or two. Our guide and teacher was able to descant on the merits of the old masters' works, many of which I had seen when here in 1868. Rembrandt's "Christ at Emmaus" delighted me; Albani's "The Father sending the Angel to Mary" is painfully objectionable. Barbieri's "Raising of Lazarus" is very fine—touching, I would say;

Cantarini's "Holy Families" are not Jewish; but Murillo's "Virgin," seated on a hillock, holding the infant Jesus on her knee, while the infant St. John presents him with a cross of reeds, is like a fact and not a fiction; Rubens' "Adoration of the Magi," and his "Christ nailed on the Cross," I need not say are beyond my criticism. The galleries of the Louvre must cover miles. The very catalogue is 750 pages.

Of all the Parisian sights the Bourse to me is the most interesting. I was there with my friends to-day. I at once recognised the well-known red-headed stock-broker I wrote about in 1868, and who, during the war, raised a troop of his own, as had done his grandfather before him. The Bourse of Paris is a sort of wild beast show. In it the prim, polite Frenchman becomes an apparently raving maniac. Only sixty stock-brokers can exist at once. With a great price have they purchased their monopoly, and they may now do the business of 500 of their English brethren. Their hall is spacious and galleried round. In the centre is a circular platform for the use of the sixty. It is hedged round with a divinity of privileges and an iron railing. Outside are the commonalty, including ourselves; for we may enter the Paris Bourse, whereas from the English Stock Exchange we should be shouldered out. Business had begun when we entered, but it was languid. The *dii majores* were not talking: the *dii minores* were. One hundred voices at least were shouting like rival penny showmen. They held up their scrip and pocketbooks like our betting men at home. The excitement became intense. The sixty took part. They gesticulated and shouted. The ten or twelve hundred outside shouted back. The confusion of tongues re-appeared. Doré must have been here

when he drew his illustration of that direful event.— But I must conclude by telling you that we have been to the Panthéon and many other places of fame, too well known to need description. On our return we shall visit Versailles and other places near by, which have an interest in connection with the war. To-morrow we shall see a Parisian Sunday, and on Monday morning start on our 536 miles ride to Marseilles.



LETTER III.

A SUNDAY IN PARIS.

PARIS, March 21st, Evening.—This has been a day long to be remembered by those of our party who were never in Paris on a Sunday. But who could tell it was Sunday? Did we not meet the operatives going to their workshops, and see the shopkeepers taking down their shutters, and the market gardeners unpacking their wares, as we took our early walk? But the church bells did their duty, and told us that to-day is *Dimanche*, or Sunday. Some of us walk early to Notre Dame, which is near by the Avenue Victoria, where our inn is situated. There are many worshippers inside, and some curious onlookers both inside and out. There is a seller of photographs plying his trade inside the railings. The Cathedral front is a book in stone. Apostles, prophets, martyrs, are carved all over by cunning hands. The inside is worthy of its fame. At ten o'clock we returned and saw the ordinary service in all the gorgeousness of Roman Catholic Cathedral worship. The Archbishop of Paris headed the procession as it walked round the enclosed part, and past the various side chapels, where were images of saints and crosses in abundance. The music was grand, but not so devotional as that to which we listened in the

evening. The cadences were weird and depressing as they rolled through the rows of mighty pillars. We felt Cathedral Christianity to be for musicians peradventure, but not for the average of mankind. No unofficial person joined in the song. We were all proxy worshippers. A woman's voice was not heard. No doubt it is my want of taste, but I would rather have heard, as I did lately, 5,000 men and women singing under the dome of St. Paul's—

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,

or as I heard the same day in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle another 5,000 sing a hymn to a good old-fashioned tune, the preacher asking the people at the end of the first verse not to let the "tune drag," but to sing with energy. The crowd was a curious one. There were many devout men and women there. Some, not devout, were going up to the tower to have a view of Paris; others were waiting to enter the sacristy to see the sacred relics, the coronation robes of Napoleon I., and part of the spine of the first murdered Archbishop.

We passed on to the Morgue—the dead-house of Paris—and there saw the dead body of a man who had been a ringleader among the Communists. He had been fished out of the Seine. There are eight or ten slabs for such recovered bodies to be laid out on, but the others were not required to-day. Passing the Louvre we remembered that this was the great sight-seeing day of Paris. Within its very spacious walls many thousands throng every Sabbath, charmed with its pictures, statuary, frescoes, and dazzling mirrors. It is the resort of the young in large numbers, so soon as Sunday labour ends, and probably has its influence upon the well-dressed appearance of Paris on Sunday.

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All that is required to admit you into the Louvre is a tidy cap, a clean blouse, or a passable Sunday coat. Along the Rue de Rivoli we met no end of lively young soldiers, marching to the "tir-um, tir-um" beat of the French drum. At the Madeleine the service was nearly over, but we remained for a time to survey its un-ecclesiastical outside and its very ecclesiastical inside. It bears traces of the Communists. They took possession of its porches and altars, and had to be dislodged by shot and bayonet, many of the former having left distinct traces of their presence on the outside.

Some of our party went to a Protestant service, and others to the Invalides, in the church of which were assembled the maimed and the halt and the blind of the French army. It was affecting to see them. The Tomb of Napoleon is there down in a crypt, but not open on Sundays.

We were recommended to one restaurant for dinner because it was English; but the waiter's English was not the Queen's English, and the cook's "rosbif" was never grown in England. It was brought to us in slices wonderfully cut. Our knowledge of bovine anatomy did not enable us to say what part of the ox they had adorned. It was thick like a rhinoceros's hide, tough like bull-beef, and dear—well, that was its least fault. [Mem. No more "English" restaurants for us.] But my good luck was in the ascendant. Pastor Cook had invited us to tea, and one-half accepted his invitation. We found our friend and his worthy wife up near the third heavens. All the Paris houses are very high, land being enormously dear. But once up we felt it good to be there. The view took in many of the battle fields of the past twelve months, both German and Communist. M. Cook was one of the besieged in

Paris, and left for several months ignorant of the fate of his wife and family. His reminiscences of that dreadful period so lately stirred a crowd in the Manchester Free Trade Hall that I need not repeat them here. I shall never forget the few hours we spent at M. Cook's before service and after, when all our party was present. In a letter to a little girl I may probably tell how his dear children sang us lots of French hymns, their mamma leading, and how we reciprocated with English hymns. But I must tell how the Rev. James Smith, of Warrington, preached in English to Pastor Cook's people a very plain and very pithy sermon, which Pastor Cook translated, while the people listened with deep attention. The French singing was sweet and very effective. Were I a minister I would rather be a Pastor Cook preaching to unbelieving Frenchmen—and he *can* preach—than a humdrum at some St. Sepulchre or Bethel, where all the congregation have got gospel-hardened.

[It may interest some readers to know that Pastor Cook was one of the few saved from the wreck of the *Ville du Havre* in November 1873, when upwards of 260 lives were lost. He remained on board the *Lock Earn* with an injured friend, praying with and comforting the sailors, and was again saved from a watery grave, a vessel having taken the *Lock Earn* passengers and crew off only six hours before she sank. A few weeks after, however, he died in the South of France, from the effect of his sufferings. He was a fine noble fellow.]

LETTER IV.

MORE ABOUT PARIS.

PARIS, April 1st.—I am now up (seven o'clock), dressed, and ready for breakfast and Marseilles. We have had an excellent time. Our inn is very good—fit for any one, and the kind English lady has all the ways of a motherly Englishwoman. She has travelled much, is read up in paintings, &c., like an artist, as we found when going through the galleries of the Luxembourg. Even she had to draw her rations of horse-flesh last year. She tells many tales of the sufferings of middle-class people during the siege, and the horrors borne during the Commune, which were far worse. The inn is close by the Hôtel de Ville (the Mansion House of Paris), and of it—an immense pile—nothing but bare walls now remain. A *petroleuse* was brought for safety to this inn, who had been caught setting fire to a private house not far off, to which she had got entrance on some trumpery plea. No motive could be assigned. The cats, rats, dogs, and horse-flesh tales of which we heard were by no means myths or exaggerations, and Madame Perret's story of her first piece of white bread is quite touching. A small bit for her husband, maid, and self, and the rest carried to a neighbour who had given her potatoes during the siege

—the neighbour carrying part to an invalid mother. Let me now tell you something of what we have seen. Under the guidance of the Rev. E. Cook, Mr. Smith's old college friend, we visited the picture and statuary portion of the Louvre, which is quite untouched, although its neighbours, the Tuileries, are in far more complete ruins than I had conceived from the newspapers. M. Cook is a most intelligent gentleman, a good historical scholar, and able from his French birth and long residence in Paris to bring many other qualities to bear in showing us quickly and intelligently the chief works of the chief artists of the world. I had seen most of them when in Paris before, I suppose. At least I remember many tired hours in "doing the Louvre." But now it was a matter of ease. We were able to appreciate his criticisms, to trace the stages of a painter's career, and award our humble meed of praise where otherwise we should have passed on, lost in a crowd of mythological, theological, and sacerdotal subjects. I cannot stay to dwell on the paintings. I have but a confused remembrance of criticizing Paul Veronese's huge picture of the "Marriage in Cana of Galilee," where the popular notion of the wedding of a poor humble couple is dispelled, and we have a mansion with numbers of onlookers, including a dog in a gallery, harpers, singers, winetasters, &c., scores in number. I dwell with pleasure, however, on one sweet Madonna face—the only one worthy of a Jewess and of the "Blessed above Women." The painter has had the good sense to give her husband the appearance of a fine manly Jew—not over Jewish, and to put into the faces of both the happy, beaming, contented looks of a well-matched pair. Need I speak of the Venuses, the Zephyrs, the Cupids, or the rooms devoted to the

glory of one deceased queen's humdrum life? No. If my pen were that of a ready writer on the pictures of Rubens, and Salvator Rosa, and half a dozen others known to every man of education, I would dwell on the pictures at the Louvre. But of the best of such descriptions it would be said—"Alas, master, it is borrowed!"

Of the statuary—and its name is legion—we took a long inspection. The Roman Emperors known to fame are shown at various periods of their lives, and some might be traced by the development of their bumps and lumps in a way which ought to have warranted the free and independent electors of Rome in decapitating them in good time. But perhaps "Bumpology" was not then a science. Nero when old must have been a vile-looking fellow, and that he ever could have used that sweetest of all musical instruments, the fiddle, is now to me a matter of question. No doubt it is an error of some copyist, or an interpolation in the text.

In the Louvre are various statues removed from the gardens of the Tuileries. Some such, and others not removed, have lost a head, a hand, or been calcined beyond recovery. The Communists have left their mark in Paris. Petroleum is a power among the forces of the world. Paris was certainly in a fair way for extinction, but the damaged buildings, with three or four exceptions, were what are labelled "National property."

LETTER V.

MARSEILLES.

MARSEILLES, April 2nd.—We are here, safe and sound, after being on the rail from eleven yesterday forenoon to 6.30 this morning—535 miles. The London and North-Western would have done it in half the time. Again we secured a compartment for ourselves, which was quite a luxury for such a long journey, and we secured it on this wise: You have perhaps heard me tell how on the French lines passengers are not permitted to enter on the platform until the door of the room is opened in which they are herded, so that late comers fare as well as others in the general rush for seats. We could not bear the idea of being separated for a day, and the station-master was not to be reached. In the emergency I luckily thought of two ladies whom I had seen holding an almsbag near the entrance of the passenger room. I popped a franc into the bag of the elder, and asked her to do what she could for us. In an instant she and her younger fellow-beggar—I don't use the word offensively—went to the station-master, and introduced me, I do not know as what—it might have been as a subscriber to the fund for the release of deceased station-masters' souls from purgatory, if such a fund there be—and in a twinkling we were ushered into a carriage which was at once labelled

Réservé. Need I say I returned to make my bow and say *Merci* to my fair friends? A ride to Marseilles is full of historic interest. A few minutes out of Paris we passed one of the bridges partly blown up by the French to hinder the approach of the Germans. Then came some miles of smiling villas—the Croydons and the Bowdons of the Parisians. Fontainebleau, 32 miles from Paris, has its own memories, dating from the tenth century, when a small palace was built, which under the hands of many kings, but chiefly of Napoleon, increased to a vast pile of Greek, Tuscan, and other buildings. We should have liked to see its forests, said to cover 34,000 acres, and able to supply Paris with much of its fuel, and to have wandered in rooms sacred to the memory of Peter the Great, to the imprisonment of Pope Pius VII., and to the grand fêtes of Louis XIV. and Napoleon III. We soon entered the vine country, and later on had olives right and left. The season is too early to see many, but the thousands of trees cut short, six or eight feet from the ground, to hold the trellis-work yet to be put up, over which the vines will creep, excited our astonishment. At Dijon we were fairly in the vine district. It is the old capital of Burgundy, 160 miles from Paris and 105 from Lyons. It gloried in being the birth-place of some famous men, including Bossuet, Crebillon, and Piron. Now it glories in being the grand junction for trains from Paris to Switzerland.

On we went Lyons-wards, half minded to spend the night there, and see its Saône and Rhône, both looking so nice on the maps, as they take each a side of the town, and hurry on to the sea. But our half mind gave way to a wish to catch a steamer next day at Marseilles which would take us to Naples direct. Could

we lose a two days' sail across the peaceful Mediterranean or a sight of Lyons? No. Besides, had not a Manchester writer called it only a "glorified Manchester"? But I confess I passed it with regret. It is a town most centrally placed. From Paris it is distant 245 miles, from Geneva 70, and from this about 170 miles. I had formed a picture of its bridges, quays, narrow streets, grand squares, fountains, enormous arcades, magnificent town-hall—the finest in France—its very ancient cathedral, its famed botanic gardens, and I longed to stay in Lyons for a day. But we had to pass it and its memories, as we shall have to pass other places of interest, for our route is unalterable. As it was 10 p.m. when we passed Lyons, nothing of its 10,000 little silk mills could be seen, or its 140,000 men and children actually engaged in the silk manufacture. We have heard sad stories of its filth, owing to looms and workpeople being under one roof, and of its under-sized and under-fed population, half of the young men liable to military service being exempt through disability. Lyons was once a principal town of the Roman empire, and the emperors Claudius, Caracalla, and another crowned head, were born there. There once the four chief Roman roads across Gaul met. There the Gauls raised an altar to Augustus Cæsar. There the usurper Mangnentius committed suicide. There another usurper was slain. There the Herod who killed John the Baptist was banished, and there Nero did one good thing: he rebuilt Lyons after it had been destroyed by fire. To me it is more interesting to know that Jacquard, the inventor of the loom which weaves patterns by means of perforated cards, was a Lyons man. From his loom I took the idea of setting type by means of perforated paper, and

any success which may result from its application to a purpose of which Jacquard probably never dreamt must be shared with him. The "ancients," alas! have stolen most of our fine ideas. Jacquard made his native town what it is. It has three times more gentlemen's villas round it than even rich and luxurious Paris.

Near four o'clock in the morning we reached Avignon. Who knows anything about Avignon? None of us had been ever there, and our joint knowledge was this—that Avignon was on the Rhône, nearly 60 miles from Marseilles—that it had been the residence of the Popes for a long time—that it had many churches and convents, and that it was awfully dirty some years ago. We therefore had no desire to stay at Avignon, and especially as the rising sun was making the Rhône glorious, and would soon be doing the same over the Mediterranean. Anxiously did we watch the last 50 miles. Vines, olives, hillocks, hills, mountains; mountains, hills, hillocks, olives, vines—such was the panorama for an hour. A large bay, part of the Gulf of Lyons, into which the Rhône empties, opened on our view at length, and amid the balmy breezes of one of the most lovely mornings we could conceive we arrived at Marseilles, not five minutes behind time in a 20 hours' journey. We had formed curious notions about the town from books not ten years old. We should be met by Arab porters, and wild, swarthy cabmen; our luggage would be fought for. We had better begin sucking oranges, which were a drug at Marseilles, and let the Arabs fight it out. We were to see tropical plants, brave a tropical, *alias* a melting, sun, &c., &c. Nothing of the kind. The cabmen talked sober French. Our inn-omnibus and others were in waiting with all decorum, and in a few minutes we were driven into the

courtyard of the Hôtel du Louvre, and soon found ourselves in handsome bedrooms, with plenty of water, towels, and well off for soap—thanks to a home friend for the latter. Our hotel had been the resting place of the Prince and Princess of Wales the week before, and it was worthy of such guests. Our first experience of Mr. Cook's hotel arrangements is good. True, we are high up—say 80 or 100 steps—but we have a glorious view, though not equal to that of some fellow-travellers, who are higher still. The dining room is gorgeously, perhaps I might rather say extravagantly upholstered. The Hôtel du Louvre belongs to a company, and round its ample covered square there is no room but speaks of wealth, and a desire to meet the wants of English visitors.

MARSEILLES, April 2nd.—We have now had time to see the town, the sea, and the country round, and are truly glad we took this route. The population is large; the shipping very extensive and Liverpoolish in its appearance. From Fort St. Jean, which is at the entrance of the harbour, we had a most interesting view of the Mediterranean, calm and tideless. The lighthouse, the Fort de la Joliette, the numerous docks, the forts, the imperial residence (never occupied) on an eminence, but, above all, the fact that it was the Mediterranean upon which we were looking, made me muse in a pleasant brown study. Here were we 1,000 miles from home, with the celebrated sea of the ancients in front and at the “back of the behind” Spain, Portugal, and Gibraltar. They are within a day's railwaying or sailing on our right, and Corsica, Elba, Genoa, Leghorn, and other historic places the same on our left. Of course old travellers will laugh at my talk. So shall I in a week or two. But I give first impressions. We are

here in a town of 300,000 inhabitants—a town the ancient history of which is mixed up with our early reading of Cæsar's "Commentaries," and the modern with "fiery Gambetta"—a town which gives the first appearance of things Eastern; boulevards instead of ancient walls, and trees tropical in their foliage. We hear of its Madeleine church, its ancient Hôtel Dieu, its Hôpital de la Charité, and we see its enormous Lazaretto, and enter its handsome Bourse. But that is all. The docks, however, I may not omit to name—they are four or five in number. Along their sides we have Liverpool repeated, with interesting variations. The Arab turns up, but not very much differing from home. That beautiful basin, six or eight miles wide, with its lofty background of villas, is new to us. We have nothing like it at home. The old city is as dirty as Liverpool's dirtiest dock streets, and its streets as crooked as those of any old English town. But the new town—is it not splendid? In this cloudless sky—we long for a cloud—do we not see handsome squares, and rows of luxuriant trees on every side of them? The dogs are basking in the sun, the shopkeepers are keeping it off with sunblinds on the 2nd day of April; the oranges are at every corner, cheap, but not wonderfully so; the almost tideless sea is dirty to a fault with floating garbage. Here they need the "troubled sea which casteth" out "mire and dirt." We go on board two steamers, to take passage, if possible, for Naples. We have heard of the renown of the Bay of Naples, and wish to sail into it. But, alas! the railway has injured the passenger traffic. It is now a three days' sail, as the steamer calls everywhere where a bale of goods may be landed. We go for a drive through the streets, and wonder at the Rue de

Noailles—a street worthy of Baron Haussman and Paris. The Préfecture is equal to his genius, too. The Palace of Longchamps is an architectural beauty, in single blessedness. Who will be its first occupant? A Napoleon, an Orleans, or a Bourbon? Rub up your ancient history, and you will see we are among a people of mixed fame but high antiquity. In Cæsar's days the Massilians were called a "crafty people." Fifty years before the Christian era they were held by one of Pompey's generals, and Cæsar must, therefore, attack them, and take possession of Marseilles, if possible. The Massilians were Greeks in those times, and cared little for either Cæsar or Pompey, especially Cæsar. They were contented to have remained as they were; but as the master would fight, so must they, and fight they did, for which Cæsar gave them great credit, but "young Brutus" came as Cæsar's general, and the fleet of Marseilles was utterly dispersed. The town, however, was supplied with other means of defence than ships. Great poles were launched at Cæsar's sailors, but the latter built a tower so high that no weapon could reach its top. They made it fire-proof, and from a passage on its top they cast down all kinds of offensive weapons. The Massilians tried tubs of flaming pitch—petroleum was not then "invented"—but it was no use, the very gods were against them, and they gave way. Cæsar's general, for he was not there in person, spared them for a few days, during which they took the opportunity of rushing upon the tower and burning it to the ground. But Cæsar's men were equal to the occasion. They built another, and built it of brick, and again they fought and conquered the Massilians, who are supposed to have been very contented on the whole, because Cæsar took no unnecessary

vengeance upon them. They were civilized Greeks, and he could make them useful. The nations whose hands he had cut off and whose eyes he had poked out were Gauls, barbarians, whom it was more necessary to frighten than to pacify.

To-morrow we start by rail for Genoa, past the famed orange groves of Cannes and Nice.

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LETTER VI.

GENOA.

GENOA, April 3rd.—It is now 11 p.m., and we are safely housed at Genoa, after a ride of 15 hours. We are in a nice inn—the Hôtel de la Ville—very ancient, very roomy, and very suitable for ghost stories, I fancy, from the rooms and corridors we have gone through. It seems to be all marble—stairs, floors, chimneypieces—and we had to take care and not fall prostrate before a little colony of waiters, who received us with hearty smiles, at an unseasonable hour, because we held “Cook-ee’s billets.” We have had tea in a splendid room. How Mr. Cook manages to bargain for such inns I know not; but this one, like that at Marseilles, is truly grand.

Our ride to-day has been very fine. We have passed through 200 miles of orange trees, fig trees, and vines, and a hundred miles of other country—the latter chiefly in the dark. With one consent we called it a “glorious ride.” We never conceived of such a land. Cannes, where the late Lord Brougham spent the winter for many years, is a little heaven. Orange trees, orange trees everywhere, above it and around it; the Mediterranean at its feet, and the snow-clad mountains behind in the far distance. We would gladly have stayed an

hour at Cannes, and have visited the venerable lawyer's grave. It was at Cannes that Napoleon I. landed on his escape from Elba, and it is so ancient as to figure in Roman history. I forgot to say that we passed Toulon, about 40 miles from Marseilles; but all our combined knowledge consisted in knowing that it was a naval establishment, the Plymouth of France,—had extensive arsenals, was known in the days of the Romans, had been besieged by Napoleon I., on the part of the Revolutionary government, and that its capture was the first feather in that young officer's cap. After passing Toulon we entered upon a hilly country. We were all day along the shores of the Mediterranean, and to keep there we had no end of ups and downs, on a single line of rails. Being again by ourselves we had free room to run from one side of the carriage to the other, as the watchmen on either side called special attention to the ever-changing view. Bays, bays, bays were continually before us, round which the railway crept on a dead level for half-an-hour, like running round the promenade from the Great Orme to the Little Orme's Head at Llandudno. Then off the engine would set, dragging us after it up a Great Orme's Head-looking path.

But it is now past midnight, and I must delay more till morning.



LETTER VII.

CANNES AND NICE.

GENOA, April 4th.—I was too sleepy to finish my letter about our yesterday's trip, but the excitement and the bells of Genoa have roused me in time to write a good many pages before breakfast. I finished with an allusion to the Corniche railway as far as Cannes, but I did not do half justice to its romantic ups and downs. The great bay of the Mediterranean is cut up into innumerable small bays, and, as we keep imperceptibly rounding the one, we perceptibly round the other in the most enchanting fashion at times. Riding a cock-horse to Banbury cross, or a dog trying to catch his tail, is nothing to it. Cannes is said to have no fogs, and no thermometers which would fall under 55°; plenty of heliotropes, endless groves of oranges and lemons, and as a background mountains 4,000 feet high.

From Cannes to Nice is a distance of 20 miles; and between them is Antibes, the station where a fearful accident happened a few months ago, resulting in the death of about 20 persons. Antibes station is a very small one close to the seaside, and the bridge which was carried away by the flood must have been a trumpery affair, judging from what they are now putting up,

which we saw while going over it at a snail's pace. The stream it crosses is all but dry now, yet in rainy weather the mountain torrents swell it into a flood able to carry away bridge and embankment so suddenly as to cause the catastrophe I have named.

Nice had many claims upon our notice. Among others it had a *Buffet*—a word of singular pleasure when appended to the name of a station in these long journeys. A *Buffet* means a refreshment room, a stall, a travelling waiter, or an orange basket, according to the station, or the hour at which you pass. This side Paris we have had nothing to equal Crewe or Amiens. It is best to have a supply of eatables, and trust only to the *Buffet* for milk—the same price as coffee—water, or *vin ordinaire*. At some stations not marked *Buffet*, we have been able to buy cold boiled eggs, sourish bread, and soso oranges. The country people hand them over the rails, or, if permitted, visit all the carriages. The French bread, you will remember, is very different from “fancy bread.” It is in long narrow pieces, varying from six inches to six feet—yes *six* feet—in length. The staff of life might easily be made the club of death. Nice, however, has far more to glory in than its *Buffet*. It has a population of 50,000, and lives by making paper, silk, thread, and perfumery. It was a good loyal Piedmontese town until 1860, when Napoleon III. claimed it as his reward for aiding at Magenta and Solferino, on purpose to “rectify the frontier.” Garibaldi, being a native of Nice, or at least of Piedmont, has never forgiven him. And why should he? Italy has a name and a place among the nations of the earth to which even France is a stranger. Italy has a more glorious future; a people more formed for independence and self-government, and

not so wholly given up to military idolatry. The landed proprietors of Nice, I remember, were said to rejoice at annexation to France. It raised rents, made property more secure, and so on. What say the past two years to this? If the French Government of to-day were wise, they would return Nice to its owners. It was a *damnosa hæreditas* to the French during the late war. To whom but Italy should Frenchmen lift their eyes in the hour of their anguish, when without an ally and with a dubious cause? But the reply was ready on the Italian lips—"In the hour of our new-born greatness, when we were rejoicing that an Italian man-child was born into the world, you struck the cup of joy from our lips; you allowed us to chant your praise for months, and then presented your little bill, and money would not pay it. No, nothing but a pound of flesh—our own dear Nice—would do." Easily might one extemporise a wail of anguish for the Italian when he heard the terms which broke Cavour's heart and caused Garibaldi to blaspheme. It would speak of the loss of Nice, beautifully situated at the bottom of the Maritime Alps, protected from north and east winds, bathed by the southern sea breezes, the haven of rest for over-worked Italians, the great naval port for ancient Rome; a city with noble antecedents and Italian sympathies—it would speak of its loss as of a chief gem from a diadem, a gallant regiment captured by the enemy, a Brighton or a Scarborough effaced from the map of England. Corsica, the birth-place of Napoleon, is at times visible from Nice. It is distant 80 miles. Three roads of great celebrity run from Nice—one to Turin, over the Maritime Alps; a second to Genoa, along the sea coast; and a third to Lyons. Another twelve miles brought us to Monaco, and twelve

more to Mentone. Monaco was once the capital of a principality, now reduced to a few square miles, but it is said to have a reigning prince of its own, called Charles III.

On we speed to Ventimille, arriving at 4.10, which a large clock at the station showed was French time, while a second said it was exactly five o'clock Roman time, and there we had to have our baggage examined and be off in 35 minutes. What a bother is this change of hour. My watch has already been altered to Paris and Marseilles time, and now I must move it on 50 minutes at once. This day I lose 50 minutes. How am I to account for it? Need I wonder at the cries of the "common people" who, when the "style" was altered in the last century, hooted our Government, and cried out, "Give us back the ten days you have stolen?" But the baggage nuisance is even worse. Here we are, some 200 passengers, anxious to get to Genoa, compelled to make *queue* and carry our luggage before officials—first showing our passports—who are such good physiognomists that they won't even look at our clean shirts and collars, so nicely packed, and so marvellously white, compared with anything "foreign" we have seen. We have been at the trouble to unstrap our bag, and open its contents to the Frenchman's view. Will not Monsieur just peep in, and give a loving shrug of the shoulders and a blessing on the washerwoman and the "clear starcher" who did it all, or on *notre femme*, who put in that needle and thread and those pins, lest we should make havoc with our buttons on the journey? *Non, non. Avez-vous du tabac?* I profess not to understand. Won't Monsieur just put his lily-white hand among these handkerchiefs, cuffs, and shirts and feel for himself? *My amour propre*

is hurt at having even to open my bag. I carry *tabac* with me! May the patron saint of Old England pardon the man who would impute such a crime. He won't believe I have *tabac*. He won't look or feel for *tabac*, and as I won't understand his *non, non*, he begins to strap my bag, and signs for me to move on. But what a sham, a humbug, and, above all, an annoyance! I suppose taxes must be raised. I have no objection to taxes on *tabac*. Not I. Tax it in the leaf, the powder, and the cigar, if you like; but, pray, for the chance of finding an odd half pound, don't rumple that old lady's finery. You mistrust old ladies, and especially young ones, do you? Well, we have seen young ladies smoking in France, but never dreamt of their carrying more than half a dozen cigarettes. Carry tobacco and cigars for their husbands and brothers? Do you say so? Well, we *Anglais* are so ignorant on these points! But you are nice fellows, you Custom-house inspectors, and very good judges of the face. You are sure we six Englishmen would not cheat the Republic out of a single franc, nor the King of Italy either, if you are acting for him. Give our respects to M. Thiers and King Victor, and say from us that we highly esteem your gentlemanly conduct.

Once off from Ventimiglia (Roman spelling) we prepared for a ride of five hours, of 120 miles, over a country of which we knew nothing and most of the way in the dark. We did pass San Remo in daylight, and noticed its curious look, built, as it were, into the Mediterranean on arches. It is very decayed looking, but since the railway has been opened from Mentone to Genoa—a few months ago—there is said to be more life. The Archbishop of Canterbury wintered there last year. We soon found that our railway guards were

Italians. The cry of *En voiture !* (take your places) was changed to *Presto ! presto !* and the carriages were by no means so good ; but our *open sesame* had again secured us a compartment. As the night set in we had "readings from Shakespere"—thanks to H., who had come armed with a pocket edition. And did we not listen to Falstaff's men in buckram, and laugh as fresh as ever at the many-times-heard tales of his exploits ? Then we had singing, which included the never-to-be-forgotten affirmation that Britannia ruled the waves, and that Britons would never be, &c., &c. Finally the shades of even fell thick ; our oranges and cold meats were all devoured ; our best stories were all told ; and our yawns suggested sleep. It was not worth the while ; we should be in Genoa at 10.30. Let us sing. And sing we did. One hymn was a favourite. It ends with—"A day's march nearer home." Ah, that last word was often present. We seem to have been away an age instead of five days. Will there be letters for us at Genoa ? Or newspapers ? Those French and Italian journals are such poor tiny things. We took comfort from knowing we were a day's march nearer Rome at any rate, and after singing the Evening Hymn we arrived at Genoa.



LETTER VIII.

GENOA.

GENOA, April 4th.—It is now 5.45, and I am up, looking out upon a sight long to be remembered. Our inn overlooks the magnificent port, or harbour, of Genoa, which forms three-fourths of a circle, and has on its right no end, apparently, of princely mansions. Every bell in Genoa seems to be ringing the sailors on deck, and the dock labourers to the sides of a forest of vessels. What a busy sight! What a gorgeous sky! Boats rowing off everywhere to ships in and out of the harbour. Tongues going under my window in all keys, and I suppose in every language, for Genoa is cosmopolitan if ever a city was. Here is the place to steal scraps from a feast of languages, if one may judge from what they see and hear. The only really good English sounds are cockcrowings and the screams of whistles from railway engines running along the docks, to and from one of the finest railway stations I have ever seen. But why tarry I, drinking in beautiful sights, while my fellow-travellers may be asleep? I ascend a flight of marble steps to a landing inlaid with curiously wrought stones—the work of a distant age—and tell them to rouse up and behold Genoa the Superb in her morning beauty. From a balcony we do so, and our

reward is great. I confess Genoa ravishes me. It is such a mixture of land and sea, ships and houses, that it appeals to old associations, conjures up all that attracted my eye as a boy, and adds romance to the plain and prosaic. Who can look on those wonderful rows of ships without thinking of the lands from whence they come and to which they go—of their cargoes, their sailors, their owners—all with hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows so diverse from ours? On the heights, far as the eye takes in the view, are the mansions of those merchants whose fame as such is world-wide. And are they not the descendants as well as the successors of men who made Genoa famous as a free republic, or infamous as a pirates' refuge, ages before Liverpool was more than a pool for the liver? When Genoa was sending forth its Columbus, after having taken part in the ups and downs of the Roman world, Liverpool was absolutely unknown except as "Liverpool, near Warrington." Genoa has done well to erect a stately, a costly, and a beautiful monument to Columbus. Apart from being its greatest citizen, he opened to it the gates of the West, and made it great.

[6 p.m.]—I cannot speak in detail of its buildings, monuments, its house of Pilate—where that notoriously undecided character is said to have died—of its immense "palaces," equal in height in most cases to ten of our stories, of its picture galleries replete not with novelties but with the works of Paul Veronese, Rubens, Guido, and Titian. Our leader—I never will be one—hurries us on. We have indeed seen some marvellous pictures at Genoa, marvels of art, and marvels in the way of painters—a Madonna for instance, by St. Luke. The Church of the Annunciation is worth a journey to the North Pole, let alone one to the land

of citrons and myrtles. What endless rows of columns, statues, pictures! How polite the young official who showed us all, and how fine the pictures over the boxes for our beneficences! Full particulars are put up at each. A beautiful painting drew money from one of our party, but he denied that the box was labelled "for the poor souls in purgatory." He said it was for the poor bodies in Genoa. Well, the Genoese can do with all they get. There is poverty in Genoa, and no mistake, but not perhaps so pinching as at home. A sky which enables them to live out of doors is a merciful dispensation where wood alone can be had for fires. We were early and much struck with the number of women, dressed rather stylishly, who wore veils instead of bonnets. They looked pretty, and seemed to be of the higher middle classes. A visit to the Bourse showed us the same noisy crowds as in those of Paris and Marseilles. It contains a very fine monument to Count Cavour, "the regenerator of Italy." Genoa with its 140,000 inhabitants is a busy place. Their docks swarm. Their piazzas swarm. Their bodies—I did not see it—swarm. There is no deathly look at Genoa. Their antecedents forbid it. For 300 years they and the Venetians were always fighting to know who could be greatest by sea. The discovery of the Cape of Good Hope route to India killed them both. For 300 years after that they were a wrangling, jangling set, but always courageous. At length France took them in hand in 1797, Corsica being taken from them ten years before. Napoleon was thus not a Frenchman by birth. At the peace of 1815 they were made over to Sardinia, and now with that kingdom they form part of the Italian nation. Genoa is a city of grand memories. It is a curious town for crooked and very narrow streets in

the older parts. You see scores of long streets near the docks, not wide enough for one cart, and you see crossbeams, apparently without end, to keep the houses from positively closing on each other at their higher stories. No doubt this style of architecture was caused by the necessity of living close together in warlike days and being able to fight an enemy from every window. Now-a-days the town has two gigantic moles and two lines of fortification. The rich people live on the amphitheatre around, which rises nearly 400 feet, and has at its back the world-famed Apennines. I discovered why our inn and others have so much marble and so many frescoes. They had been palaces in olden times—that may be a thousand, or any lesser number of years ago. The tooth of Father Time cannot bite such seven-foot walls. No doubt in the lofty rooms and on the marble floors of the hotel where we are snugly lodged—the Hôtel de Ville—many thousands of the fair and famous in the days of crusading, freebooting, and buccaneering, have dined and danced. It is only fair to the Genoese to say that they are an industrious people. I have been particularly struck with the bone and sinew of the harbour porters, the constant ding, ding of the tinmen, blacksmiths, and other artisans near the docks, and the active manner of scores of decent-looking women who have cookshops for the especial benefit of the dock people. There are no windows to their little shops, so that this morning I saw all the process of mixing, if not of making, their savoury meats. I could enjoy life in Genoa, I am sure. We had a longish pull to see the steamer which sails to-night for Leghorn. The railway from here to that city is not yet completed, and to avoid the round-about journey by Florence, and also to have a sail on the Mediter-

ranean, we have decided to start to-night by steamer. The distance is about 80 or 100 miles. Very large vessels trade to Genoa, apparently from every part of the world.

P.S.—After looking over my letter I find that I ought to have mentioned what I have no doubt would have interested you—the numbers of mules and asses coming in from the country laden with all kinds of articles, but chiefly with bricks and firewood. I suppose it is the narrowness of the streets which makes so many asses to be used and so few wheeled vehicles. The streets are paved with lava, and are by no means unpleasant to walk upon. I should also have added in the antiquity way that the Doria Palace, like too many other palaces falling into decay, was the home of Charles V. and Napoleon during their stay in Genoa. A far greater palace, called the Palazzo Doria, is the residence of Victor Emmanuel when he chooses to visit Genoa the Superb. I find I have also forgotten to mention several buildings pointed out to us in our drives and walks through the town. One especially is worthy of notice, not only because it provides for fifteen hundred orphans and old people, but because it contains a somewhat celebrated “Dead Christ,” in alto relievo, by Michael Angelo. It may also be interesting to your moneyed friends to know that the Bank of St. George, in Genoa, is the oldest bank for circulation in Europe, having been founded in 1407. The Austrians carried away a good part of the funds in 1746, and on the union of Genoa with France, the French Government became responsible for an annual dividend to meet the demand of the bank’s creditors. One thing which has much struck me, but no doubt will get common as we go further into Italy, is the public announcement of

marriages, placarded in a very prominent manner on the various churches. Over many of the doors are religious inscriptions requesting the prayers of the faithful, and at nearly every street-corner a Virgin and Child, with a lamp in front, so that both may be seen in the evenings. The most deplorable part of all that I have seen in Genoa is the number of lottery houses. Every street seems to have an office as a Government lottery. There is something rotten in the state of Genoa and of Italy, when Governments can resort to such methods to raise public funds. For the benefit of future travellers, I may add that Genoa is about 130 miles from Milan or Turin, by the direct line of railway.



LETTER IX.

LEGHORN.

LEGHORN, April 5th.—We arrived here this morning between five and six o'clock, after a sail about which I can tell you very little, and my companions not much more. I sailed to please them, having no faith in my stomachical arrangements, even on the lake-ish looking Mediterranean. I went at once to my cabin-bed, and indulged in sleep till five o'clock, fondly hoping that my fellow-travellers were enjoying the blue sky, the starlight night, and the etcetera, etcetera, which poets attribute to the great inland sea. But fortune was against them. They saw the lovely city and harbour, decked with many thousand lights, fade in the distance. They saw the rain-clouds gather over the sky-blue horizon; they felt the sputter of an incipient shower; they tried umbrellas, topcoats, and good resolutions. Having nothing else to do, and darkness alone being visible, they set to thinking of their journey so far—of the rich groves of olives, the dark cypresses, the prickly pear-shaped cactuses, and the large spiky aloes we had passed on our way to Marseilles—of the aloes, mulberries, fig-trees, lemons, oranges, &c., seen on the way to Genoa, much of which unfortunately I did not appreciate as they did. Having done so, and got cold and

wet, they followed my example—left the Mediterranean and the stars to pursue their ordinary avocations, and went to bed. A pail of water and a cup of coffee put us all right about the break of day, and amid a drizzling shower we landed in small boats at Leghorn, had a sham examination of our luggage made in pursuit of *tabac*, and then got housed in the “Washington”—a first-class hotel—where we had every attention during our short but pleasant stay. We were neither expected there, nor at Genoa, nor at Marseilles; yet we found Mr. Cook’s tickets at once recognized, and every attention paid to us. Curtains, towels, and floors are all we could wish. Water plentiful, basins large, and a very necessary institution—named “cabinet” in France, No. 10,000 in Italy, and w.c. in England—all that could be desired. We may meet with worse accommodation; we never can with better. Neither now nor on my other Continental visit have I had cause to complain; but we know not what may be before us. The politeness of the waiters, inn porters, inn clerks, &c., is very marked. They are not only polite, they are good-humoured. We have all aired our French, and when at a loss for a word the waiters seem instinctively to know it. At Cannes I was pulled up. I inquired of the railway official if the present Lord Brougham lived there. He shook his head. I don’t know if he did not even scratch it. But there was nothing in it. Perhaps I did not pronounce it *Broom* enough. I must not omit to add, and thus save myself many questions on my return, that our bedrooms are carpeted, that they have tiny firegrates, made to burn wood, of which there is a little stock at hand.—Now we are off for a drive. [Noon.] We have had a drive round Leghorn, and willingly admit that it is a charming place. Its past

history is interesting, though not ancient. Like Liverpool, it has grown up out of a swamp in less than 300 years. It has a coral fishery of considerable value, and deals much in straw, glass, paper, and soap. With a population of 100,000 it shows as many squares, statues, and fine churches as we have yet seen, in proportion to population. Its streets are very clean; its two harbours very agreeable to the eye; its lighthouse picturesque, and 170 feet high, and its lazaretto the finest in Europe. The duomo, or cathedral, is Gothic—a style, I hear, not to be seen in Rome. The inhabitants are very mixed; so much so that there are two Greek churches, chapels for the English, Dutch, Germans, Armenians, and Arabs, and a synagogue for the Jews. Need we wonder why Roman Catholicism holds its sway? England has a hundred religions and only one sauce—melted butter—said a witty Frenchman. May not the Livornians be pardoned for not seeing their way to a purer faith at a more rapid rate than they do? We leave Leghorn, or Livornia as the Italians call it, with regret. As a free port it bothered us with opening our baggage, but as the old commercial capital of Tuscany, as a rising town, as the resting place of Smollett and other Englishmen of fame, we cover over this custom-house peccadillo. I had almost forgotten to tell you of the very fine marble monument in the square to Cavour, and the one to Ferdinand I. of Tuscany, at the quay. A covered water-tank is an object of much interest, from its enormous size, and the marvellously clear water which it contains. Our two hours' drive round the outskirts was pleasantly spent, and now we are buying odds and ends in the antiquity way—some would call it the

iniquity way, for two of our purchases are crucifixes, warranted of the—why, any century you may prefer. But they certainly are antique—at least very old. We are off to the railway for Naples, or Rome, if the Fates so decide.



LETTER X.

CIVITA VECCHIA.

CIVITA VECCHIA, April 5th.—We are now nearing Civita Vecchia, the seaport of Rome, and I shall ask the station-master to post this letter, that you may know a day earlier, perhaps, than otherwise, that we shall only call at Rome to say How-do-you-do to the Cæsars, at 10.30 p.m., and then go on to Naples, arriving at 6.30 to-morrow morning, expecting there to find letters, of which we have not had one since we left Paris. We were like to have been troubled with Cook's tickets to-day on leaving Leghorn. We had omitted at Genoa to get them endorsed by the station-master. But our faces were again our fortunes. A short *parlez-vous* did all we needed, two officials writing "way-bills" to clear six Englishmen on their way to Rome or Naples. All the way has been wet, the land on both sides very marshy, and no doubt flooded once a year at least. [Mem. Why did not all the Cæsars spend their time in draining these marshes, rather than in running after Egyptian or British queens, either for love or fighting? Perhaps the land has gone to the bad since their day.] The stony, flat, desolate nature of the country for a time was relieved by glimpses of the Mediterranean, by the side of which the

railway runs. Here and there were bits of beautiful scenery—rare shrubs, and herds of oxen, feeding, ploughing, or cart-drawing, adding interest, if not charm, to the scene. The mild-eyed, greyish oxen, with their dark muzzles, yoked in twos, fours, or sixes, were certainly a pleasant sight. So were the station-masters. They would have been in the Prætorian Guard in the days of the Emperor — what-d'ye-call-him?—who measured eight feet, and killed elephants with his fists at the grand gladiatorial shows. We all agree that we never saw finer looking men. One is tempted to say, "Most noble Roman," instead of Signor, when we pull up at a station and ask how long the train stops there. Their *præsto* to the passengers, and their *avanto* to the driver, are quite heroic, and as to their *strada ferrata*, alias their railway, robes, why, if they are only frock-coats, they wear them with the air of a Julius Cæsar, who, as he fell after his *Et tu, Brute!* speech, was careful to gather his toga into nice folds, and die gracefully. We have had a glorious debate on Rome, or—What are we going forth to see? but I dare not attempt to report it in this jolting train. In addition, the debate is adjourned. I shall send you my views, or perhaps send them to Mr. W.



LETTER XI.

ROME.

ROME, April 5th, p.m.—We are at Rome at last—at least at the railway station, waiting for the train to Naples. I cannot tell you our feelings during the **past** hour. Intense anxiety has been on every countenance. At Rome in an hour! across the Tiber in 15 minutes!! Shades of the Horatii, can it be so? Shades of 60 Emperors and 350 Popes, say, can it be that we are at Rome, the once mistress of the world? What memories of gladiators, of catacombs, of a plundered city, of a marble city, of British prisoners sold in Rome's market-place for slaves; of Cato and Catiline, of Cicero, Virgil, Horace, and—hold! The train is being pulled up; the porters are opening the carriage doors; every man must look after his luggage, for is not a voice heard calling out as at home, Roma, Roma, Roma—passengers for Roma get out here!

P.S.—The porters have no togas, only jackets. The spell is broken.

LETTER XII.

NAPLES.

NAPLES, April 6th.—We left Rome at midnight, as my last short letter would inform you. It is curious. We were *at* Rome, and *in* Rome, yet should anything take me home in haste I shall not have *seen* Rome. It was on this wise: We telegraphed our expected arrival to our good friend W., and intended during our two hours' stay to have an hour's drive through the streets of Rome by gaslight. He was unwell, but sent his *alter ego* to the train. He came, but we missed him; and as neither his Holiness, nor the King, nor the Speaker of the Italian Parliament, was present, nor had sent a carriage—not even a *fiacre*—nor had illuminated the Colosseum, nor even sent free tickets to admit us to the baths of Domitian at the railway gates—why we resolved not to risk ourselves in the streets of Rome by ourselves at near midnight, and so remained at our coffee and *pano con burro, anglicè*, bread and butter repast. But I *did* long to be outside the gates of the station. I listened to the bellowings of the cabdrivers for a fare while one passenger remained. I had a chat with one who returned, and who vowed he would drive me to my friends, *presto*, and be back in time for the rain. I was about consenting, when one of my friends

came up. We peered into the darkness. We thought of the streets, now solitary and deserted—of the cabman's knowledge of our position as strangers. We first turned faint-hearted, and then turned in to the afore-said bread and butter.

In due time we started—all by ourselves again—for Naples. We re-crossed the Tiber and bade Rome a three days' farewell. On our route here I had little to do but sleep, and, according to the opinion of *mes amis*, I did that well. At four o'clock this morning we rose to see the sun rise, and were quite up to time. I am partial to sunrises. I have often seen the sun rise over the Little Orme's Head, and admired the smiling way it is done in that far off region. Well, the sunrise this morning was about equal to these. Not more. But the scenery and locality interested us very much. We passed Puteoli, the place where Saint Paul landed after his ever-memorable shipwreck, at two o'clock in the morning. I was asleep, but could have seen nothing if awake. But still we felt we were riding on a railway near by the sea on which 1800 and odd years ago Paul sailed in the ship, "whose sign was Castor and Pollux." The locality was sacred. We began fancying Saint Paul in the heathen-looking ship, his long journey on the Appian way, his friends meeting him at Appii Forum and the Three Taverns, his "own hired house," and—but our elbow is nudged—See that immense building! It is the Neapolitan Palace of the King of Italy, 20 miles from Naples, and said to be the largest and best furnished palace in all Europe. But another nudge—Look yonder! There is Vesuvius! Truly, there it was. Twenty miles away I had my first glimpse of the volcano, so dreadful, yet so familiar in the story books of my boyish days. It was in sight.

Was it what I expected? By no means. I had lately been reading "Pliny's Letters," and had a confused remembrance of a terror-striking volcano. But here it was, a quiet, respectable-looking mountain, taking its morning siesta in such a leisurely way as to suggest nothing more than a good bonfire, or a burning of dried grass and useless rubbish. The railway goes first to one point and then to another as we near Naples, and Vesuvius is shown at one time at our right and another time at our left, tall and well developed; nothing of the humpty-dumpty, and we resolve to go up it, according to our no-end-of-promises to our friends at home to bring them something out of the crater's mouth. While we admire it, towering among the other mountains, like Saul among the people, the whistle sounds at a sudden turn, the Bay of Naples is before us—the loveliest bay, we have been told, in the world; and we glide into a handsome station, take a conveyance, and drive to the "Hôtel des Etrangers." And here began our troubles. Tired with 18 hours' riding we expected Cook's tickets would have had their usual talismanic influence. We had to "show our tickets" perhaps half a score of times since we left Paris; but the name "Cook" on the cover of the case in which they are held had generally been enough. In fact, we had joked about an empty case taking one over Europe, if it had "Cook" upon it; but mine host of the "Hôtel des Etrangers" told us at once "that Cook-e or no Cook-e," he could not and would not take us in. And withal he was surly. He had got up before his breakfast, seen the cat on his way downstairs, had a stomach complaint, or made a bad debt. There was no help. We drove to another inn with a far better view of the bay and of Vesuvius; a more

hospitable landlord, but with accommodation not equal to what we had hitherto enjoyed. Breakfast, soap and water, and the merry voices beneath our windows, soon put us in better temper, and after making a memorandum to recommend our friends not to visit the cross inn-keeper at the "Hôtel des Etrangers"—to which we shall be strangers if ever we return to Naples—we set off to reconnoitre a city famed in the history of Europe, of Italy, and of Garibaldi.*

We are all in the best of health, but have no letters meeting us. Seven days without a line from home! Oh, for the wings—Yes—yes, I'm ready. They are calling out that the *voiture*, or whatever it is called in Italian, is at the door.

* We have received an ample apology from the proprietors of the hotel since our return.



LETTER XIII.

NAPLES.

NAPLES, April 6th, Evening.—My other letter this morning would tell you of our arrival at Naples. What do we know about Naples? had been the question before we arrived there. It was old, royal, rebellious, and more merry than wise in the opinion of many. It had been the capital of the Two Sicilies—had a population of nearly half a million—was built on a splendid bay—had Vesuvius on the coast as its neighbour, and also the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum—had castles—a palace—no end of flat-roofed houses, very high, called palazzas—a college with 1,500 students—a ten to fifteen mile drive along the bay—a rage for driving which no other nation knows—lottery offices innumerable—heaps of macaroni—crowds of lazzaroni—and had been called the “paradise of merry fools.” Well, we have now had a search for ourselves, and find the beauties more and the faults less than we had anticipated. The streets are numerous, not very wide, but exceedingly lively. The Toledo, or Via Roma, is a good mile long, and from end to end there seem to be carriages, cabs, and carts, the latter long and light, and often holding 12, 14, and even more persons, hanging on to it in some fashion. You stare. One horse draw so many? Yes. There

are no macadam or boulder streets. All are paved with nice flat lava slabs, having grooves cut to prevent the horses sliding. These flat stones are everywhere—mile after mile; and thus, while walking is a convenience, riding is a luxurious indulgence which all may well covet. At one end of the Toledo is the Royal Palace, not far from the quay, a very fine building, with four interior courts, and a magnificent marble staircase. There is a fine square in front. But of all sights in Naples none can equal the Museum—once the Museo Borbonico. It was built 200 years ago as a university, but is now the resting place of a matchless collection of bronzes, paintings, gems, papyri, vases, statuary, and ten thousand household articles recovered from Pompeii. Here we went early in the day, and soon met our first Warringtonian from home, Mr. Parr with his bride, and had a cordial invitation to visit him at home near Florence. We look around us for hours, and what we see delights, amazes, astounds, and shocks us. Each feeling comes in its own order. We are delighted with hall after hall full of the sculptor's art in its moral purity; then we have it, in a chamber where women must not venture—and men had better not—in all the depravity of the most beastly nature. The sculptures are of the days of Pompeii. So are the frescoes. They are vile beyond conception. Were the "artists" alive now-a-days, vile as we may be, they would be hooted out of society for perpetuating scenes the human actors in which would be banished for life to the remotest of our penal settlements. Do I wonder why the Almighty rained fire and brimstone on Sodom and Gomorrah? Nay, verily. Do I wonder why Pompeii perished in a night? Not now at any rate. If it had not, it would have led to the deep sarcasm of the

prophet being turned on the prophet's divine Master—"He is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth!" Rome was corrupt beyond conception. Saint Paul's evidence in his Epistle to the Romans has been thought over-coloured. But if the Romans shared with the Pompeians in their sins, Paul was beneath the mark. The Pompeians have left graven in marble, painted on ever-enduring cement, or cast in bronze, the fullest proof that they were wholly given up to sins which may not be once named amongst us. They had gloried in their iniquity—dragged the fine arts into the slough of abominable filthiness, and given additional proof that the highest artistic attainments are compatible with sensuality of the most degrading kind.

Amongst the marbles in the Museum are many of fame. The death of Dirce, tied to the horns of a furious bull, is a chief one of the sculptures, and was found in the baths of Caracalla at Rome. It is a most successful display of all the parts of "the human form divine." The equestrian figure of Marcus Nonius, found in Herculaneum, is a study for hours of leisure, as is also that of his son. The very steeds were noble Romans. Everyone has heard of Hercules, and probably seen one; but the view of the one here, found in the baths of Caracalla, must excite emotions of wonder at the muscular development and well-formed head. What power in those limbs! How merciless that club! May not the man with such an arm say his might hath gotten him the victory? The pictures of our prize-fighters show but puny men by the side of this Hercules. And here are a Flora, an Augustus, an Apollo in porphyry; a colossal figure of Atreus carrying on his shoulder, head downwards, one of the sons of his brother; a huge figure of the "Genius of

Rome," with shield and buckler; a Venus Victrix and a Cupid, and, above all for majestic beauty, a statue of Jupiter. The men who carved these from blocks of marble ought to have been but a little lower than the angels. Alas! we have seen that they were willing to sell their talents for the most vicious purposes. Statues of Juno and Minerva are worthy of our notice for their elaborate drapery, if for nothing else. But who is this so quaintly attired? Pallas, all the way from Herculaneum. Diana, the huntress, from the same place, is next. Let us stay to admire them. But Diana of Ephesus, in oriental alabaster, is a wonder of wonders. Up to the waist she is like a mummy in a rich ornamental case. Lions and griffins are chiselled on and around her head and arms. Some mythological figures are cut on her breast, and on her head, for a crown, is a fort or castle. Statues of Venus, Adonis, Atlas (a most impressive one), Aristides, and Homer—all from Herculaneum; statues of Gladiators, busts of Homer, Solon, Euripides, from Pompeii and Capua, are here, but we have no time to examine them.

Amongst the bronzes is a statue of an intoxicated man, not a slave, but a *bonâ fide* Roman, whose every limb is developed to an extent that shows the sculptor to have been a master of anatomy. His drunken demeanour is probably taken from the life, for there were, no doubt, drunkards in those days, before those crimes could have been perpetrated or painted at which we have already hinted. A statue of Mercury, from Herculaneum, and one of Apollo, from Pompeii, are gems of artistic skill. A statue of the "Ministers of the Altar," from Pompeii, two young dancers from the same place, and two wrestlers showing their strength, are, no doubt, all proofs that the Pompeians

were able to value the finest works of art. A small statue of Hercules, and two statues of Alexander the Great, and an Amazon and other statues of a fisherman, and of two young Emperors, bear out my remarks. We know not that we ever saw, or are likely to see, anything more beautiful than the statue of Silenus, discovered at Pompeii; for grace and manly development it will ever remain fixed upon our minds. A small statue of Hercules shows him with his left knee on the haunch of a deer, which he has brought to the ground, and is holding, with the most perfect complacency, in a state of complete subjection. Busts of Seneca, Plato, Bacchus, Juno, and Jupiter show a marvellous proficiency in bronze work—a proficiency we presume by no means surpassed in the present day. Of other articles in bronze, chiefly from the buried cities, there are horses, gazelles, chains, tripods, and candlesticks; one of the latter, very magnificent, was found at the house of Diomede, at Pompeii. Greek armour from Pompeii, vases in the shape of wine-skins, cylinders, cones; and the like, are right and left of the visitors everywhere. Bronze lamps may be counted by the hundred. Balances, compasses, curry-combs, and all the implements and utensils connected with baths, boilers, and kitchen-grates, and no end of steel-yards. What is called bronze sculpture is seen in every direction.

The objects in gold, silver, and the fresco paintings occupy a large space in the Museum. We see, for instance, a drinking cup in oriental sardonyx of different colours, having engraved on it in relief the Divinities of Egypt, and such engraving! It would delight the eyes of the best engraver in England. Here in one place are seven precious stones, represent-

ing seven heads, or chariots, drawn by the Graces, or driven by warriors over groups of serpents, whose heads are raised to seize the horses of the charioteer. Nine precious stones from Pompeii, the same as the others, represent scenes in the love way, with one exception, and that is a battlefield, where, upon a bridge, divided nearly at the middle, is a warrior on horseback keeping at bay some of the enemy, who are trying to force the passage. The scene is probably intended to represent the Horatii, but if so, it or Macaulay takes a poet's license in some of the incidents. Every here and there are groups of precious stones and engravings from Pompeii, and some of them by no means of the most delicate kind. Others are of an amusing order; for instance, one represents a woman catching little babies from off the high branches of a tree, whilst another is pushing them down with a long rod. The articles in gold and silver are nearly all from Pompeii. There are fine necklaces containing round them carefully engraved heads, we presume, of the celebrated men that the world had seen up to the period when the engravings were made. Others have heads of the ridiculous order, and heads of the same kind seem to have been the fashion at that time to a very large extent in ornamental works. In silver we notice a very fine drinking cup, upon which are engraved a centaur and a centaress—beautiful human heads with the limbs of horses. We find the same again and again repeated. Scenes in the writings of Homer are engraved upon numerous articles, suggesting that they either came from Greece or that Italian artists were at that time familiar with Homer's works.

The mural paintings are very numerous, Pompeii itself, we believe, being left with very few, and those

in most cases of a secondary order. Certainly those in the Museum are of very high merit, and show that the dwellers in Pompeii were able to admire and purchase works of art of the highest kind, although their city was but a third-class one at the time it was destroyed. One mural painting, representing Achilles and Briseis, another representing Dirce drawn by a bull, a third representing the sacrifice of Iphigenia, a fourth Perseus saving Andromeda from the sea monster, are marvellous productions of the painter's art. Others representing Venus and Adonis, Bacchus and Silenus, Medea musing on the murder of her children—a very pathetic painting—and three “histrions” or play actors, all from Pompeii, are worthy of the visitors' closest attention. Numerous other “histrions” give us an insight into the plays which were so common in the houses and theatres of the Pompeians, and it is evident that they were exceedingly fond of the comic, the “histrions” being in all cases shown in attitudes to evoke laughter from the spectators. One pretty picture is that of a lady and her maid represented as examining little cupids, which a poor woman pokes out of a basket, in which she carries them about for sale, as the Neapolitan women do fish and the like. Young ladies at their toilet are shown on some of the mural paintings; all the accessories connected with that occupation are seen, and are pretty much the same as those of the present day. The tragic poet reading his verses to an audience, a musical meeting, dancing girls in large numbers, Bacchus playing with a panther, satyrs and goats, centaurs carrying off women, and centaresses carrying off men, tritons enjoying themselves in the sea, fish-catching; satyrs dancing on ropes, apparently with as much ease as Blondin, and in attitudes which he never

could assume, professional dancing girls, in attitudes worthy of a Paris Mabilie, are in scores.

Amongst mosaics is to be seen one of considerable size, representing the battle of Issus. The battle is a most spirited one, and there is more than the usual number of spears, and horses and chariots, and heads rolling about, but there is a total want of looks of anguish in the wounded or commiseration on the part of the victors. Three mosaics, representing Bacchanalian feasts, comic acting, Bacchus riding on a lion, birds, dogs, goats, and other animals, all from Pompeii, are to be seen in a state of great preservation. One mosaic represents a chained dog, with the well known motto underneath, "*Cave canem*"—Beware of the dog—and the dog is certainly one whose looks would suggest that the notice given is not superfluous. He has a collar with spikes all round, and shows teeth worthy of the vilest cur that ever was put in charge of a respectable house.

The terra cottas in the Museum are exceedingly numerous, and represent statues of Jupiter and Juno, actors and actresses, priests and priestesses, nymphs and tritons, and have been chiefly found at Pompeii. Some of the figures are comical, and we could verily believe what is said to be the case, that Punch was a native of Naples. Amongst the painted vases are some where the humour is exquisite. One shows a slave holding a swan by the neck over his shoulder, suffering for his conduct in a way which we need not here describe. Another vase shows a young boy with a crocodile round his body, his right arm being nearly severed by the crocodile's jaws. Other vases show the heads of celebrated men, and are more in keeping with the objects for which they were probably used.

Serpents, griffins, stags, wild boars, tigers, lobsters, and the like, however, are generally the pictures shown on the vases, often shaped to take in the figure with some degree of congruity. There is one exceedingly beautiful painting on a vase, representing Priam bearing the body of his son Hector. The faces of the female figures, the sorrow of the male attendants, and the resigned anguish of the aged father, are depicted in the most telling manner. We could linger and look at those vases for a long time. Partly the same may be said of a bas relief, representing Astyanax hidden in Hector's grave. A patera, representing Ulysses and his friends from Nola, is a curious painting, and looks very much as if it were the work of an Egyptian. The flying serpent is about to bite Ulysses in the forehead at the moment he puts the wine cup to his lips. Paintings of Minerva, Hercules, Bacchus, Comus, and all those other worthies whose names so very often turn up in every museum of foreign antiquities, are again and again represented on vases here. One is of extraordinary goodness, if not of merit. It is called "Hercules in the Hesperides Garden." But I have not time to describe it pictorially or allegorically. I have already occupied too much time with this Museum, yet certainly not more than its merits deserve, and it would be no hard matter to give a list of many more of the very interesting things which it contains. But as I draw my visit to an end and look at some of the works—for instance, two grand vases representing a faun and a nymph, vases which are worthy a place at Windsor Castle, representing Archemor's death; at paintings, which are as quaint as those of the old masters when they depict scenes in the life of our Lord—at a piece representing a fight between the Grecians

and the Amazons, the paintings in which are of the most extended kind—all worthy of my special mention—I can but again regret that men who were capable of such powerful and life-like execution were so low and confined in their conceptions. The original ideas, we will presume, were pure, but had become adulterated and debased, either to excite the baser feelings of probable purchasers, or to personify the baseness of the artist's mind, until it might be well said that it would have been for the credit of Pompeii if three-quarters of its productions had never seen the light.

In conclusion, I wonder if any of the priceless treasures, not Pompeian, form part of the contents of the Vatican and Papal Palace, which were plundered by Cardinal Colonna, and the Neapolitan troops, when the Medici Pope, Clement VII., had to flee to St. Angelo for safety.

Of the paintings in the Museum I cannot say much. My inspection was too hurried. One thing is striking. The statues are all heathen; the pictures are all Christian, with exceptions. I sought in vain among endless Madonnas for one up to my conception of the Virgin Mary, but found none. I shall try elsewhere.

After leaving the Museum we went to St. Elmo, a fortress high up, and entirely commanding the town. I was very anxious to see a place made historic in Mr. Gladstone's famed letters on the prisons of Italy. The fort itself, completely dismantled now, in 1860 was one of much strength, and the hope of King Bomba. One cannonade from it would have sent Garibaldi with his 13 friends—he had no more when he entered Naples—and the crowd that welcomed him, into the other world, as it commands the town everywhere. I was very sorry, more than I can express, that our party

hastened on, as I was about to enter the prison of Santa Maria, apparently a part of St. Elmo, and once a monastery attached to the church. I had been specially urged to enter the dungeons by an Edinburgh professor, who has travelled everywhere. I believe the prisons are by no means bad as prisons. Some of the rooms are said to be lofty and capacious, like the one Poerio—Mr. Gladstone's friend—had been immured in for many years, heavily ironed. His sufferings were chiefly caused by the fact that he was there,—he, an able advocate, a politician, a man of means,—without trial or conviction. Other parts of the prison, I know on good authority, but I regret not seeing them for myself, are entered by a series of subterranean ways, in which are dungeons, with all the marks of being inhabited for years. In fact, a sufferer, named Pace, was imprisoned in one of them for two years, and barely survived the damp and mildew. But he never despaired. He said he had faith that retribution must come, and he determined to live to see it. About St. Elmo, I should say that it is hewn out of the solid rock, covers four acres, and is surrounded by a large ditch, some 60 or 70 feet deep. It is honey-combed everywhere, and has no end of underground communications, we were told. It could have held prisoners by the thousand, and has no doubt passages leading to the prisons of which I have just written. From the castle walls of St. Elmo we had a complete view of Naples, and I could not but remember what I had read of Garibaldi's entrance therein. He sailed from near Genoa, with a steamer-load of daring spirits, roused by the cruelty of the Bourbons, and aided by the silent co-operation of the Sardinians. He landed at Marsala, in Sicily, the Neapolitan commander having

sailed away a few hours before ; fought the battle of Catalafimi, advanced on Palermo, the capital, took it, and then had it nearly knocked to pieces about his ears by the King's troops ; brought the Admiral to sign a convention, and then made his way to Naples, through two or three fields of blood. He landed at Calabria, captured various towns, humbugged the Minister of War at Naples—at least, "Garibaldi's Englishman," Colonel Peard, did it for him—by getting possession of the telegraph wires and sending on news of battles, disasters, and capitulations, which ended in the King marching out at one gate of Naples as Garibaldi entered at the other. The Neapolitan soldiers had fought well for the King ; the Neapolitan people cheered long and loud for the Dictator. His entry was the signal for crowds of excited men and women at Torro del Greco, Resina, and Portici. His party, including the staff, was under 20, yet was he safe. The railway was blocked with people, and by the time the train reached Naples, National Guards, gendarmerie, ladies' committees, women with babies, and lazzaroni, made the streets one mass of human beings. The heavens echoed with *vivas*, and Naples was mad before the procession reached the Palace at the foot of the Toledo, of which I have already spoken. Soon after Garibaldi handed over Naples to Victor Emmanuel in person. I fairly get moved myself by the story—twelve years old—of that day of wonders at Naples.

LETTER XIV.

A SUNDAY AT NAPLES.

NAPLES, April 7th.—It is now eight o'clock, and we are dressed, and thoroughly refreshed after ten or eleven hours' sleep, of which we had much need, as the previous two nights had been but short ones indeed, so far as sleep was concerned. The view from our window is very grand. Right across the bay is Vesuvius, with a dull cloud of smoke floating over it. During the night we arose and looked out, but only saw a faint light-house-looking light. The morning is exceedingly beautiful, and from the balcony we see and hear strange sounds for the Sabbath day. At this moment carts and cabs are running in scores, the bay is enlivened with fishing boats, the bells of the horses—and every horse has many bells—are tinkling, and, amid it all, the church bells are sweetly reminding us that it is the Sabbath. But for the bells we should certainly not know it. We hear a large amount of gabble amongst a lot of men, dividing what seems to be firewood. There are children playing in the streets, just as at home on our week days; little two-mule carts carrying loads; a chorus of sounds meant for banter, fun, blowing up, &c. Amid all the sun shines gloriously, and Vesuvius nurses its fatal contents until

wanted, and puffs now and then a little smoke as if out of a monster cigar. The orange stands are getting rigged up, songs are rising on the air, but they have nothing to do with the songs that will be rising from 500,000 Sunday schools at home in another hour from this. Poor Italy! her sons seem noble fellows. The drivers we have had are merry; but their lot is work, work, work, and no nation can be happy and permanently prosperous which has no quiet, old-fashioned Sabbath day on which the brain may cool and the eye look upwards. We went to the Wesleyan Chapel in the Via Roma. We had an English sermon from a Preston Independent minister, and then Mr. S. and I stayed the Italian service, conducted by Signor Somebody, an ex-monk. The sermon was very energetic, graceful in delivery, and I fancy, from many words, that it had much about Christ. The singing was very fine, and with ease we followed the verses and joined. At the close we made the acquaintance of the English resident minister, Mr. Jones, of Signor the preacher, of an ex-priest and his wife—a fine couple—who had been excommunicated, but declared it had done them no harm, and of various others, Italian and English. We found Mr. Jones to be a fine genial fellow, with a wife worthy of him, a little son and a sweet baby. We were pressed to go and dine or take tea with them, but got off on the promise of going to supper. We did not like to interfere with their quiet afternoon. As for ourselves we went to our inn, got refreshed, and paid a visit to the cathedral church of Naples—St. Januarius. And how can we tell of its grandeur, its massive walls, its 100 pillars from the temple of Apollo, given by Constantine, its numerous side chapels, its mosaics, its golden bust

of St. Januarius (carried in procession whenever Vesuvius gets out of temper), its monuments to popes, prelates, dukes, &c.? Power fails me, but one may as well lay it on the back of want of time. Two vergers showed us all, including two partially underground chapels, an enormously large Virgin over the altar, up each side of which some 40 priests, &c., were engaged singing in very fine tones. All this the vergers showed without any concern of who were "doing duty," and were much satisfied with a shilling a piece, which was fairly earned. Their chief descriptions were in Italian, but they answered any questions in French. I had almost forgotten to say that we saw the special chapel of St. Januarius, which is one of many up both sides of the cathedral, where his blood is kept in a bottle and only liquified in May and September. The chapel is very splendid—a lofty dome, and gorgeous embellishments. We saw no end of confessional boxes, all engaged; the baptism of several babies, and we heard part of a sermon by a monk, who mounted one of various pulpits in the church and held forth to a little crowd. He seemed a duodecimo Spurgeon.

At seven o'clock we returned to the chapel and heard Mr. Jones preach in Italian. Like the Italian minister of the morning, his action was graceful, his speech fervid, and he finished with a peroration in which the Saviour's name was again and again repeated. Oh, these Tower of Babel men! I hate them more and more. The singing was very sweet. I shall never more join *Punch* in running down Italian singers. We had two hours with Mr. Jones at his home, 149 marble steps high—all houses here are high, and nearly all are marble. From a flat roof we saw Vesuvius—eight miles off, but not looking half so far. We heard of

some of the wonders of the hot-headed mountain—of its pedigree, history, mystery, and malignity, which I may repeat. We sang English hymns in this far-off land, varied them with Italian ones, discussed Garibaldi, of whom our friend is a great admirer, talked over the religious future of Italy, had memorials of our visit in the shape of copies of the Italian hymn book, with our names in them, and near midnight left as fine a couple as ever it was my good fortune to meet. Much have we enjoyed their company, and that of some kindred souls to whom we were introduced.

It is near one o'clock on Monday morning—12.15 with you—but I am not sleepy. The air is balmy, the heat enough to need no fire. In fact, we have seen none since we left home; and, above all, I am watching Vesuvius. It is directly opposite my window. It looks disturbed, vomits ever and anon what evidently does not agree with its stomach; and it may be I may see a grand spectacle, and be the first to send an account to the *Guardian* from its special—very special—reporter. [The expected spectacle took place three weeks after these lines were written.]



LETTER XV.

VIRGIL'S TOMB—VESUVIUS AND POMPEII.

NAPLES, April 8th, 4.30 a.m.—It is barely daylight, but who can sleep more than four hours, when for the last time perhaps he can see Vesuvius in front of his bedroom window, with the sun rising behind, showing its size and shape, and crowds of memories of pictures, statues, priests, choirs, and sermons in Italian, still rushing through his brain? I dream of busts, bronzes, filagree work, and “grandsires cut in alabaster.” I have to think where I am when I awake; and the grandest sights are yet to come. We have seen the Venus of Milo, disentombed years ago from the island of Milos, fought for by the French, Turks, and English, and carried away, armless as she was, to the Louvre. We have heard her described as the cream of statuary, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Phidias, and we have awarded her the palm over the bronze Venus found at Pompeii. But we have yet to see the Venus di Medici at Florence, about which opinions are as diverse as the human mind, and to know if we can place her higher than her marble sister. The celebrated picture of the “Decadence of Rome,” in which the Romans in their revels are seen, suggests that better sculpture or better paintings than those of the ancients may not be found

from the fourth or fifth to the sixteenth century, when Michael Angelo, Rubens, Raphael, Correggio, and Titian, put life and immortality into art once more. It was unfortunate even for them that the buried cities so long concealed such glorious works. No doubt "every one is as God made him, and often a great deal worse," as Don Quixote says, and especially was the latter the case with the sculptors of these parts 2,000 years ago. But their good works follow them. An old divine somewhere writes: "It may be well for a man to wait a century for a reader, as God waited 6,000 for an observer." The Pompeian artizans and artists may have had renown in their days, but they will have far more now. Four beautiful volumes of engravings, copies of which I have secured, will give them deathless fame. Not as individuals, it is true, for scarce a name is recorded; but as a people they will be remembered for a long period, and remembered also as an illustration of the passage—"The world by wisdom knew not God." Homer's immortal lays would be familiar to them as household words. So would the conversations of Socrates, through Xenophon; the plays of Sophocles and all the wisdom of Plato and Aristotle. Virgil and Horace were contemporaries with the last but two generations of Pompeians, and the burial place of the former was only across their lovely bay. Yet their moral training had sunk to the level of "brute beasts, which are made to be taken and destroyed of men." I cannot help inflicting this homily on you, although it is "much of a muchness" with my comments in a letter to E. Nor can I omit to say that I am yet short of my notion of a Madonna. St. Januarius, of course, carries the day here; still there are many Virgins, but none to equal, or even to be

named at the same time with Raphael's Madonna at Dresden, I am told. Correggio's "Night" there shows an infant shedding light on a smiling mother's face. That smile is an improvement. I shall try some day and see it. Rubens has a Madonna at Antwerp, made like to an oriental Sultana, looking over a balcony and holding a parroquet on her finger. Could erratic fancy further go? Was Mary not of the city of David? A Jewess of the Jews? Can it be that the intense hatred of all nations in the middle ages against the Jews made the features of even a Jewess Virgin unsaleable? Or, is the assertion true that painters inserted relatives and patrons as Madonnas, just as they have done Venetian Doges, and Roman Popes as adoring Magi? I learn that there is a Madonna of great merit in the National Gallery at Rome, by Parmegianines, which so awed the Bourbon soldiery on breaking into his studio, when Rome was attacked in the sixteenth century, that they ordered him to continue his work in peace. I was lately in our National Gallery, and must have passed this picture by. But the companion of my morning ramble is now ready, and we are off to see the tomb of Virgil.

Nine o'clock.—We have had a glorious drive of five or six miles. The morning is all that even a morning in this climate is expected to be—cloudless, balmy, breezy, sunny. Vesuvius is asleep, or, at least quiet. Not even the faintest breath of smoke ascends. As I wish you to understand Naples and its position as regards Vesuvius and Pompeii, fancy yourself at Liverpool landing stage, the Mersey a bay three miles wide, not extending further than Rock Ferry to your left, but eight or ten miles to the right on both sides. On the Liverpool, or Naples side, far beyond the docks at

South Shore, are endless rows of mansions, built on rising ground, and in the midst of them the tomb of Virgil. On the other, or Birkenhead, side of the bay are various villages, reached by a very long street of houses, only separated from the bay by mansions built on its banks. Chief among these villages is buried Herculaneum, now called Resina, where guides and horses are taken for Vesuvius, about four miles inland, but from Naples looking as if close to the seashore. Keeping on towards New Brighton, as it were, you reach the ruined city of Pompeii, which we are to visit in an hour. At one time, that is to say before its destruction, Pompeii was on the margin of the sea. Further on are mountains, continuing the group of which Vesuvius is but one, and thus the Bay of Naples presents as you sail into it a town more populous than Liverpool on your left, and a volcanic mountain and two buried cities on your right. The cities are backed by mountains, and so is the volcano. Such is a sketch of what we saw from our inn. First of all we drove to the docks—very small, compared with Liverpool, and not so much needed, the sea being almost tideless—then through the market, and it being market morning the crowd was in its busiest condition. We met scores of one-horse, or one-mule, loads of vegetables and firewood. Noise was in the ascendant all around. But it was not a harsh noise. Cooking, indoors, outdoors, all around us, was seen. Life in earnest was visible. We were utterly amazed and interested. Driving to the other end of the town we passed the public gardens, the late International Exhibition, some ancient forts, and then the tomb of Virgil. It is hewn out of a rock, dilapidated, and apparently forgotten. But what

memories does it not call forth? The poor boy of Mantua became the friend of Emperors, the owner of estates near Rome, and of a mansion at Naples, "then a city of three days' journey from the capital, through a pleasant road, adorned on each side with pieces of antiquity, of which he was a great lover." But even Virgil did not rise beyond the level of his times. He could thus write of the expected coming of a King of kings—

" At his foreseen approach, already quake
Assyrian kingdoms and Mætois' lake,
Nile hears him knocking at his sev'nfold gates ;"

and yet years ago I marked a passage in his life to the effect that though he despised the heathen superstitions, and called Saturn and Janus "old men," he thought fit to follow the maxims of Plato, his master, that every one should serve the gods after the usage of his country, and therefore, he presented incense to the Cæsar of his day, when Cæsar desired to be thought more than man. Unlike most poets, Virgil died rich, and he may have left a sum to purchase this grand tomb, after, no doubt, providing for his poor relations, as he placed those in the front row of the damned who forgot such.

Five o'clock.—We set off for Pompeii at ten this morning. I had come resolved, and re-resolved, to mount Vesuvius and take stock of the crater. But the Fates forbade it. We must leave for Rome to-night, and Pompeii alone can be "done." Ah, well. How soon our tune changed! The grapes were sour. Foxes look better without tails. Travellers had better not be too foolish, risk their lives, and destroy their boots and, trousers by climbing up 4,000 feet of a—why, a mountain of lava, scoria, cinders, mud, rubbish. You

go up in an hour and a quarter. Nothing in it! Not to be named with the Alps! You come down in ten minutes, but it is sliding down among cinders! The end was that we did not go up. But we talked about Vesuvius. We drove half round Vesuvius. We saw endless walls and paving stones of Vesuvius lava, and we saw many men and women, who had more time than we, taking guides, and horses, and wine bottles for the journey. We not only talked of Vesuvius, but we, speaking editorially, mapped out an article on Vesuvius, which if I give it now will save "our editorial columns." We proposed beginning with the first notice of Vesuvius, given by Pliny, junior, in the year 79—nearly 1,800 years ago, copied from Blackwood and Sons' half-crown copy of *Pliny's Letters*. How unartificially the young gentleman writes all about it! Had he been a penny-a-liner he would have made a fortune by the event. At least, he would have done so in the present day, if he were the first, or the only reporter. And what a displayed heading the newspapers would give! It would run thus:—

DESTRUCTION OF TWO CITIES!
POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM SWALLOWED
UP!!

AWFUL LOSS OF 250,000 LIVES!!!

DEATH OF THE ELDER PLINY.

NAPLES IN DREADFUL TERROR.

PROCESSION OF PRIESTS AND PEOPLE
HEADED BY ST. JANUARIUS.

ST. JANUARIUS THRASHED FOR NOT STOPPING THE
ERUPTION.

So on and so on would the newspapers go, and leading articles would be in every paper, and, better than all,

subscriptions would pour in from every quarter, and, as soon as the lava cooled, efforts would be made to dis-entomb both cities, and special trains would run to the very spot. But the two cities were destroyed at another epoch than ours, and although the world had nothing else to talk about—Jerusalem having been destroyed ten years before—the event was soon forgotten, though Alexander Severus did carry off some of its sculpture to adorn the imperial city. Naples, which had had its sunlight obscured for two days, forgot all about Pompeii and Herculaneum. Whence was this? Can the death of 250,000 people—the popular number, I believe—be passed over without one memento? Is it possible that such a mass could have been killed, and none but Pliny record their loss, and he never even mention the towns by name? No doubt in a subsequent letter to Tacitus he gave fuller particulars, which makes that writer talk of “disasters either entirely novel or that recurred only after a long succession of ages, in which cities in the richest plains of Campania were swallowed up and overwhelmed.” No doubt a Greek writer, 200 years after, speaks of the destruction taking place while the people were at the theatre. But I think the number given as killed is a gross exaggeration. I have now been over Pompeii, and am persuaded it never had a population of more than 50,000, and would rather reduce that by one half. It is not yet all disentombed, and Herculaneum has only one street uncovered. But the scale of the buildings, even including its amphitheatre, forbids us to rank Pompeii as more than a third-class town. Had it been a second Naples, would not Roman painters, poets, aye even St. John, the “beloved disciple,” have had something to say about it? But he

said nothing, unless he took his idea of the "dreadful prayer meeting" from it, where the "great men, and the mighty men," cry to the rocks to cover them. But you may say, St. John says nothing of a more important event—the destruction of Jerusalem. Well, a million and a quarter of Jews killed in a siege, and a beautiful city, once the joy of the whole earth, destroyed, was an event in the world's history, left chiefly to Josephus and the Arch of Titus to record. But the destruction of 250,000 by "fire from heaven," as it is called, would surely have called out the energies of the Neapolitans to disentomb the precious treasures. Or, did it frighten them? Did they look on the cities round the mountain as accursed by the gods, and refuse to set foot near them for a thousand years? The Pompeians no doubt, like others in those days, believed in gods of the woods and gods of the mountains. Had the gods of the woods fled from Pompeii? Had the gods of the mountains destroyed it in their wrath? If this was the public belief, it would, when once destroyed, be shunned by the foot of man, and for ages be like Nineveh, the refuge of the bittern and the owl, the very shepherd leading away his flocks. It is at least strange that there was no surviving poet to compose a funeral ode for a Pompeian patron—none of the many sculptors of the time to leave a souvenir of a Diomedes—not a fresco painter even to paint on the walls of lucky Neapolis a memorial of the two sunless days in the year 79. "The wicked perish and no man layeth it to heart." "The memory of the wicked shall rot." Many such passages rise in one's mind; but, on the other hand, there is the monition—"Judge not, that ye be not judged." I shall write fuller about Pompeii and Vesuvius in a letter to S.

Ten o'clock.—We are just starting for Rome. I shall have time to write during the small hours, if I do not sleep too long. In the meantime, while delighted with Naples, and feeling how applicable are the lines—

“Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land?”

my memory reminds me of its sad history during the “personal government” of the Bourbons, and I instinctively say—as we now turn homeward as well as Rome-ward—

“Breathes there the man . . .
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?”

In England, with all her faults, in the words of Lord Chatham, one can say—“The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the force of the Crown. It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storms may enter, the rain may enter;—but the King of England cannot enter! all his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement.”



LETTER XVI.

POMPEII.

APRIL 8th.—Had Dr. Watts wanted another illustration of industry besides the busy bee, surely I could have found him one. Behold me write, write, writing, with a pertinacity worthy of the day before publication. My good fellow-travellers save me time and trouble in many ways, and I can walk in and out of *caffés* (two *f's* in Italian) or buffets, with the sure hope that one or other will make all right about francs, cents, and centimes. You have no idea how nasty and paltry Italian paper-money looks. Bank-notes value fivepence! and many of them dirty to a degree. You want to know all about Pompeii, and I can tell you but little. I fancied we had bought a guidebook, but it turns out we had only borrowed one. I shall know better in future, but they are generally very rubbishy things at home. Perhaps they may be of use to us abroad. So far we have had nothing but a guide to Rome, for which we have had no use as yet. My notions of Pompeii, obtained no doubt from Lord Lytton's book 20 years ago, were crude. He had, with the liberty of the poet and the novelist, magnified Pompeii into quite a Liverpool for size, and a Brighton for grand houses, private baths, and all the etceteras of a wealthy town.

He had confined the destruction of the city to one night, and led me to believe in the popular idea of 250,000 people being killed. But years have toned down the romantic, and now one can book by rail to Pompeii station, walk all the streets, and return in five hours. We took two conveyances instead of the train, on purpose to see the humbler parts of Naples on the ten miles drive to Pompeii. We saw no end of macaroni shops, where that popular kind of wheaten "bread" was exposed in worm-looking yard-long lengths, made at an English factory here. We saw women spinning with the distaff, as if there had never been an Arkwright or a Manchester. We passed churches every few hundred yards, with sorrowful looking Virgins and wooden bambinos over their doors. We saw real bambinos swaddled like Egyptian mummies, and would not have been surprised if we had seen them hooked up on door pegs, like South Sea island babies. Beggars were numerous, but not to the extent we expected. No doubt they know in another form the proverb: "Where the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together." Travellers go to Pompeii in hundreds daily—enough to have warranted a railway, at any rate—and they are not particular to a trifle when they see a man *à la* Virgil or Homer. One old beggar at Pompeii told me he thought he looked like Homer—very.

Passing Herculaneum, and the nearest way to the top of Vesuvius, we soon reached the entrance gate to Pompeii. Here, for the first time in all our sight-seeings, we had to pay for admission. The King of Italy, who has succeeded the King of Naples as lord protector of the buried cities, charges you a franc, provides you with a soldier guide, and spends the money upon excavations still going on. Our first

movement was an ascent over an ill-paved street, down which water must have run for scores of years before such deep ruts could have been cut, as no carts which could have moved about its narrow streets would in a thousand years have cut so deep. The paving and sewerage committee of Pompeii stood in need of a newspaper to keep them up to the mark and print the indignant remonstrances of the noble Romans who made it their marine residence. At first we were taken into a small museum containing articles similar to those we had seen in the Pompeian rooms at Naples Museum. There were household instruments and implements as if we were in a furnishing iron-monger's of the present day. There were small loaves of burned bread with the baker's name upon them. There were skulls of all ages, and some so extraordinary that they might have belonged to Arbaces the Egyptian necromancer, Burbo the gladiator, or Diomedes, the obese Pompeian. There were life-like figures, too. Some petrified humanity. Others the casts of skeletons taken by pouring melted wax into the mould of dust and cinders with which they had been surrounded. One man lies full-length in a very painful attitude. A woman in the act of maternity is near by. A wedding ring is so worn, some knowing travellers say, as to inform us that she had not the right of a married woman to wear it. The horrors of the dreadful 24th of August had perhaps brought on her one of the woes the Saviour spoke of in His Lamentations.

After passing from this room the guide invited visitors to enter one where no ladies are admitted. It is, or ought to be, another *camera obscura*. But it is enough to fancy its contents when told that it is worse than the one in Naples. No catalogue tells its history. No

man talks to another man about what he has seen. Even men are speechless as they gaze together on the beds, the wall paintings and the witty obscenities pencilled on the walls in Latin and Greek. A modern visitor has written over the door in Latin, "What a room to die in!" Yes, to die in, amid thunders, earthquakes, lightnings, boiling water, redhot ashes! There were skeletons found even there. The poet says—

"Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings but Himself
That hideous sight, a naked human heart."

We were saved from seeing that room. We shall sing a *Te Deum* on our journey.

We walked on through one or two rather wide streets—that is to say, where two carts might pass, and from some rising ground, unearthed parts of the city, we took in its size and general aspect. It is now a distance—say, a mile from the sea, or, more accurately speaking, the sea is now a mile from it. It slopes toward Vesuvius, which is about three miles distant; but the slope may be the effect of the earthquake, which raised the shore level, and left the mile of dry land to which I have referred. The ruins are all roofless and cover a space about equal to Chester. The still unopened ground, supposed to be Pompeian, may increase the site to three miles circumference. The houses were all one story, with rare exceptions. There was not a Neapolitan 145 step-high house among them, or they might have been saved. At least, Pompeii would not have been lost sight of for 1,700 years. The seven-feet-thick houses of Genoa would have withstood the rockings of the earth, seeing parts of many comparatively trumpery houses remain. The one-story nature of the houses of course implies those family arrangements common in similar houses in

Scotland, and also a small population in proportion to the ground covered. The way in which Vesuvius had done its deadly work we could fancy. It was a work of eight days. Herculaneum was destroyed by lava bursting out of the sides of the mountain, as it often has done since, and rolling down until it covered that city to the extent of 20 feet deep, keeping it hid till some men sinking a well in 1713 discovered the statues of Cleopatra and Hercules. Pompeii was too far off for the lava, but the lighter matter vomited directly from the crater reached it. Its inhabitants—that is to say, the 800 or 900 who could not escape, but were destroyed with probably many thousands at Herculaneum, and smaller towns nearer the mountain—were bewildered with dense darkness, frightened with the quakings of the earth, made prisoners by falling buildings, scorched with boiling water, and covered with hot dust, ashes, and cinders, which eventually caked and left them as found. There have been many proofs in unearthing Pompeii that either robbers or old owners had returned and shovelled away the dust and carried off money and treasures. In fact, so little money has been found as to suggest that the ruins were pillaged pretty freely while Vesuvius was gently laying on layer after layer of ashes. Perhaps while we blame the Neapolitans for not disentombing a city so large and rich as Pompeii, it may be that a Salvage Company, Limited, had made their calculations on the returns furnished by their engineer and actuary, and found that the venture would not return more than 5½ per cent., while Imperial bonds were then at par. If any public-spirited director had proposed doing the disentombing, in the “interests of humanity or antiquarianism” he would, no doubt, soon have been coughed down.

Walking through the lonely streets and houses of Pompeii gives a very curious feeling of intruding. The streets are well swept, and so are the houses as far as they remain; and on entering the "mansion" of a departed Pompeian, whose nameplate is still over the doorway, I felt as if I must first send in my card. A *cave canem* is often on a doorstep, but no dog is there. Take one house as an example of the better class. It has no roof, no window frames, no doors, and one-half the walls are down. The doorway is narrow, the passage way leads into an unroofed hall or courtyard, and out of it are entrances into bedrooms. Its floor is laid with mosaics, and in the centre is a rain-water reservoir, round which are placed the household gods, for adornment and the convenience of all the family. In this hall, no doubt those who could afford it kept a slave as porter, whose duty it would be to dust the frescoes on the wall, sandpaper the deities, and announce visitors. Across the hall there was a small dining room, breakfast room, and outside a garden. The bath had a conspicuous position, and the bedrooms had evidently a double debt to pay. The fine names of *cœnaculum*, *pinocotheca*, *tricilinium*, *toblinum*, &c., mean very homely matters after all. Most of such houses had small kitchens—they used portable ones, some of which we saw in the Museum at Naples. The cooking was no doubt well provided for, as the same Museum has no end of stewpans and sweetmeat moulds, made like the famed Trojan horse, all from Pompeii. One house, called Diomedes', outside the old wall, is considered the best. Its wine cellars are certainly capacious enough to have held as much "drink of the gods" as he could have drunk in his generation. The guides are so full of descriptions

of Diomedes' wealth, and manners of life, that I fancy they have read Lord Lytton's book. Diomedes' house differs from the town houses in its cellars, baths, wardrobes, and number of rooms. In it were found lots of finery calcined and crumbling, and in his wine vaults 19 adult skeletons, and one of a child. It had been gradually covered up; perhaps the inmates trusted to the strength of its walls, and stock of food and wine, until too late to flee. In Diomedes' garden was found a skeleton with a key in its hand, and near it a bag of coins. Was it the skeleton of Diomedes or of a thief in the night? Near some valuable vases was the skeleton of another man. One young woman's skeleton had a necklace, upon which was engraved the name "Julie di Diomedes"—perhaps the daughter of the citizen with the cellars and wine bins. We enter the Forum of Justice. The unroofed building with its two series of columns, now partially laid low, is very suggestive. Yonder sat the Pompeian judges. There the prisoners. We tried its acoustic properties: they were satisfactory. Below were its dungeons: they were not satisfactory. Two prisoners left chained had been enveloped with ashes, and died a slow death. The Roman sentinels stood to their posts, and were found and "relieved" 1800 years too late. The jailers had run at the first alarm, forgetful of their prisoners. Paul's keepers on shipboard, who proposed to kill all the prisoners, were more merciful in their way. Who would not give much for a copy of a newspaper of those days, if only to read the police news? Loaded dice have been found in Pompeii, and are now in the Museum. Steelyards for weighing were in common use, often with the fulcrum wrong. Talking about newspapers, their substitutes at Pompeii were curious

—charcoal, and red paint inscriptions, and sometimes hewnstone. On a stone, at the market place, they thus announced theatrical performances, houses to let, wanteds, and on sales. To the credit of Pompeii be it recorded that one lady advertised houses to be let, but not for “immoral purposes.” Her virtues are graven on stone. But what a fearful revelation it makes! England will be near her end when advertisements contain such stipulations. Bricks, very thin and set with cement from which they cannot be separated, are mixed with lava blocks in all the buildings. Some of these blocks look as if they had been walked on since the days of Abraham. Foot-prints at the entrance of a theatre are 20 inches deep, and a fountain water-spout, which a man would naturally clutch while drinking, has a wear and tear upon it suggestive of a thousand years. These are not sights made by the guides. They only call your attention to them.

The short and narrow streets of Pompeii are very difficult to trace. Old names are being changed. But the house with the large bath, the one with the broken image of Ceres, or that which contains the nice wall paintings of So-and-so, are the only designations one can give them, in the absence of a guide book. Some of the statues still left are really works of art. The best, however, are at Naples. Many of the frescoes are poor—taproom in design and colour. But others may challenge even the great painter who boasted that he mixed his colours with brains, to equal them. There they are, fresh as ever, some not even guarded, as others are, from the John Snooks, who carve their illustrious names on the plaster.

The amphitheatre, some distance from the city, is a very attractive ruin. The intelligent soldier—No. 35—

who described it was no novice to his work, and finding we spoke kindly of Garibaldi, he escaped before we could give him a fee. Under its many tiers of seats, said to have held 24,000 spectators, were dungeons for men and beasts—gladiators, murderers, Christians, and lions. There was no mistake about the interest of this place. Was it true, as Dion Cassius says, that the Pompeians were there when the great day of wrath came upon them? I turned to Vesuvius, calm, peaceful, and humble looking as any 4,000 feet high mountain should be, and I tried to picture the scene—to put life into Pompeii—to crowd those tiers—to fancy howling tigers, roaring lions, massive gladiators, crouching murderers, heaven-strengthened Christian martyrs, an excited audience, a waving of handkerchiefs, screams from fainting ladies—no, none of that, Roman ladies did not faint—a horror of great darkness, a quaking of the earth, a deluge of boiling water, a storm of dust and stones, and a general rushing to the doors!

I thought I had little to say, but I find there are many Pompeian temples, and public buildings yet to be described, which I shall do in my next, and also tell you something more about Vesuvius.



LETTER XVII.

POMPEII AND VESUVIUS.

I HAD no idea that Pompeii had made such a deep impression on my mind, or that I could have had so much to tell you about its weird, forsaken, and sometimes fantastic buildings. There, if anywhere, are "sermons in stones." Each house has its own tale of sin, sorrow, art, science, domestic habits, faith, or faithlessness. Omitting to notice what I have previously written about it, I would anew take you a walk through Pompeii, and verify our journey by stereoscopic views on my return. I think, barring the Irishism, you will then agree with Matthew Prior, that so far as the last race of Pompeians is concerned, he was right when he said:—

" Who breathes must suffer, and who thinks, must mourn ;
And he alone is bless'd who ne'er was born."

An old map of Pompeii before its destruction shows that the town was walled, took in the amphitheatre—now some distance off, and had a direct road to Herculaneum, on which were houses all the way and near to which the walls extended. Only four miles from the walls was Vesuvius, about which the poet Martial wrote:—

" Here verdant vines o'erspread Vesuvius' sides,
The generous grape here poured her purple tides,"

but of which it might now be literally said, remembering Lord Lytton's book :—

“It left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.”

Cicero had a house outside Pompeii, and probably Virgil was often a visitor, as his home was not far away on the other side of the bay. Claudius once dwelt at Pompeii, so did Phædrus and Seneca. It was a town given to fighting, and having neighbours' quarrels; and for an attack on its neighbours, the Nocerans, Nero shut up its grand amphitheatre for ten years. It had only been re-opened four years when the last performance commenced, which was closed amidst the blackness of darkness for ever.

Near by Pompeii was Stabæ, now called Castellamare, a mineral water village of very luxurious habits, but of it I cannot speak. It was destroyed at the same time. Pompeii had not ordinary city walls; in some cases they were double, 14 feet wide, and ascended by broad flights of steps from the inside to a height of five-and-twenty feet. They were built of large blocks of volcanic tufa and travestin, laid in horizontal courses without cement. About ten towers, much dilapidated, still remain. There were eight gates to Pompeii. One at the Strada della Tombe, or Street of Tombs. It was here the Roman sentry was found, “still grasping his heavy lance, and the rusty armour clanking on his fleshless bones.” Roman discipline made it death to desert his post. It was death to stay. The tombstones, the broken arches—two of them very solitary and very lofty—and the inscriptions are very suggestive. The dead fared better than the living. The dead were buried out of sight with, no doubt, all the funeral formalities of the times. The living had to

run from their old homes to new ones, or, if caught in the huge net Death laid the day Pompeii was destroyed, to wait for 1800 years, till foreign hands buried their ashes, or removed their bones to a museum. Diomedes' cenotaph is of rubble work faced with stucco. We look on it with interest. It has a Latin inscription speaking of his magisterial position, and stating that the tomb was erected to the memory of himself and family. The tomb of the Libellæ is a solid building of blocks of travestin, about 12 feet square and 13 feet high. Other tombs, with "lying marbles," tell of glory and honour, but none of immortality. It had but begun to be brought to light when Pompeii perished. In one of the tombs where we now are was found the amphora of blue glass at the Museum, on which the house of Cicero is painted in a very fine manner. Near by is a resting place for the wayfarer, and here were found four skeletons—a mother and her offspring, one a baby, here died, locked in each other's arms. They had rings and ornaments about them which betokened that they were not of the poor. Portions of the other gates have been found, and the guides would have taken us to them all, but time was precious. The gates now in use are but three.

I have before spoken of the streets being very narrow, and it must have been impossible to have had any gorgeous out-door spectacles, save in the theatre or the amphitheatre. The Corso at Rome is very narrow, I believe; but there are many "pianos," or flats, out of the windows of which the spectators may look. There are none such at Pompeii. Let us look at some of the strada or streets. The "Strada di Sallustio," paved with lava blocks, is a narrow street,

with a water fountain at one end and a gateway at the other. It is too narrow for more than one conveyance, and the pavements are only a foot or so wide. The front and roof of every house in it are gone, and many of the party walls are destroyed. The "Strada Mercurio" presents a fair specimen of the streets of Pompeii. At one end is a very heavy brick archway, off which, as off most houses, the plaster has been burned. But only here and there has the arch received damage, and that of the most trifling nature. You can count every row of bricks, but a pickaxe alone would loosen them. The street is paved with lava blocks, about a foot square, and down its side is a footpath, barely wide enough for two to pass. Half way down are four stepping-stones, suggesting, with the deep gutter at the sides, that often thunder showers took place at Pompeii. Fancy stepping-stones in an English street, entered by a noble archway! The "Strada della Abondanza" gives, however, the best idea of a Pompeian street. A drinking trough of hewn stone is at one end, with the dog's head out of which the water once came. A paved street, too narrow for two vehicles, takes a gentle sweep to the left. On both sides are footpaths—strange enough, they are unusually wide. We run our eyes over some 20 houses right and left. Where the doors and windows once were there is nothing now. Strong brick party wall pillars alone are there. Some of them we count to be 35 courses of brick in height, each course about half the thickness of ours, and with courses of hard cement just as thick. The inside walls in some cases are perfect honeycombs of lava blocks. The heat that could not touch the brick and cement has melted the lava until it looks like the refuse of iron forges, built

up into walls. No doubt our old friend "the devouring element" made fearful havoc in Pompeii.

Looking now to individual buildings, we first notice those which were comparatively private. The "Fontana della Casa del gran balcone" is very interesting. Some huge square columns are split right across; others at various angles, and the end of a large chamber shows a wrench which perhaps lightning alone could give. The solid marbles have not rent, it is true. But the marble slabs which covered these columns and walls have been sliced off like plaster. We now look at a fountain of extreme beauty. A "sweet little cherub," "as naked as when he was born," stands on a square pedestal. His right hand is on the top of his head. His left holds a dish, out of which water once ran into a square trough, supported on a round fluted pillar. Poor cherub! He looks as chubby as he did 2,000 years ago. Two square pillars close by him have been cut in two, and out of the centre of both are the bent iron rods which connected them with the upper lengths. How did the fragile figure escape? Was there some other cherub sitting aloft which looked after the life of its Pompeian brother? The "Casa di Meleagio" shows the finest pillars. Five of them are whole, and about 20 feet high. Many more are broken half way up. In the middle is a reservoir, and round the court arched entrances to underground places of rather imposing dimensions.

The "Civil Forum" covers a very large space. It must have been quite equal to the utmost wants of the town. We try its acoustic powers, and roofless as it always was, and almost wall-less as it now is, from the one end to the other the voice is heard. We count the foundations of 32 columns on each side.

Not one shaft is entire; in fact, most only show their stumpy foundations. Each column was fluted in the proper Corinthian form, and composed of lengths of about four feet each. The remains of the judicial bench—all of well baked and cemented brick—show that appearances were studied. Around are rooms for the various wants of the officials. Efforts are now made to keep plants from taking root in the ruins, lest they should sooner or later displace brick from brick; yet on the various stumps we see the smallest of their race trying to find life and shelter. On these walls were placed the public notices to which I alluded in my last letter. Some had been partially wiped out with a coat of white paint. Candidates' names are given, and there are puffs in favour of Mr. Smith as a *bonus civis*, Mr. Jones as a *dignus reipublicæ*, and so on, issued by the guilds of *caupones*, or innkeepers—a trade powerful then as now: by *forenses*, or lawyers—a class which does not often puff its own members—by *pistores*, or bakers, and even by *culinarii*, or cooks. Squibs have been found here and there. Scribibi, or late fuddlers, come in for their share of advice, just as in our era it is written—

“And truant husband should return, and say,

‘My dear, I was the first who came away.’”

But I am forgetting that I was taking *you* through the streets of Pompeii. The “Casa dell Fauno” was one of the best houses in Pompeii. Three very large rooms speak of wealth. Around one of them is a row of pillars, apparently for ornament, and all could have been thrown into one as required. In the centre of one is the large basin of a fountain which has disappeared. The floor of the basin is inlaid with tiles laid in squares. The steps into and the flags around

are all marble. From many parts of the marble walls the "veneering" has been removed by the heat breaking it into small pieces.

The "Casa di Marco Oronis" shows very imposing remains. The courtyard has had a series of pillars fluted, and richly adorned at the upper end. Two round ones and a square one, full length, yet remain. Several are broken in pieces. Two fountains supported on pillars and sunk in the ground are still intact. So also is a Cupid on the top of a flight of steps. The inside walls are sadly dilapidated. Built of lava stone and rubble, the heat of the great day of burning has been too much for them. Yet why did it spare the Cupid quite unprotected? It must be that the fine dust covered it, like a fond mother wrapping up her baby, and that the fire found nothing that would burn in the fountain part of the house. The "Casa di Meleagio" is entirely in ruins. A number of fluted columns, chiefly broken in the middle, one enormously thick partition wall, a square basin or pond, and a heavy slab of marble, supported by four griffins, are all that remain to tell its tale.

Turning to Temples, we have some specimens of strong and large buildings. The "Temple of Fortune" is a huge, widespread building, sadly ruined. The streets around it are worn into deep ruts, and again and again stepping-stones are placed to enable the Pompeians to cross dryshod. It has a fame of its own. Its builders were the Tullian family, of whom Cicero says so much. Here a Pompeian skeleton was found, with 60 coins, a plate of silver, and a saucepan of the same metal near. The poor fellow had been trying to escape through a window.

The "Temple of Isis" has, or rather had, like St.

Peter's, a colonnade on each side of the square in front, but by no means so majestic. The columns were built of brick, and covered with marble. In most cases the marble is gone, and in many instances the pillars are broken in the middle. A flight of eight narrow steps led up to the building. They are there still, all the brickwork of them untouched. There seems to be nothing like a well-baked brick. At each side of the Temple entrance is a sentry-box-looking affair, in which no doubt some deity was placed.

The "Temple of Venus" and the "Temple of Gione," however, are the most interesting of the temples. The first occupies a whole street, 150 feet long, and was supported on four rows of Corinthian columns, each 18 in number, most of which remain in the outer rows. Each pillar is fluted, and outside the outer rows are, or rather were, busts, for, while the pedestals are there, but one bust remains. Under the colonnade are many wall paintings of dwarfs, pigmies, dancers, and villas. The "Temple of Gione" has suffered much from fire. Around the portico there has been a number of lofty pillars, on very substantial foundation stones. Up 22 steps we go in entering, and find not less than 30 pillars, only six or eight of which are not unbroken.

The "Casa di Diomedes" deserves more notice than I gave it before. It is somewhat out of the town, and at present is unearthed only as far as the back garden. Groups of flourishing trees are growing there, on the same level as the chimney-pots were 1800 years ago. In the front garden is a deep basin, or reservoir, around which many columns once stood, though now but three broken ones remain. In the centre is a column which held up some figure, out of whose hand,

or foot, or mouth, came gushing water. Diomedes' house was double fronted. At least, a front supported on square pillars still exists, which held up a roof by means of itself and the real front, and thus formed a covered way all round the building. Some parts had been two stories—a most unusual thing and probably accounting for the utter ruin of portions. A one-story house would certainly stand an earthquake better than a two-story one, and no doubt that is the reason why the one-story system was all but universal in Pompeii. The Pompeian shops were small both in doors and windows; more like the many one-roomed shops without windows one sees in Naples. Julia Felix claims, in an advertisement near the "parish pump," to have owned 9,000 of them. Pompeian tradesmen had their specialties. One boasts of a pickle called *garum*, another of a hot drink made in a mysterious way, and in which steam-tight vessels were used. I had no time to carefully inspect the Temple of Jupiter, near the Forum, but its size is said to be 100 feet by 43 feet, and 60 feet high. It is one of the latest temples exhumed, and furnished much of what is now found in the museums. The Cloth Exchange, a basilica-looking building, 130 by 65 feet, has painted panelled walls, and a statue in white marble of the founder. The Town Council Hall is a large unroofed building, but may have been glazed, as glass has been found at Pompeii. The Pantheon had all its columns upset by an earthquake some years before the eruption, and they were in course of repair when it took place.

The paintings on the walls at Pompeii are, as I said before, but so-so. Some, however, are works of merit. Bacchus finding Ariadne in deep sleep, is one which, no doubt, would have received glowing praise in any

age. Her face is hid in the pillows; over her head stands Sleep, with outspread wings, and holding in the hand a torch reversed. A young faun lifts the veil and looks to see how Bacchus is moved by her beauty. Many other figures crowd around with flutes, &c.

Having described many of the paintings and statues, once belonging to Pompeii, in their new home at Naples, I must refer you to my former letters, after stating that one of the latest discentombments contains a very fine specimen of "Hercules, while overcome by wine, robbed of his arms by Cupids." This picture was found in a public-house, whose sign was an Elephant. I ought also to mention a late discovery in bronze—Narcissus listening to Echo. It is considered the most valuable in its class, supposed to be a copy, but no one knows the original.



LETTER XVIII.

HERCULANEUM.

[I HAD no time to see Herculaneum, but for the sake of connection I extract a few notes from the *Buried Cities of Campania*, a work just issued by Nelson and Sons, and of which they have this week kindly sent me a copy. I much wish I had had it while at Pompeii, as it rebuilds and refurnishes the broken and empty houses, and gives numerous facts which would have been deeply interesting. I commend the volume to the readers of the *Guardian*.—June 5.] Herculaneum was discovered in 1709, owing to excavations at Resina for a summer palace. Two courses of lava have been deposited upon it, to the depth of 70 feet, which make investigations difficult. Especially is it so from its being necessary to fill up the excavations as fast as they are examined, in order to support Resina and Portici, the towns built on its ruins. A Temple, a wide street paved with lava, and lined with porticoes; a basilica measuring 228 feet by 132, and having 42 columns; several blocks of buildings; a handsome villa; and a theatre have been discovered so far. The theatre alone can now be seen. It appears capable of holding 10,000 persons. The volcanic matter at the back of the stage shows a cast of the

mask of a human face. Bronze statues of Druses, Antonia, and the Muses have been found here. Herculanum was not destroyed like Pompeii by showers of ashes, but by a torrent of volcanic mud, which rolled over the city with resistless force, filling all its edifices nearly to the roof, and hardening as it dried into a coarse tufa. It has, therefore, to be cut away by the axe like solid stone.

The compiler of the *Campania* mentions various discoveries which did not come under my notice at Pompeii. An amber figure of Cupid disguised in a wing was found in 1864, near to a skeleton. A lamp of solid gold, weighing $33\frac{1}{2}$ ounces, has also been dug up. In 1867 the excavators came upon a hermetically-sealed bronze vessel, full of water, found to be fresh and clear after an imprisonment of 18 centuries.

I must not close without speaking about the excavations still going on. We saw some scores of men, women, boys, and girls at work; they reach hundreds in winter. The latter carry away the loose pumice stone, hard mud, and fine sand in small baskets. The colour of the earth shows if a bronze or copper article is near, and every care is taken to save it from injury. A discovered chamber is entirely emptied, and its frescoes, if worth the trouble, removed by detaching the plaster from the wall. Only lately a female skeleton was found in an unearthened house, and, near to it, a jewel box. The hinges, bronze and ivory fittings, the golden earrings, bracelets, necklace, curious amulets, pins, combs, and bronze looking-glass were all there; but the "wood, hay, and stubble, had perished." She had fallen, groping her way out; and a mould of her linen garments may yet be seen. Moulds of four bodies taken together are at the Naples Museum.

LETTER XIX.

VESUVIUS.

THOUGH I did not ascend Vesuvius, to keep my promise and make the sketch of my journey complete, I have hunted up, from the recesses of memory and from some books, all that may be needful to write about volcanoes.

The fact that Vesuvius is *our* largest and nearest volcano may have made us think it is *the* volcano, *the* burning mountain of the world. But such is not the case. There are 290 of them, and Vesuvius is but a baby to some of its cousins-german. I have looked into their family history in view of an introduction to Vesuvius, and find that while many of them are sleeping partners in the Volcano Company, there are several far more active than Vesuvius, although probably they have never had a chance of being so destructive. Etna is the mountain where the ironwork of the Cyclops was executed, and into which Empedocles leaped, and its eruptions are recorded 700 years before Vesuvius is named. Thucydides describes three, and Livy three, which took place before the Christian era. Later on in the world's history, Catania with 15,000 people was destroyed, and up to quite recent times eruptions have taken place, in one case lava rolling

over the country for 40 days. Hecla, in snowy, frozen Iceland, has been a most excited volcano. As late as 1783, there was an outbreak so fearful that the very island was expected to fall to pieces. Red-hot lava flowed for weeks and reached the sea, 60 miles distant, in a broken breadth of twelve miles. Many rivers were dried up; 21 villages destroyed, and 34 seriously injured. For height, Vesuvius is but a dwarf to the volcano at Colima, in Western Mexico, which is all but four times the height of its Italian rival, and visitors require three days to ascend it. I have just seen an American account of its last eruption. The whole country heaved like a navy in a storm, the Cathedral of Colima went down in a mass, and its ruins lie still undisturbed. The visitor to Colima volcano, after a weary walking and climbing of 40 miles, is rewarded with a never-to-be-forgotten sight. The earth sounds at her very depths as if in the agonies of constant parturition, and every now and then enormous blocks of lava are thrown out, which cover the country for many miles. These blocks, weighing several tons, bound over the crater, and thunder down the mountain side, setting fire to trees, or whatever combustible matter may come in their way. Nature does everything on a vast scale in South America. But, for majesty and extent, no volcano equals Kirauea, in one of the South Sea islands. Carlyle has immortalized a native queen in connection with it. Many years have passed since I was first struck with its wondrous story. It is not much higher than Vesuvius, but its outpourings have been more tremendous. Three-and-a-half-million square yards of half cooled scoria, 300 yards deep, surround it, always boiling, spouting, and rolling, like the waves of a

troubled sea. There are six mighty caldrons at work, says a letter in the *Hawaiian Spectator*, and into the sixth were the bones of the former chiefs consigned as sacrifices to the goddess Pele. This caldron has an area of 300,000 square yards, full of bubbling red-hot lava, always changing and sending forth sounds as from a horrid laboratory—

“A furnace formidable, deep, and wide,
O'erboiling with a mad and sulphurous tide.”

What a mass of matter for thought such a sight must possess!

“One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.”

Dr. Cheever's account of his ascent of this volcano is deeply interesting. He says he has known seamen who had faced unfearingly all the perils of the deep appalled on the brink of Kirauea. He thinks a week needed to “go round about her, to mark her bulwarks, and tell the towers thereof.” Many years ago, the middle division of a native army was engulfed bodily in a crater which opened on Kirauea. Ellis, in his “Missionary Enterprises,” speaks of some fifty conical islands pouring out lava, round the sides of the great lake, or crater, which is three miles long. On mountains in the same neighbourhood, but 14,000 feet high, “a prodigious flood of boiling rock issued in 1849.” One of Commander Wick's Scientific Corps speaks of Vesuvius as a “babe” compared with Kirauea. The city of New York might be placed within it, and when at its bottom would hardly be noticed. There is no elevated cone, no rocks ejected, and no igneous matter. Round its banks ferns grow, nursed by its heat. At some parts, however, the heat rises to 180 degrees.

Judged by height, Stromboli is the smallest volcano, and Vesuvius the next—3,874 ft. Etna is 11,000 ft. high, and Cotopaxi 19,000. The capacity of Vesuvius for mischief is equal to 314 atmospheres, with a velocity of 496 feet per second. Vesuvius has hurled stones of eight pounds weight at Pompeii, but Cotopaxi has sent a block of 109 cubic yards to the distance of nine miles. The discharge from Kirauea in one night is said to equal fifteen million cubic feet, yet it and all its fiery brethren are calculated to be no more in appearance on the globe's surface than would 290 pustules on the human body.

Of Vesuvius all we really know is that before the Pompeian massacre, so to call it, it had been a well-behaved mountain, and that its height was not so great as now. Since A.D. 79 there have been 34 outbursts, the most serious in 1868. [A more important eruption happened while we were on our return, as was expected. See my letter, No. 14.] The ascent of Vesuvius has been often described, and glad would I have been to be able to give my version. In passing its base one thinks the ascent is easy. Ladies can go up, with two strong men to pull in front and push behind, for the last 300 yards.

There are two ways to get up the mountain—one from Resina, the other from Pompeii. I note the latter. You take guides, porters, and assistants, according to your numbers. For a time you pass through vines and olives, but these give way to immense blocks of hardened lava. I have bought a stereoscopic view of this side of the mountain which will astonish you. There is not a sign of vegetation long before you part with your pony, if you have one, at the foot of the cone. You are alone, so far as birds

are concerned. The cone is truncated, or has its top cut off, leaving a basin or crater for you to climb up, with sides like a sugar loaf. Fine cinders make the ground treacherous; honeycombed lava makes it dangerous. The first view of the crater startles. It is, perhaps, half a mile in diameter, and a hundred yards deep. Smoke and vapour generally are issuing forth. You see destruction should you fall either forward or backward, and the edge of the cone is narrow. A continued series of explosive noises is going on. White-hot missiles are showered out. But the sounds try the nerves most. There is nothing like them elsewhere. You look down, and see lava oozing out of the sides of the mountain. Before a first-class outbreak, it sweats great drops of fire from every pore. Lava seldom or never comes out of the crater. The crater is too deep. The descent from the other side, down among the ashes, is short, sharp, and dirty; only taking four minutes.

Is Vesuvius one of the earth's safety valves? Does the earth need them? Is the earth solid? If so, it cannot be blown up. If a huge caldron full of water, air, and gases at all temperatures, could the trumpety explosions and vomitings of two hundred active volcanoes save it in time of trouble? Their united openings are no more than equal to a needle point hole in a school globe. Can such a hole or 200 of them be sufficient vent-pegs for a globe of boiling-hot liquids, or red-hot solids? Are these volcanoes not local, the effect of sea water, or its correlative, mixing with various metals? Sea water is found in the analysed smoke of Vesuvius. Sea water will decompose numerous metals and evoke heat. We have much yet to learn. But I am getting homesick

already. I should like to hear even a townsman's dog bark. Sight-seeing overwhelms me.

" 'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home ;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come."

My next letters will be *from* Rome and *about* Rome.



LETTER XX.

ROME.

ROME, April 9th.—We are here safe and sound at the Costanzi Inn. A very fine inn it is, and here we intend remaining for a week. From a balcony on the top, I had my first view of St. Peter's and of Rome. At present I am thinking more about Rome as the city of the Popes than the city of the Cæsars—the place where one hoped to find in olden times, at least, what Hare calls "God's gentleman"—a first-class Christian. And truly the surroundings are in favour of such a discovery. Have I not seen steeples and spires in every direction? Are the churches not put down in the newspapers as over 300 in number—one for every 1,000 inhabitants? Surely here, then, is the place to be reminded that—

"From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend,
Path, motive, guide, original, and end."

In the order of priority, however, I may tell you something about Rome in its kingly, in its imperial, and in its heathen days. To E. and W. I may more appropriately dwell on Christian Rome, when I have seen the inside of its St. Peter's, its world-famed Vatican, and its Catacombs.

Thanks to the series of articles in the *Guardian* on

Roman History, your mind will have a fresh remembrance of Rome in its early days. I need only speak of it, therefore, as "founded" by Romulus 750 years before the Christian era, at which time Athens, Sparta, and Corinth were 850 years old. The Israelites had been then 800 years out of Egypt. King David never knew a Roman, for he died 300 years before Romulus was born; and of course the Mosaical Code was ancient, or at least 800 years old, ere a Roman edict was issued. No Romans went to hear the wisdom of Solomon. Solomon and Homer were names of the mighty dead when the followers of Romulus were an unknown colony, seeking a home on the Tiber, near the sea. The Jewish ten tribes were lost tribes at the time the Romans first appear on the historic page. Jeremiah may have heard of them. Herodotus, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and Demosthenes, were men of renown ere Rome had existed 300 years. Architecture, sculpture, and painting, had then been carried to perfection in Greece. But the scene soon changed. By the fourth century of its existence Rome had had seven kings and numerous dictators. It had fought everywhere, and been twice plundered and burned. From that time to the Christian era—400 years—it had had 300 years of fighting. Like Dr. Brown's "Rab," it thought life too serious for anything else. It had fought the Gauls, destroyed Carthage, turned Greece into a province, warred with Portugal, conquered Britain, taken Jerusalem, tried a triumvirate, stabbed a Cæsar, and given birth to Virgil and Horace. Out of the first hundred years of our era Augustus had a "glorious" reign of 50 years; Nero burned Rome, and martyred Paul; Vespasian destroyed Jerusalem; and Domitian finally conquered Britain. In the second

hundred, Polycarp and thousands of other Christians were martyred; the Emperor Servius died and was buried at York; and Caracalla gained the throne by bribing the soldiers to the tune of 3 millions a year! In the fourth century Constantine turned Christian—at least favourable to the Christians—and burned the heathen temples. Thirty years later, Julian the Apostate, who had been educated for the priesthood, tried his hand at governing, restoring the heathen temples, and persecuting the Christians for three years. In 379 the Goths made havoc with the Roman provinces, which then comprised all the known world. In 410 Rome was burned to the ground by the Goths; in 455 it was taken and pillaged by the Vandals, and in 476 an unknown chief of the Heruli entered Italy, took Rome, and began the Italian kingdom. The Greek Emperors and the Goths took and re-took Rome for some 200 years, but finally Pope Stephen II. secured the temporal power, and his successors were confirmed in it by Charlemagne. In the eighth century the Popes began coining money in their own names. In the tenth they had an army of their own. In the eleventh century they assumed the exclusive title of Pope, which all other bishops had in common until then, and onward a line of some 350 Popes has flowed until the present day, with many ups and downs, of which I may speak when the proper time arrives. The most dreadful of all, however, was the storming of Rome by the Germans and Spaniards in 1525, when the Pope had to flee to the castle of St. Angelo, close by, for ten months, and witness a most fearful destruction of life and property, and hear Martin Luther, in bravado, elected Pope by a soldiery most of whom had come from the heat of the Reformation controversy in Germany.

With regard to the present position of Rome and the rest of Italy, I have much to say in advance even of seeing Rome, as the result of conversations with the editors of several leading journals upon whom I have called, but chiefly of a discussion with an English gentleman at Naples. He has been many years in Italy, is a perfect Italian scholar, well read in Italian literature, and devoutly attached to the land of his adoption. He has kindly handed over to me, for future use, his thoughts on Rome and the late revolution.

But my fancies about Rome are already broken up. I had tried to undeceive myself and my companions in the discussion to which I alluded in a previous letter. But I confess, while not expecting to see "salve" over every door, a toga on every Roman, and a retinue of slaves after each noble, I did expect more of the ancient. Shakespeare and Macaulay have gilded Rome, Romans, and Roman history; and we forget the wars in which Rome was burned to the ground, an earthquake in 1349, the floods of 1345 and 1550, which inflicted evils from which it never recovered, and above all the destruction already named, under the Duke de Bourbon. Historians say that then the Germans and Spanish came as thick "as if the earth had opened and disgorged a legion of devils." These soldiers were poor, their wages unpaid, their commander killed at the commencement of the fight, a city abounding with gold and riches was before them, and that city was "decried in Germany as the infernal nest of the Popes." The then Pope, Clement VII., was called all that was bad even in Rome. Plague and famine had doubled the taxes and the price of food. Ten millions of precious metals were carried away. The most eminent men had to ransom their lives. The

soldiers lighted their fires on the inlaid marble floors of the Vatican; splendid stained glass windows were demolished for their lead; horses were fed in the Sistine chapel; statues and images were thrown down everywhere: for six months the soldiers reigned in Rome, and by their aid, and that of pestilence and famine which followed, Rome was reduced to 30,000 inhabitants. Last century it was as low as 140,000. It is now equal to 290,000. A city with such a history must necessarily be different from what it was in the palmy days of the Cæsars, when it had a population of from one to two and a half millions. But I reserve particulars for another letter.



LETTER XXI.

ECHOES AND CHILDREN.

(FOR CHILDREN ONLY.)

APRIL 9th.—My dear A.—I intend writing you and L. and S. letters from Rome, if I can find time, and they will be your own to keep, with the Roman stamp and postmark, which, when you grow up, may remind you of one who loved you dearly and who may then be dead and gone. But first, let me tell you I have to write in haste, and with no time to read over what I write, so if there is a word wrong you will not think that I did not care to write correctly. Now, what will please best my little 5-year-old? Well, let me tell her a funny thing or two, as I know she dearly loves stories. We went, when in Paris, to a big place called the Panthéon, a church built very like a place here also called the Pantheon, but very much bigger, grander, and twenty times as old, and more. I have seen the Roman one to-day, and it is old—very old. When in the French one, your cousin H. and the rest of us went down with a soldier into the crypt, or vaults, where a few men are buried of whom France thought much at one time, but not so now. Two names I remember—Mirabeau and Voltaire. When we had seen the tombs we went to hear the Echo, and

as I had been there four years ago I knew what was coming. The soldier went away, and with a bit of flat wood struck the top of a table in the dark, and we at once heard loud sounds as of thunder, and many were startled. He asked me to go into a corner and make a speech. I did, and the echo was so funny! It startled me. I had never heard my voice before coming, as it were, from far-off, and saying over every word clear and distinct. My speech was this: "Ladies and gentlemen, unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, with these few remarks I beg leave to sit down." The speech is one an old and dear friend, now a banker in Australia, used to deliver to me in his merry moments, and all the people laughed long and loud at the idea of an Echo sitting down. I then proposed the French toast now upon every church and every public building: "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." Mr. Echo was more hearty in it even than I, as it seemed; and each word came clear as a bell from a far-off corner, and the French visitors laughed and cheered. I next gave "Hip, hip, hurrah," for our Queen, and Mr. Echo showed he was English this time, and we *did* cheer, shook hands and separated. Now I never thought of having more Echoes than one to talk about; but when we were in the great museum at Naples, the librarian chatted a few words about Garibaldi with me, and then showed us the Echo he could make by striking two books together in the middle of a big hall, where they have 1,000 books for every day in the year; and the Echo was very fine. I there proposed three cheers for Garibaldi, and the Echo delivered them in good time and tune. Well, curiously enough, we had a third Echo story only yesterday, while seeing the ruins of a big town that

Mount Vesuvius covered with hot lava and fine dust, many hundred years ago. I shall perhaps write all about it to S. It was called Pompeii, and its ruins are now being uncovered. Well, the Pompeians were not good men, and amid many other proofs that they were bad is this one—they had an amphitheatre for men and beasts to fight together, which the Italian guide, who spoke French, told me had held 24,000 men and women; more than you can count, but there were the seats, row above row, and we could count them. I had been talking to him about Garibaldi, who is a great favourite in Italy, and after he had shown us where the wild beasts were kept, which were set upon the good men to kill them, he shouted to show how clear Echo was in such a vast place. He then asked me to do the same. For fun, I proposed three cheers for Garibaldi, in which Echo joined, and then, I added, three more for "trenta-cinque," the Italian for the number on his cap. He saw the joke as I pointed to his cap, and added "cinque" as fast as I could, and from the far-off recesses of the immense amphitheatre came "Three cheers for trenta-cinque," amid much laughter. Had any old Pompeians turned up they would have been surprised.



LETTER XXII.

ROME.

ROME, April 14th.—My dear W.—I am now writing in mine inn, taking mine ease, and thinking of you all. The day is very hot, the sky cloudless, and the sounds on every side different from home sounds. I wish you and Mrs. W. had a peep. Not far from us are the Baths of Diocletian, but there is no bathing there. The old gentleman would find them cut up into three portions if he came back to his old haunts. One is a most lofty and truly magnificent church, wherein rest the bones of Salvator Rosa; the second, a lot of arches let out to cabmen; and the third, barracks wherein are the men and horses of the King of Italy. Across Rome, not far from the Colosseum, are the remains of most enormous baths, erected by Caracalla. Their height far surpasses any railway arch I know of, or any end to be gained, and they must enclose acres. They are roofless and dismantled, but the beautiful mosaic floors are nearly intact in some large divisions, and speak of grandeur in its highest mechanical form. The Romans seem to have delighted in arches, for close by the Colosseum are the remains of the Temple of Janus, a temple which was shut in time of peace, or once in 140 years, and the arches of which

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are equal to those of the Caracallian baths, but far more adorned in the way the bricks are laid, allowing of marble slabs being inlaid in octagons. In all public buildings marble seems to have faced everything; but the marbles have been removed to make churches, and the bare bricks, fresh and often whole for a score of yards, show an achievement in brick and mortar-making to which we are strangers. The bricks are flatter than ours, wider, and longer, and the cement treble in quantity. The owners of all these buildings should have let them on repairing leases. I must refer you to other letters—now numerous—for more details. I only write this as it is from *Rome*.



LETTER XXIII.

ROME, PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN.

APRIL 14th.—I came to Rome from Naples tired and wearied. But, like Jacob when he saw the waggons, my heart revived at the sight of a city, which, in ancient, mediæval, and modern times, has made for itself a name and a place in the earth. Rome is no longer the mistress of the world. She has tried all kinds of governments, produced all kinds of men under each—poets, painters, sculptors—and now she has returned to her first love. She is once more under a king, in common with her old enemies, or her old subjects. Italy was once low in public estimation. But that was years ago. Solferino and Magenta proved her sons lovers of freedom and good soldiers. Before those battles, they were divided into the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, under Austria; Parma, Lucca, Modena, and Tuscany had their dukes; the States of the Church had their Pope, and Sicily and Naples had a king. So had Sardinia.

But I must confine this letter to reasonable limits. Of ancient Rome little remains, but that little is real and interesting. You find, when you examine an old map, that Rome is built on ten hills, not on seven. A new map shows such a mass of narrow, serpentine

streets, and a personal inspection so confirms it, that your hills become hillocks, or hills in the same sense that we talk of Holborn "hill" or Ludgate "hill" with two or three exceptions, where they are covered with gardens or deserted. The hills of ancient Rome have been reduced. Ancient Rome for many purposes may be spoken of as embracing Italy, having the Apennines and the Italian Alps on the one side, and the Adriatic on the other. This district, with its mountains rising as "Apennines" to 9,000, and as "Alps" to 15,000 feet, has been rendered more interesting by Virgil than even Scotland has by Sir Walter Scott. But of Rome proper alone must I now write. Judging its dimensions 2,000 years ago from a map, I find it was very much larger then than now, embracing its present suburbs, which we must thus treat as part of Rome in making comparisons. Two thousand years ago Rome extended many miles in every direction. Young Pliny tells us that he rode daily from Rome to his country house, 18 miles off, and if all the roads were as good as the Appian Way, he would do it under two hours, and perhaps never be out of sight of a house all his journey. That there were roads to every point of the compass, maps and remains abundantly show.

Looking from, say, the Capitol, outside the present walls, which are modern and about twelve miles in compass, one sees the Campagna, or Agro Romano, stretching as an undulating plain. It is about 100 miles in one direction and 40 in another. The homes of the Sabines and Volscians—extinct races—were on yonder mountains. The Tiber, flowing near by us, has rolled from Etruscan Vales, through which we shall pass on our way to Florence, and brought that

yellow mud which make its waters so dirty to the eye. Around us are the ten hills. But it requires fancy to cover them with public and private buildings as in the olden time. The Arch of Severus, the Mamertine Prison, the Forum, and the Sacred Way, are at our feet. On the right hand is the Palatine Mount, the cradle of Rome, lately a gigantic mass of ruins, of terraces, of fallen pillars, neglected vegetation, and excavating workmen. We see the Temple of Peace, and the Temple of Venus on our left; the Arch of Titus, the Arch of Constantine on our right, and the Colosseum directly in front, and we wonder at their close proximity. Within a gunshot of each other are the best known sights of the world. At our back are many places of note, and at a distance in various directions are the Baths of Caracalla, of Domitian, and of Titus. But, I repeat, we are struck with wonder at the nearness to each other of places so known to fame, and I cannot believe in the grand pageants, the "triumphs," and the "ovations," which are localised within this narrow spot. At no great distance at our backs are the Forum of Trajan, the Campus Martius, now three-fourths of Rome, and the Pantheon. The distance from the latter to the farthest of the buildings first named—the Baths of Caracalla—must be less than a mile. But what a mile of interest! No mile in the world surely contains more of what men call the wonders of the world. Edinburgh is infinitely beyond Rome as a city of beauty. No modern street in Rome can vie with the new ones of our Modern Athens. But, aye there is a *but*, whilst Edinburgh is known to a kingdom, Rome is known to a world; has been so for 2,000 years, and cannot be forgotten for 2,000 more, even if burned to the ground.

We begin our inspection. A casual view shows us that Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian had superseded Grecian architecture very early, and in the Arch of Titus we find Ionic and Corinthian mixed. But I anticipate. Let us descend amongst the workmen, and look at the Forum. "Rubbish may be shot here" must have been the label hung up at the Forum, until it all but disappeared under from 15 to 30 feet of brickbats. Even now, unearthed, as most of it must be, the question arises—Is there one building or ruin there, dating from Republican times? This must be the site of the famed Forum. Near, indubitably, is the Mamertine Prison; *there* close to it is the Arch of Septimus Severus. That ruin adjoining is probably part of a Temple of Concord, but not of the celebrated one most certainly. Those fine Corinthian pillars, and the entablature, may be part of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans. If so it has been no larger than his namesake's temple at Printing House-square. A little further before us, keeping our backs to the Capitol, are parts of a Temple of Fortune, or of Vespasian, or—why, antiquaries are not sure of whom. But while not sure whether the Comitium of the Republic at the further end of the Forum was open or covered—whether another part is the site of the temple of Romulus, and so on, here within a space of 800 by 200 feet are grand ruins; here was found the Milliarium Aureum, or golden milestone, from which all miles were measured, and many remains verify the site—but not the buildings—with ancient records. Perhaps exception may be taken to three columns of marble at the narrow end of the Forum. They are very fine, and suggest that they formed part of the Temple of Minerva. But land must have been scarce here about. The whole of

these Temples, Forum and all, would almost go inside St. Peter's. Nero's great fire injured this neighbourhood by removing edifices, even then ancient and historic; and much is now matter of doubt. Hereabout at least Romulus ruled, Tully spoke, and Cæsar died. On our left is the Via Sacra, or Sacred Way, and on our right the Palatine Hill. These are facts. The Temple of Remus, on our left, is now a well-to-do church, sacred to the memory of Saints Cosmas and Damian, who, for aught popularly known about them, might have been relegated among the "All Saints' Day" saints.

Passing on we see the ruins of the Temple of Peace; and such ruins! Several noble arches form three aisles, of 300 feet by 200 feet, and the arches show decorated masonry which may make us well believe that there were excellent masons, bond or free, in those days.

We now come at once upon the most perfect, the most public, and the most interesting of ancient sights—the Arch of Titus. The Rector of Warrington photographed it ten years since, and kindly gave me a copy, which has familiarised it to my mind. There it stands about as fresh as 1,800 years ago. One of the Popes has mended it a little. It is a memorial of the destruction of Jerusalem. On the front is an inscription to that effect, and on the inside of the arch are engravings of the sacred vessels carried away by the Romans. It would not be there when St. Paul walked this way to the Mamertine Prison, or to "his own hired house." But if St. John visited Rome in his old age he would see the melancholy sight. No doubt Josephus often passed under this arch, as he lived at Rome until the days of Domitian. Through it passed

the Via Sacra on to near the Colosseum, where it rounded the Palatine, and was called the Triumphal Way.

The Colosseum! We are in it at last, after years of hopes, fears, and longings. And this is the building finished ten years after Jerusalem was destroyed, and at which so many Jewish slaves toiled! Its proportions are too perfect to look large. It forms an ellipse, built four stories high, three of the stories resting on 240 arches. Half-columns of the Doric order support the first range, Ionic the second, and Corinthian the third, and the fourth story, of which one-half remains, had a solid external face of Corinthian pilasters. The centre of the arena had full underground accommodation for wild beasts, gladiators, and their belongings. On arches rising on arches are tiers of seats for 87,000 spectators. The uppermost have had an awning over them, supported by poles in rings outside, yet visible; but of course the Colosseum is an unroofed building, covering nearly six acres, or double that of Carnarvon Castle, and measuring 620 feet by 513 feet outside measure. The parts of the highest wall are 157 feet. The arena where the Christians were sent to the lions, and where a monk now preaches every Thursday, is 287 feet by 180 feet. I do not know what congregation he has. All round the arena are "stations" for the faithful to offer up their prayers. Here men may come from the busy streets of Rome, saying in their hearts :—

"My ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer."

Or, like Imogen, three times a day to pray for a lover, if they prefer the Colosseum to a church. I visited the Colosseum one evening about ten o'clock, on purpose to

realise what its weird, grand, and solitary walls might suggest by a faint moon. I drove round it slowly, and drank in the inspiration of the scene. A six-acre massive building, quiet as Hades, with a history of gladiatorial and wild beast fights, in which the early converts to our faith were made unwilling participators, and where hundreds died, year after year, for two centuries, the martyr's death, were sights and memories calculated to awe, and conjure phantoms in the brain. Here, under the "mildest mannered men that ever scuttled a ship, or cut a throat," were ten thousand awful deeds performed. Now it is deserted. "Wizards that peep and mutter," as the Bible calls them, may find an arch for a home amid the hundreds here. What curious notions must the early Christians have had about it when, according to the Venerable Bede and Lord Byron, the Crusaders of the eighth century said—

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand.
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls—the World."

One shudders to think of the day when Julius Cæsar sent 320 pairs of gladiators and 400 lions to such a place as the Colosseum. Even worse was Trajan. One of his victories was followed by 110 days of rejoicing, during which 10,000 gladiators entered the arena, and 11,000 wild animals were destroyed by them, or by one another. Freemen and slaves, prisoners and debtors, aye, and even women fought women there in those olden times.

Now we pass through the Arch of Constantine. It is far grander than that of Titus. A centre and two side arches, with fluted columns, and no end of florid emblematical work, render it attractive. But, alas, master! much of it is "borrowed," *alias* stolen, from

the Arches of Trajan, and one of its columns has been taken to decorate a chapel in the Lateran. Curiously enough all the figures upon it refer to the days of Trajan. Was it merely renewed by, or dedicated to, Constantine?

We now proceed to behold the great sights on the Appian Way. We trace it for an hour's drive—say five miles—all outside the walls, and outside the line of houses. The timorous will fear to live here. Here the Roman fox hunt finds its best “meets,” we are told. A five-mile ride among tombs is not a cheery one. And yet many of the figures on the hundreds of tombs on both sides of the highway are calculated to rouse the risible. That figure without a nose was once a Cupid. Visitors and Time have been here running riot for two thousand years. Tombs expected to remain all right till the “crack of doom,” if Romans ever expected such, are in entire ruins. The search for hidden treasure was too keen in the days of Goths and Vandals; aye, and of Romans, and foreigners, too, long after the Goths and Vandals, to let them remain. *Fuit Ilium* is written everywhere. All are in ruins. Most noble Romans had often been told “to hasten slowly”—On-slow, as the punning motto of the Onslow family puts it—but *festina lente* was unheard of in the matter of burial. For some score of miles I believe the rich Romans hastened to erect tombs so as to be had in remembrance by travellers who would use the great Appian Way. But in vain, so far as the five miles we pass over are concerned. Solid marbles have been rent. Cenotaphs invaded. Urns emptied of their ashes. The dust of many a minor Cæsar must here have met an inglorious end. Even Government does not interfere to carry off the ruins or preserve them.

We could fancy these tombs to have been houses that the inhabitants had fled from, like the Egyptians on the night when the Destroying Angel visited their homes. All is ruin, and ruin in disorder. Have the ruin and disorder any connection with the time of which Horatio speaks, when—

“ In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets” ?

But even the Mausoleum of the great Augustus in another part of Rome has fared no better. It was the most remarkable building in the Campus Martius, a 300-acre field, surrounded by a wood with shady walks, and crowned with a bronze statue of the Emperor. That part of Rome is now the “Seven Dials” of the “Eternal City.” The tomb is an amphitheatre for horsemanship and ropewalking. Glory, honour, and immortality are evidently not secured by marble slabs. The grave proposed by the disguised Imogen for her master Belarius, supposed to have been slain, would have answered better for most of the noble Romans, once occupants of the tombs in the Appian Way. She said—

“ But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig ; and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I've strewed his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh.”

A few years and an Imogen grave would leave no trace behind. An Appian Way one tells of centuries of neglect, of profound indifference, of shabby meanness.

The Emperor Hadrian was more lucky in the build-

ing of his last resting place. He was an emperor of taste. He built the Temple of Venus. His grand Villa at Tivoli is said to have been composed of palaces and temples, the ruins of which are equal to most in Rome. Death was not forgotten by him. But a cave, a grave, or a catacomb berth was not in his way. He knew Memphis and the Pyramids. He selected the right bank of the Tiber near its entrance into modern Rome—the very opposite end to the Appian Way and its mausoleums. The right bank was then, according to old maps, not resorted to by the public. Hadrian built his tomb there, and erected a fine bridge across the Tiber to reach it. It was the best of the eight bridges of antiquity, and the only one which remains intact. It is even the best of the five bridges of to-day, and has numerous statues on its ornamented sides. Two hundred people lost their lives on it at a jubilee in 1450. But that was not the fault of the bridge, but of the booths built upon it. The mausoleum was circular, resting on a square basement. It had two sepulchral chambers, and these were richly adorned, and received the ashes of many emperors. It was found after Hadrian's day to be well placed and well built for a fort. A prodigious round tower without works and battlements now forms part of the Moles Hadriani, but it bears the name of the Castle of St. Angelo. It is the state prison of the Popes, being near the Vatican, and connected with it by underground passages, and often it has had to belch out wrath against traitors to the Holy See, as well as salvoes of rejoicing on the proclamations of dogma, or victory over enemies. A bronze statue of St. Michael on the summit adorns the Castle.

Tired of out-door sights, let us go into the Pantheon for an hour.

The Pantheon! yes, let us go there. It is known everywhere. It was the work of Agrippa, who gave Rome 700 wells—bless his memory!—one-seventh of them now would double the number of Roman visitors and ruin half the doctors, for nobody drinks Roman water *neat*. He erected 105 fountains. Most of them are gone. Pio Nono and his predecessors alone appear in that line. But Agrippa did more. He made a series of sewers in what is now the most densely peopled part of Rome. He was far-seeing, or the people were. He built grand baths, which I have not been able to see, for they are in ruins, and above all, for memory's sake, he built the Pantheon. And it is enough to carry his memory down for another 2,000 years. His magnificent Pantheon, or Temple for All the Gods, has been a Christian church since 608. In Agrippa's days "all the gods" were rather numerous according to Roman computation. At least 30,000 were thus honoured by the Romans. The Greeks were more economical. When they captured a town and carried away its god, they comforted the natives by the assurance that it would become part of their more beautiful deities by assimilation—that, in fact, they were all one, whether Jehovah, Jove, or Lord. But the Romans went in for personality and bribery of the gods. Thus we are told that when Cæsar's general had hard work to subdue the Marseillians, he let it be known to the local priests that they and the gods would be better cared for at Rome than at Marseilles, and that they had better give their vote and interest for the Romans.

The Pantheon outside is far above St. Peter's in noble architecture. It has no paintings, no frescoes, no friezes even—thanks to Emperors, and even Popes, who have caried off its marbles and bronzes. Like

our St. Paul's, it is beauty unadorned. Like St. Peter's, it is in a low neighbourhood, and, like it, too, it has suffered from too many cooks. Father Tiber has often looked into the Pantheon, and only now we see many men at work cleaning and repairing; and not before they are needed. The fact is, the Pantheon is the white elephant of Rome. It has no miraculous blood, no bits of the true cross, no fine pictures, not even a tibia of Judas Iscariot, to draw native crowds; and its dimensions and position make it expensive to keep up. But no stranger should fail to see the Pantheon. Its proportions are the ideal of perfection all the world over. Its portico is made of sixteen granite Corinthian columns, with bases and capitals of marble. The marble doorways have bronze gates, thought to have belonged to an older temple. Porphyry and marble slabs in turn make the pavement. A beautifully chaste cornice runs round the building, and over it is a circular drum, out of the second story of which rises the never-to-be-forgotten dome, 143 feet in diameter. Jupiter most certainly was once worshipped here. But that was long, long ago. A day came when it was said:—

“ I charge thee, Satan, housed within these walls,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy darkness hie thee straight ;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.”

And now, my dear sir, you have your share of my “Letters from Rome.” I must pull up and change the current of my thoughts. Notices of St. Peter's, St. Paul's, the Vatican, the Palace of the Cæsars, and other buildings, will be sent on in due time.

LETTER XXIV.

THE STREETS OF ROME.

ROME, April 13th.—I promised to write to you all from Rome, but I fear the letters will have to be short, yet they and their envelopes may be worth preserving for Rome's sake. I am glad to find from letters that you follow our course on the map. I fear you have no map of Rome, or one late enough to trace us here. Looking at the Railway Station on the right hand and half way up, you will not be far from our home, which is near Mr. Wood's. We are at quite the opposite side of Rome from the Pope. He lives on the other side the Tiber. You will see many buildings prominently marked on the map, all of which we have visited, or hope to visit. Rome is a very crowded place. As compared with English towns, its streets are very narrow, and only the Corso has any pretence to being a nice street. Perhaps I may add that two of the Corso's fellow-streets, springing from the Porto del Popolo—right at the top of the map, and to the left—are good, though by no means in length or width equal to Market Street, Manchester. The city is said to be built on seven hills, but practically it is built on seven times seven hillocks. There is rising ground here, there, and everywhere,

and on it is placed a palace, or, in most cases, a mansion, inn, church, fountain, obelisk, and so on. The seven hills are called by high-sounding names, which some travellers pick up at once. I cannot. The seven are no more to my tame topographical instincts than Ludgate-hill, or Holborn-hill, with their endless ramifications, continuations, and parish arrangements. Rome has lots of "palaces," very fine, no doubt, inside, with their large quadrangles, gardens, fountains, and the like, in the heart of the town; but outside they are of little attraction, with rare exceptions. You may stumble on them in cross streets, close and stenchy, at every turn. We miss our English streets of villas, stretching for miles into the country. Naples has them very extensively. Marseilles has them. But Rome loves what is "court-yarded," barricaded, able as it were to stand a siege. Even the windows of the Vatican are cross-barred as if in terror of a mob. We were much annoyed with this seclusive mode in a drive of several miles down the Appian Way. It is replete with interest. For miles you have on right and left endless specimens of Rome's ruins. Parts of pillars, arches, shrines, houses, heads with noses, and heads without noses. But, after all the deep interest excited by ruins, which in practical England would be carted away in a month, you return past gardens, vineyards, country houses, no doubt of note, but they are walled high up. The fear and the dread of the Roman brigand has settled upon them, and you must ring, and be quizzed from some sly hole before you can get in. Yesterday for several miles we drove outside the walls from Porto del Popolo, to Porto Pio Nono, and not a gate was there into which we could have driven from wild oxen, or wilder men.

The drive was deeply interesting. The walls are very high, very thick, and very ancient. But an air of desolation is around them. Malaria dwells there. No imperial decree, no municipal tax, no society for the physical regeneration of this classic land has yet done much. The Demon of marshy land flits, in pestilential vapours, about the outside of Rome's hoary walls, and in six weeks he will be the man of the hour, the master of the situation, the most potent of potentates, whom none can gainsay nor resist. The English and Americans will flee from him and he will not pursue. The Germans can bear him no longer. The Russians are at home at all times but then. There will be a general flight into Egypt. Yet this boggy demon—this personification, embodiment, and incarnation of all Rome's ancient gods is a humbug. A few hundred thousand pounds, and Carse of Gowrie farmers, with steam ploughs, would drive him from among men, compel him to live with the beasts of the field, having his dwelling among oxen, and turn the Campagna into the gardens, the villas, and the walks of the Rome of early days.

I had almost forgotten to mention that before we reached the Pio Nono gate we came upon a tablet fitted into the wall where Victor Emmanuel and his men entered Rome. But it is now seven o'clock. Breakfast waits, and so do I.

LETTER XXV.

PAINTERS' MODELS.

ROME, April 14th.—I have promised myself the pleasure of writing you a youngster's letter from Rome as a memento of my visit. Well, shall I begin with telling you that the cows and goats are sent round to be milked at the doors of their masters' customers? This morning H. came in full of glee. For a half-penny he had had a goat milked in the street for him, and said the milk was very fine. The goats are very numerous here and at Naples, and to see them being milked at the street doors is very common. No chance of too much water! The cow in most cases has her calf with her, to prove the milk is good, or to teach the calf what she must do in her turn to earn an honest living.

The models for painters and sculptors are numerous in Rome, and not far from Mr. Wood's studio you may see men and boys, women and girls, waiting to be hired as such. They are fantastically dressed, which, however, may soon be changed to artistically, and are very pronounced specimens of the Josephs and Marys we see so often in pictures and photographs. The "Little Samuel" of our Bible Lessons may have been a lubberly lad, not able to do more than lounge

on Trinita di Monti, and look "Samuel-itish" when required.

The beggars are by no means so numerous even in Naples and Rome as we had expected. We were told by old travel books that they swarmed in those towns; nay, that in Naples they even begged on horse-back. Well, this would not have surprised us, for everyone rides there. Naples is a mass of horses and vehicles. But we had very little annoyance from beggars. We, or at least I, for a bit of fun tried talking a mixture of as many languages save English, as I could remember a solitary phrase of, and so shut them up in wondering despair. They know many English words, such as "match-box," "penny," "No," &c., and they seem to know that an Englishman will give way in time to their importunity. My *recipe* was this: look serious, bland, or severe, as you may think best, and then go on—"Signore, en. masse, lazzeo, hombuggio, cum multis, non é la stagione pour beggio, et desirons vous to skeddadelo." The last word and "hombuggio" we saw often evoked a smile, or made the cabdrivers laugh outright, and evidently hint to the beggars that they had not got John Bullos to deal with. But I should do my friends an injustice were I to leave it to be supposed that we aided none. We strove to discriminate between the lazy professionals on the steps of every church, every public building, every inn door—there stands a begging friar at each hotel—and the really deserving poor, and frequently were coppers popped into tiny palms because they belonged to little girls about the size of loved ones at home. But to return to my beggar addresses. I pitched many a Latin quotation at the head of a beggar with perfect success, yet I was met with a

good English response when I asked one at Pompeii if he thought he looked like Cicero. Beggars find it profitable to learn English. Americans and English travel all over the continent, and few of them know Italian or French. But the beggars know French and English. A mere lad sold me a medal on the steps of St. Peter's, which professed to be struck in honour of the "Vampire of France, of the capture of Sedan, with 80,000 men, and of the Emperor Napoleon the miserable." I suggested to him in French that it would be dangerous to sell such if Napoleon again came into power; and that *he* might *be* the "miserable." Did he not then show that he could speak English !



LETTER XXVI.

ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

ROME, April 14th.—I am just able to drop you a line, among a lot of other letters, to let you know you are not forgotten, even amid the glories of Rome. The city is nearly clean now-a-days, thanks to V. E. The priests are not so numerous as we expected, still they are everywhere. In one church, St. Januarius at Naples, we saw last Sunday ever so many confessional boxes in use at once. Nothing on the sly. The priest and penitent publicly separated; his ear was turned in her direction, but we saw his face. In St. Peter's here we noticed confessional boxes marked for all nations, including English. I believe there is no pulpit in St. Peter's, we saw none, and that it is essentially a show church. In some other letter I shall describe it. The Roman Catholic religion seems less useful here than at home. Sunday is abolished. Every shop is open, and every newspaper published, just as on other days. There is no recognition of the Deity as a spiritual, active, observant Being, demanding the heart, directly, exclusively, and permanently. Here worship is little better than the ceremony of attending court, kissing hands and passing on. God is a far-off autocrat, instead of a near-hand Father. Here He

must have things second hand. Every prayer sent up to heaven is *viâ* Saint Somebody. Train up your bonny bairns to feel and sing—

" I thank the goodness and the grace,
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me in these Christian days
A happy *English* child."

I must not, however, omit to tell you that my notions of Rome's future are all sunshiny. The Romish system may mislead some very ignorant persons to worship a picture. I question if it does; but it certainly brings the young minds early into communion with the best and holiest in Heaven and earth. I believe a Roman street Arab knows more sacred history than an English one. Every street corner shows him a Madonna and Child. Every church is open to him. No beadle frowns him out. He is welcome to enter St. Peter's in rags. He dare not enter St. Paul's in London, nor Little Bethel in the provinces.



LETTER XXVII.

POPES AND PROTESTANTS.

ROME, April 15th.—The Pope! Yes, we must see the Pope, if possible. Will he have a “face like a benediction”? He is sadly maligned by his old subjects. Is it the tax a man pays for being eminent, or has he a weakness? He is ecclesiastically descended from 300 to 350 Popes, who have averaged a five-years’ life each as Popes. For the first five centuries they had to hide as best they could in Rome, bearing the title of Bishop, Pontifex belonging to the heads of the pagan temples, of which heads Julius Cæsar was one in his day. Until the sixth century Popes were not civil rulers; until the eighth they coined no money; until the eleventh—I write from memory—they had no army. In the fourteenth century the Popes had to leave Rome for Avignon for 70 years, and then there were two popes at once for 40 years. Under Napoleon, the Pope had to leave Rome for years, and in 1849 the present one ran from it in disguise. None of the Popes have left any deep impression on their age. Leo X. patronised art; Sixtus V. depressed it. One Pope revised the calendar; another persecuted Galileo. The present Pope is evidently fond of tablets. Every gate or bridge repaired in his day, every old building

pulled down or propped up, has a tablet telling that Pio Nono did the deed. He never appears outside the Vatican in public now. In palmy days he drove to the Pincian—the Rotten Row of Rome—on fine days, and the carriage people got out of their carriages, and the horsemen off their horses, and went on their knees before him. He usually had six horses, never less than four. He drove like a prince.

I lately came across a passage in the life of Servetus, in which he describes the Pope in his day—the sixteenth century—and after the sacking of Rome by the Germans. It was to the following effect: "I saw there, with my own eyes, the Pope carried on the heads of the princes of the land, and worshipped in the public squares by the whole people on their knees; so much so that those who could kiss his feet, or even his shoes, thought themselves blessed above all others." But Popes have long since left off oriental ceremonies, and receive just a little more honour than a reigning sovereign. We were informed how to obtain admission to the Pope's Levees. His Holiness is by no means punctilious or stiff. Yet the court ceremony was too much for me. It is indecorous to pay a homage to the Pope that is not sincere. It is humiliating to one's manhood to practise the art of Vatican genuflexion. I do not wish to judge those who can do so with a good conscience. I could not; and, therefore, while I would gladly have paid him the homage due to a venerable bishop, I dared not even appear to worship a fallible man.

His residence at the Vatican is very extensive, containing some 3,000 apartments. He has soldiers of his own at every portal. Of course he has the free run of Rome. But he chafes at the loss of his patrimony.

He kept the Vatican closed for some time after Rome was taken from him. Even now it is only partially opened. Those who know Pio Nono personally speak of him as a hale, hearty gentleman, whom many and sore trials have not dismayed. Of him it may be said, with a slight alteration, as Montgomery said of the Ocean :—

“ And thou, great Pope, on thy benignant face,
Time's iron feet can print no ruin-trace.”

I tried hard to find out the popular character of Pio Nono. Our first cabman left us at St. Peter's from a shrewd suspicion that we were not disciples of the venerable father. But others dared to talk of him as “an old woman.” Pio Nono began life as a radical reformer. He has long believed in himself alone. Yet, let not Protestants boast too much. We all know the locality in which every man is said to carry a pope. We have all seen popes at home. I have seen learned ones in an English church, and half-learned ones in an English chapel. I have seen the learning reversed. Nay, what is worse, I have seen the pope of “All Saints,” or “Little Salem,” a “lay brother,” whose sole title to power was the title which money or local influence gives. I have seen a Protestant pope lead a Protestant flock by the nose, and a Protestant shepherd by a halter. And vain was their solitary “bah.” Savonarola was burned by a Pope, because he said 11,000 Roman priests went to beds not their's, and rose next morning to say mass. That was long before the Reformation. Calvin was instrumentally the cause of burning the arch-heretic Servetus. Minor popes on all sides have burned those not holding their “doxys,” for the glory of God and the good of souls.

“ Christians have burned each other, quite persuaded
That all the Apostles would have done as they did.”

All these burning shames could be paralleled in quiet corners of the land, where curates have been under rectors, or rectors and ministers under the thumbs of lay popes, who have had the power to humble, to irritate, and to starve. Let us not lay too heavy a burden on Pio Nono. He issued an extraordinary decree two years ago truly, that all the world should be taxed to believe in his infallibility. On a less sacred matter I would say the gullibility of mankind was appealed to. But his decree was but the natural product of power being deposited in one man. There are many popes in the world, but only one has had the nerve to write after his name—*infallible*. The soul craves for the infallible, but does not always rise to the height where He is to be found.

Various monuments and tablets have been erected to perpetuate the declaration of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. The most important "immaculate conception" of which I can conceive, is the Deity's plan of how He can be a just God and yet the justifier of the ungodly. Rome is covered with paintings to show it, and Rome should have sought no other. An old divine speaking of the crucifixion says, that in this awfully stupendous manner, at which Reason stands aghast, and Faith herself is half confounded, was the grace of God—His immaculate idea or conception—to man manifested.

But with all Rome's faults, Protestants will say with Calvin: "The Pope, after all, does not rob men of the hope of eternal life; he instructs them in the fear of God, and shows the difference between good and evil; he acknowledges one Lord Jesus Christ to be very God and very man, and recognises the authority of the Word of God."

The Pope's hopes for the future of course are declared to be bright. "The gates, &c., shall never prevail." But I doubt if that promise refers to getting the King of Italy out of Rome. He is popular there, as I had reason to find. His Holiness, I fear, is not kept read up in current events. The Romans spread their attendance at church into seven days and at all hours, and hence few are to be seen at any one church at one time. Roman Catholicism loses the power which crowds met in families give. It loses the great power of concentrated and united singing in the vulgar tongues. Too much is done for the people in the religious proxy line. They want more of the pulpit, and, I would add, more of the pew too. It is worthy of all praise to have the churches open at such times as will enable the working man to enter them and have a few minutes' prayer. "It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer." But while Protestants have made it too much a house of preaching, Romanism abroad, not at home, has erred on the other side. Rome wants preachers to crowd its churches—to make men take an interest in Christianity. At present the Sunday newspaper, and the Sunday crowded *caffés*, and the Sunday crowded Pincian drive, are the Sunday sources of excitement for the Romans. And yet I have seen in Rome a hall crowded with working men listening, at nine o'clock on Sunday evening, to the young Protestant pastor, Sciarelli, who lately discussed with the Pope's own appointed disputant whether St. Peter had ever been at Rome or not. I could not find a seat; the hall was crowded. The sermon was in Italian, and evidently eloquent and pathetic. And such singing! Heart and harmony; lungs and melody could do no more. Rome must preach more. The Romans

have a great love for song, and yet the Church sings for them. They are born orators or lovers of oratory. Yet no Convocation, General Assembly, or Conference gives scope for one of them to speak on the highest themes, or hear their clergy speak thereon. Church polity may forbid it. Roman policy should suggest it. But then, we speak as Englishmen and Protestants. Calvin attached great importance to psalm singing in public worship. It was an excellent means, he said, of kindling the heart and making it burn with great ardour in prayer.

If I had the Pope's ear I should certainly urge him to put more happiness, as well as life, into the men, the women, and the pictures connected with his Church. There are many fine intellectual looking priests to be met with in the streets. Some are venerable and saint-like. Seclusion has written calmness, dignity, faith, and works on their faces. Many are specimens of the lovers of creature comforts. But they all lack that *family* look which our clergy have. Christianity judged by their faces is a dispensation of pains and penalties. Smiling seems a venial sin; laughing, a mortal one. Then all the pictures are so sorrowful. Every Mary has a miserable look. There is never a "My-soul-doeth-rejoice-in-God-my-Saviour" look. She is not the "blessed among women" as she nurses her baby Boy. She appears stricken with a punishment too heavy for her to bear. Pictures of the Crucifixion of course require sorrow of the most intense kind. I speak of the endless "Adorations." A clearing out of many saints pierced with arrows, roasting on gridirons, or looking full of all the ills flesh is heir to, would do good, if in their places were put happy hardworking Christians, whose religion made their lives sunshine.

Every Roman child must feel that Christianity makes all men miserable. They have not the happy Sunday schools of England to tell them a different tale.

The young Protestant pastor just mentioned is a splendid fellow, an Italian, and educated for a priest. I spent an hour with him and his clever English wife on Saturday evening. We had some talk about the famous discussion, but he gave Gavazzi the lion's share of praise. I got a file of the *Roman Times* which reported the debate, and have glanced it over. It was held during the revels of the late carnival at the Accademia Tiberina, sanctioned by the Pope, and crowded with men of all ranks. Prince Chigi Campagnani and Tosti, the advocate, were there on the Catholic side. Good feeling existed throughout, and debaters who three hundred years ago would have burned each other disputed and shook hands at parting. Gavazzi and the learned Fabiani, the Pope's selected champion, shaking hands! May not the former 20 years ex-priest, ex-Roman, ex-soldier, yet hold forth in St. Peter's? Who can tell? Sciarelli opened by proving, or rather asserting, that St. Peter never was, and never could have been at Rome. What then about his chains which are shown at one church, and the impression of his face on a stone in the Mamertine Prison, and the belief that Peter was a well-to-do Pope at Rome for 25 years? Sciarelli's proposition was this:—

“The falseness of the Roman Catholic belief—founded on tradition—that St. Peter came to Rome, and lived here as Pope for five and twenty years. All that Catholic theologians have said on this matter may be expressed in these words: St. Peter repaired to Rome during the second year of the Emperor Claudius, that is to say in the year of Our Lord 42—“pontificated” there for 25 years—and suffered death in Rome as a martyr A.D. 66, during the reign of Nero. Now, in contradiction to this statement, I will prove that St. Peter did not establish his seat in Rome

from the year 42 to the year 66, and that not having come to Rome during that period he cannot have pontificated here for five and twenty years, or suffered martyrdom here in the year 66 aforesaid, during the reign of the Emperor Nero."

It was admitted that St. Paul was converted in A.D. 39. Three years after, he went, he says, to Jerusalem to see Peter. From thence Sciarelli traced Peter to Joppa, and back to Jerusalem in the year 42. In 45 he was thrown into prison by Herod. In 56 he was present at the Council at Jerusalem; later on Paul "rebuked him to his face at Antioch." In 58 St. Paul wrote his Epistle to the Romans, in which he makes no mention of St. Peter being there, and offers to come to Rome to preach the gospel to them—an offer not needed if Peter had been Pope there for 17 years. In 61 St. Paul reached Rome, but no St. Peter is named as meeting him at Appii Forum, and the Jews of Rome said to him, "As concerning this sect, we know that it is everywhere spoken against." St. Paul lived in Rome till 63 in his own hired house, and from thence wrote many epistles, yet never named Peter as saluting anyone or visiting him. In 66 Paul wrote to Timothy, naming his fellow-captives, but not St. Peter, and that is the year St. Peter is said to have been crucified at Rome. St. Peter kept to the "gospel of the circumcision," and never was in Rome. St. Clement and St. Ignatius never name St. Peter's being at Rome. †

Can. Fabiani stated that the discourse with which his honourable adversary had opened the discussion was full of erudition and study, and that the discussion was not a dispute, but a friendly conference, undertaken with a view to spreading truth, enlightening the mind, and conquering the heart. There were, he

admitted, chronological difficulties in the New Testament, especially in the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles of St. Peter. The silence therein observed as to St. Peter's coming to Rome was also a difficulty, and it had been observed by the Protestant orator that St. Peter had been specially sent to convert the Jews, that he was living in Babylon when he wrote his epistles, and that there was no mention in the early Christian writers of St. Peter's coming to Rome. He (Can. Fabiani) wished to observe that it was not now a question as to how long St. Peter had lived in Rome, but simply as to whether he had ever been in Rome at all. It was only necessary to prove that St. Peter had been in Rome a single hour to destroy all the arguments of the Protestants. As Signor Sciarelli had stated, Rome at the time of St. Peter was not a small village—it was the capital of the world, and people from all countries flocked towards it, and, among others, multitudes of Christians. This arrival of all men, and of all Christians in Rome, rendered therefore notorious the fact of the arrival of St. Peter. The date of the arrival of St. Peter in Rome was more certain than the date at which the Gospel of St. Mark was written. All nations, even England and Germany when they abandoned the true faith, admitted the truth of the grand old tradition that St. Peter had come to Rome and had founded his church here. St. Clement speaks of the death of Peter and of Paul, but he speaks of it—knowing that everybody knew all about it—without saying where Peter *died*, because every one knew where he died. Every one spoke about Peter's death, and every one knew that that death took place at Rome. What prevented St. Peter from going and coming from one country to another as St. Paul did,

travelling as a pilgrim from church to church, governing Rome, and finding himself now in Antioch, and now in Jerusalem, and now in some other place, where he wished to go or whither he was called by the Holy Ghost? How many days, for example, were wanted to go from Cesarea to Rome? Very little over fifteen days. There were no steamboats as we know, there were no railroads as we are well aware; but in that grand immense commerce which the human race had with Rome, the opportunities for going and coming were very frequent, they were daily.

With regard to Rome having been called Babylon, the orator was of opinion that such had been the case, and that there was no absurdity in supposing that Babylon was a symbolic name. There were Jews in Rome, and to these also St. Peter was sent. Therefore St. Peter *did* come to Rome, and the chronology of the Protestants was quite powerless to destroy the truth of a legend which had been attested by so many writers, during so many centuries, to the entire satisfaction of Roman Catholics in all parts of the world.

Gavazzi, in reply, said the way in which St. Peter was crucified was not conformable with the practice of the Romans, but with that of the Barbarians. The Romans never crucified people with their heads downwards. It was evident from the manner of death by which St. Peter died that he was crucified in Babylon and not in Rome. One of the Roman Catholic orators had stated, with a certain emphasis, that St. Peter, who was persecuted by the Romans, could not have been so persecuted in Babylon, because in Babylon the Romans had no power. He (Father Gavazzi) was very much surprised at hearing such a statement as that made by such learned men as his adversaries,

who could not, of course, be ignorant of the writings of Eusebius. Eusebius states clearly that the Babylonian provinces were subdued by Nero; and tells us explicitly that the persecutions of Nero began after the Roman occupation of the conquered territory. Another proof that the Apostle Peter never came to Rome was the circumstance, which no one can dispute, that St. Paul's Apostolate was established in this city. In his Epistle to the Romans, St. Paul tells the people of Rome that he is very anxious to see them, as he has some spiritual gifts to impart to them. Now in the 20th verse of the 15th chapter of his Epistle, St. Paul says:—"Yea, so have I strived to preach the Gospel, not where Christ was named, lest I should build upon another man's foundation." Would St. Paul, who did not wish to build upon another man's foundation, have come to Rome, if St. Peter had already been established here as a head of the Christian Church? So said Gavazzi.

I have written thus fully about a matter in which you will take more interest than in a string of places or pictures which I could copy from a guidebook. I may add that the discussion was stopped by an order from his Holiness the Pope.

Père Hyacinthe has been here and given two lectures on Catholic Reform. The Pope and the Prelates of the Vatican Council have fallen into error; theirs, said Père Hyacinthe, is the main responsibility for the religious divisions and agitations of the present day. The very foundations of the Church were shaken on the 18th July, 1870 (the day on which the decree of infallibility was published), but, though thus injured, the sacred fabric will still stand; vitality and self-regeneration will rescue it

from ruin; the true reform will proceed from the bosom of Catholicism; the Apostolic Church will cast off the defiled mantle which now obscures her, to reveal herself in her pristine glory and beauty.

A city which permits such lectures and discussions must be a free city in matters of religion at any rate. The Protestant burying place—a very lovely spot, with scores of magnificent English tombs—is outside the city. So are all the Protestant churches, and they are at the opposite end of Rome—the Porta del Popolo end. But the youngest of them all, Signor Sciarelli's preaching hall, is in the centre of Rome. Sciarelli's friends, the English Wesleyans, have bought a splendid property for some £12,000, and intend to turn it into a handsome church.

But I must leave off. My letter about St. Peter's and other fine buildings hangs fire. *You* will, I am sure, however, be better pleased to read how Rome is progressing religiously than to have an extended list of names which soon vanish. I came here with the purpose of gauging the pulse of certain movements, and I find that in proportion to my previous preparations are my present delights.



LETTER XXVIII.

INNS, SHOWS, AND MR. WOOD.

APRIL 15th.—I am in the best health, have not had a head-ache, nor pain of any kind, much of which I attribute to not doing as Rome does at the table d'hôte. Ten courses are too many for anyone, and I reasonably conclude that they are offered at the *Costanzi* for us to select from, not to consume. Our company is numerous, nearly 200 at dinner daily;—and yet order is perfect, cleanliness is carried to a fault, and civility seems a domesticated institution. So much for these matters, in which you feel an interest. I may add that the bed-rooms are very spacious, well furnished, and some of them very high up. But there is a "lift," and you may get up and down for nothing. Money changing, letter posting, telegraphing, and cab-paying are transacted by very polite clerks at the office, and almstaking by a Friar in the court-yard. Poor fellow! I pity him. He stands holding an alms-box, into which you may drop a coin when you are paying your cab or whistling "Rule Britannia." He is docile, and intelligent-looking, and too big-boned for a beggar.

You ask about Mr. Wood and his studio. He is all right, and his studio is in an excellent place. Two

works worth some £1,300, have been disposed of while we have been calling on him, and with the purchasers and some other visitors I have had pleasant conversations about Mr. Wood. He enjoys all the respect and prosperity we could wish. His workshop has a home look. As you go in, Colonel McCorquodale's bust smiles you a welcome to Rome. Further on Colonel Patten's congratulates you on your safe arrival. There is no mistaking either. Other busts and various figures reward the calls of many whose names we see in the visitors' book; but, chief of all, "St. Michael and Satan" face us as we enter. Outside are deep ruts in the street, made by the wagon which brought the enormous block of marble. Hanging up is an oil painting of the lively scene when it arrived. Twelve or fifteen excited buffaloes and oxen, several picturesque drivers, and a crowd of spectators, make a scene worthy to be immortalised in the *Graphic* or the *Illustrated News*. I believe the town of Warrington will have value for its thousand pounds. A *London Times* of last week, I see, contains a notice of the arrival of the block, and some kindly remarks about Mr. Wood. I have been much pleased with the way his workmen receive him when he enters. There is a smile of kindly recognition on both sides, and a lifting of hats and caps unknown in England.

Of the grand shops in the *Via Condatti*—a better street than the *Corso*—of the Bambinoes swaddled to the chin, of the squalor here and the poverty there, I either cannot, or need not speak. Paris has better shops, England has prettier babies, and both have poverty and filth equal to Rome. Victor Emanuel does not believe in dirt, and the Roman

municipality under the King has taken vigorous measures to cleanse and even beautify the city. Mr. Wood has known it for seven years, and speaks highly of its improved condition. I have been in its St. Giles's parts—one can't help it, the streets are so crooked and narrow—and I have seen filth. But so have I seen it in Edinburgh. It may be worse in Rome than in the Scotch metropolis, but it is not so visible. Rome is not a gay city—in April at least. At Christmas it is grand in its religion; on New Year's Day demonstrative in its pleasure. In Easter it is sackcloth and ashes. After Easter it is paper bags and flour. But of course I have seen neither the solemnities nor the excesses. At the former there are many childish relics which upset the equanimity of the Protestant; at the latter childish games too contemptible for the Englishman. What Englishman can discover fun or frolic in a score of riderless horses rushing down a street like Deansgate, Manchester, urged on by the prickings of balls with points? But each nation to its taste. Widely different were the games in the Campus Martius 2,000 years ago. Then—

“ The victor to the gods his thanks express'd,
And Rome triumphant with his presence bless'd;
Three hundred temples in the town he placed,
With spoils and altars every temple graced.
Three shining nights and three succeeding days
The fields resound with shouts, the streets with praise,
The domes with songs, the theatre with plays.

All altars flame; before each altar lies,
Drench'd in his gore, the destined sacrifice.
Great Cæsar sits sublime upon his throne,
Before Apollo's porch of Parian stone;

Accepts the presents vow'd for victory,
 And hangs the monumental crowns on high.
 Vast crowds of vanquish'd nations march along,
 Various in arms, in habits, and in tongue."

Of course there are no Cæsars now. We cannot see
 the young barbarians, stolen from other nations, at
 play, nor share—

. " In games
 Projected for the theft of Sabian dames "

but the childish freaks of the Corso—flour bags,
 bon-bons, and horrid masks are—Well, we would
 rather not be a Roman.



LETTER XXIX.

*THE MAMERTINE PRISON, THE CAPITOLINE
HILL, AND MICHAEL ANGELO.*

APRIL 15th.—We have been up the Capitol, from which I supposed us to be viewing Rome in my last letter to you. The way is from the Forum, through the Arch of Severus, to the left, and then up 150 feet. On our way we passed a prison, which dates from 632 years before our era, and in which there are two under-ground dungeons. Sallust describes it. It was the well-known "Mamertine prison!" What tales of bloodshed and martyrdom that name calls forth! Yet it is a new name so far as classic writers are concerned; but its history is entwined around the Catiline Conspiracy, and the imprisonment of St. Peter (?) and St. Paul. Here Jugurtha and Plutarch died; and here was Vercingetorix murdered by his captor Julius Cæsar. We enter its two dark cells. Once there were no stairs to reach them. The prisoner was dropped down a coal grid opening, yet to be seen. Most noble Romans, were these your pranks? Was this your civilisation? At the time when Paulina, one of the *ton* of Rome, was sporting jewels worth £200,000 at an evening party, and Clodius paying £150,000 for his "brown stone front" on the

Palatine, Messala buying the house of Antony for even a higher sum, Seneca, a philosopher (!) paying income tax on the annual value of £3,000,000, the heirs of Tiberius charged legacy duty on £25,000,000, and Marc Antony a bankrupt for £3,000,000—at that time, with such wealth, had you such a “jug” for poor State prisoners and iconoclasts from Judea?

Well, we have looked on its slimy walls, and the print of St. Peter's face on the wall, and the pillar to which he was bound—what says Sciarelli to these?—and the well that sprung up, and we have begun to count how many prisoners the Mamertine would hold. Why, it is a baby to Newgate. The Old Bailey would turn up its nose at the Mamertine. The Tower would hold no fellowship with such a morsel of a prison. But what did we read only this morning at breakfast in the *Roman Times* :—

“ We have received the following statement in connection with the Mamertine Prison, which we are sure will be read with pleasure. This ancient prison of the time of the Kings of Rome has recently been discovered in cellars under the houses in the Via di Marfario in the Vicolo del Ghettaello, with a subterranean passage from it to the Vestibule of the Prison, under the Church of the Crucifixion, usually called the Prison of St. Peter. The passage is 80 yards long, and the construction is of that early period, the same as the earliest part of the Cloaca Maxima. It will be again lighted up, and a guide provided on Friday at 5.30 p.m. Admission by tickets price one franc each, to be obtained on the spot. The entrance is in the Vicolo del Ghettaello and the exit through ‘the Prison of St. Peter.’ ”

Such a prison might cage a good many Roman lions. But for tales of horror we can produce the Tower and its stories ten times more sensational, if we deny that St. Peter and St. Paul were here. In the religious line Smithfield would out-do the Mamertine. So would the Grassmarket at Edinburgh, and the Martyrs' Monument at the Greyfriars there, where hundreds were

burned, hanged, drawn and quartered, 1,500 years after Mamertine histories had become a series of myths.

We proceed up to the Capitoline. It has two summits, on one of which stood the Citadel, on the other the temple dedicated to Jupiter Optimus Maximus. In room of the Citadel is the church of Santa Maria in Araceli, and in room of the temple of Jupiter the Palazzo Caffarelli. Here in ancient days were the public gatherings; here the priests made publication of what concerned the people, and here the Augur sat with covered head to decipher his own legerdemain. On the Capitol! What feelings are evoked! But it is not *the* Capitol of Julius Cæsar. The old one was burned down in A.D. 69, the year before Jerusalem was destroyed. Yet it is "sacred to the memory" of many strange acts and deeds. Here were the twelve male and female divinities of Rome worshipped. Mercurius, Jove, Neptune, Vulcan, Apollos, Mars, Juno, Vesta, Minerva, Ceres, Diana, and Venus had their countless worshippers on this spot for a thousand years, or more. "The gods of the heathen are but dumb idols," but the cunning priests made them "lively oracles" on this very mount. An expedition to Britain would be too paltry an affair to trouble the popes, or pontifices, Numa had set up for this end. But such popes kept their places in the kingdom, the republic, and the empire to the end of the fourth century, and divined many an omen here for good or evil. Here a preternatural nose, if anywhere, could smell the offerings made to idols—offerings from the fatted sow upwards and downwards, made to the famed gods we have named, and to the lares, and penates—the ancestors and the family deities of the ignorant worshippers. In all things the Romans were "too superstitious." The Jews would not let the statue

of Caligula be brought into the temple at Jerusalem. They fought and died rather than consent. But the Romans took all the statues they could get, good and bad, and their temples were furnished with gods. Yet they are gone. At the ruins of the shrine of Jupiter we say to-day :—

“ Shrine of the mighty ! can it be
That this is all remains of thee ? ”

We walk round. Here is the Tarpeian rock, once 80 feet high, over which many a criminal was dropped in the days of other years. Time, by means of rubbish and wretched hovels, is obliterating marks of the “ traitor’s leap ” and of the past, and perhaps Byron’s surmise may yet be true—

“ Time will doubt of Rome. ”

The Tarpeian rock ! It conjures up crowds of poor wretches taking a fatal plunge, amid the loathings of their countrymen.

“ Oh God, it is a painful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood ! ”

But worst of all, when unpitied, execrated and recorded in the chronicles of one’s country as a *traitor*.

Santa Maria in Araceli covers the site of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and is almost the oldest church in Rome. It is made up of old temples ; its floor is of ancient mosaics. It has its full store of paintings, to which I may allude when I come to that delicate part of letter writing, for I find travellers are by no means at one on any picture subject.

We passed colossal statues as we came up the Capitoline Hill and we see more now than we dare

refer to in detail. But one—Constantine's it was once called—that of Marcus Aurelius, chains us to the spot. I do confess the Capitoline disappointed me until I saw this bronze statue of man and horse. Their history is a curious one. Knocked from post to pillar, and deprived of all the gilt which they had when bran new, they are now grand in their ungilded simplicity, and placed at such a level that any one could mount the horse. We look round and see buildings on three sides, all modern—that is to say sixteenth century ones. But they are the work of that greatest of Italians—Michael Angelo. Most noble Florentine, thy name turns up everywhere in Rome! Ignorance laughs at the guides who attribute to thee so many wonders in art. They little know that the brain that designed those buildings gave birth to poetry of no mean order, and anticipated the tactics of the Russians at Moscow. It was thy brain that devised the defence of Florence in a bloody siege, and gave thy countrymen a name for patriotism in not sparing their noblest mansions for their country's good. It was thy brain and hand that produced those marvellous pictures which have sent thousands to the Sistine Chapel, from all parts of the world, and that David which we long to see at Florence. Poet, painter, sculptor, engineer! Eighty-nine years a toiler in this world, thou hast earned eternal fame. The Last Judgment which men will pass upon thee in far-off ages, will be one for which any mortal might sigh, and labour, and pray for ever. Thou stoodst upon this Capitoline Hill when a young man of one-and-twenty for the first time. It was then a waste of ruins. Thou couldst then little dream that from thy genius should proceed all the buildings on three sides of this Mount—that the then mean looking St. Peter's,

not far off, should owe to thee the domes so grand, so ornate and yet so chaste, that they never weary the cultivated eye, nor fail to reward the most exacting traveller. Rome without Michael Angelo's works would be Pagan Rome without the buildings on the Capitoline, and Christian Rome without St. Peter's.

We enter the Museum of the Capitol and are lost for some hours among its treasures.



LETTER XXX.

THE PALACE OF THE CÆSARS.

ROME, April 16th.—The Palatine Mount, I need not tell you, is *the* mount, or hill, of Rome, so far as antiquity goes. In the *Roman Times* I find the following lines, which if I gave the substance merely would lay me open to the charge of having no faith, *alias* no credulity:—

“We have stated that the *Girandola* is postponed till Constitution Day, but we give this information with a certain reserve, for we are by no means sure that it will not take place in April, as it did last year. The legend of Romulus and Remus, and the She-Wolf, is dear to all Romans, and for that matter to all Italians, but the fête of the Statue is a grander national holiday than the birthday of a hero whose very existence has been doubted; a hero who is reported to have founded a city on the anniversary of his birth, a city which is supposed to have existed hundreds of years before its founder was born! We have, therefore, some hopes that justice will be done to both anniversaries, and that Romulus and Victor Emmanuel (to whom Italy owes her Constitution) will both be fêted.”

But whatever be our faith or disbelief in special items which antiquarians are ready to canonize or impale, as the case may be, there is no doubt the Palatine Mount, as I said in a former letter, contains the first buildings of Rome. It is 140 feet above the level of the Tiber; but as our St. Paul's is 480 feet high, you can fancy that the height of the Palatine Mount is

not frightful. As soon as we enter we are lost in the labyrinth of memories of what was and what is. Once on a time here grew the *figus ruminalis*, beneath the shade of which the delicate wolf suckled Romulus and Remus. Here the first king of Rome lived. Here various temples were erected in the days of our Saviour, including that of Apollo, built of Carrara marble. It was once surrounded by colonnades of African marble, and contained a splendid library. Between the front were statues of the fifty daughters of Danus, and the fifty sons of Ægyptus, on horseback. So says Dion Cassius, but he rambled at times. Most of the stories of those days are Napoleonic—written for “glory.” “Quid Romæ faciam? Mentiri nescio.” “Why should I go to Rome?” says Juvenal, “I know not how to lie.” But to continue. Here is the site of the house of the traitor Vaccus. No one would build upon it, so this may be the spot. But the day is very hot, and I am more incredulous than usual. On this hill Tiberius, Augustus, and Caligula built imperial residences, far outshone, however, by the *Domus Aurca* of Nero which he lived not to see completed. It was here “that Hortensius, the orator, and the demagogue Clodius” lived; but these houses, together with Cicero’s, which overlooked the Forum, had to make way for the mansion of Augustus. Far more important to me, however, is the fact, if it be one, that here St. Paul appeared before Cæsar. The Palatine was joined to the Capitol by a bridge, in the days of Caligula. It is so no longer. Nero, however, was the one who marked this spot as his own. On the southern shoulder were the main buildings of his Golden House; wooded grounds extended to the Cælian Mount, and artificial lakes filled the valley of the

Colosseum. Even on to the Esquiline Hill were walks and lodges connected with Nero's Palace. Now we see but limited walks, a small museum, and a mass of ruins over which the learned quarrel. Under no conditions, however, could any palace on this hill have equalled Her Majesty's palace at Windsor. The view would have been over a city in its essence a condensed mass of narrow streets, and a country flat as a pancake, until the eye rested on the Sabine hills in the very far distance. Natural beauty, such as is seen from Windsor Castle, does not exist here.

We walk to the top and look around us. About a couple of miles, or less, may be the circuit of the grounds. Napoleon III., the biographer of Julius Cæsar, spent much time and money on unearthing valuables, and making the Palatine a garden, instead of a mass of crumbling ruins. The walks are well laid out; the breeze is balmy; the view is interesting, and we linger on the top. But the ruins must be "done," and we do them. I cannot make them intelligible, however, in a letter. Sufficient be it that there are heaps on heaps in some parts, of all ages, and in other parts enormous masses of masonry which may have been what they are named. We see corridors connected with the palace of Caligula, the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, and of a basilica, parts of which are well preserved, where justice was dispensed, and where St. Paul probably was brought to prosecute his appeal unto Cæsar while "the saints of Cæsar's household" prayed for him. Here is a room called a "Bibliotheca;" there an "Academia;" here the site of the house of Cicero; there that of the palace of Julius Cæsar, and so on. The largest connected mass of buildings has only lately been unearthed. It is

supposed to have been the house of the father of Tiberius. The walls are painted with groups of arabesques and wreaths of flowers. Some of the "finest paintings of classic times" are said to be here. One painting is a view of a street in Rome 1,800 years ago. We are much assisted in our examinations by placard notices, giving the names of the various places; and hours might here be spent, but time makes us hasten on. These ruins will probably ever remain ruins, and far off ages tread the rooms, the covered ways, halls, and subterranean chambers.

We enter the Museum connected with the Palatine, and get lost for a time in the dim mists of twenty retreating centuries.

After this need I dwell on the Forum of Trajan, uncovered by the French in 1812? I shall be able to let you see it in the stereoscope on my return. It shows only a square with colonnades, and a column composed of 34 blocks of white marble, covered with bas-reliefs on the base and round the column, as in the case of the Napoleon Column which once stood in the Place Vendôme, at Paris. There are 2,500 human figures on the shaft, all referring to Trajan's victories. But the figure on the top is not that of Trajan. It is St. Peter—Peter with 2,500 warriors underneath him, whose armour speaks not of a war where "we wrestle not with flesh and blood." Can incongruity go further? As the pillar is 126 feet high, we are spared the blushes of the humble fisherman of Galilee.

Of other columns, and of forums, and temples I cannot write. Mixed up with the houses, shops, and gardens of the city are numerous ruins, to which names have been given. But after a view of the Colosseum,

the Baths of Caracalla, the Arches of Titus and Constantine, the Forum, the Capitol, and the Palace of the Cæsars, one feels that all others pale on the sight-seeing appetite, and, besides, the churches wait for our inspection.

But before passing from ancient Rome one cannot but ponder on its history when it was really a city on seven hills, the Pincian, Vatican, and Janiculum being added in later ages. What a power it has exercised on the world! It fought not against savages or men in whom manhood and love of country were unknown attributes. Its enemies were not dying-out Indians, but men in bravery, in fortitude, in patriotism their equals, and in ancestry their superiors. Yet all fell before Rome. I refer not to our rude forefathers, to ever-fighting Gauls and Germans, or to the far northern tribes of Goths and Vandals, nor even to the Babylonians, Macedonians, Assyrians, or to the dispersed and decimated Jews. But to Greece, laden with the heroism of the battles before Troy's walls, and taught by the wisest of uninspired men; and to Egypt, with its ages of mysteries to consolidate, and mines of internal wealth to strengthen her defences. All fell before the Romans. A state grew up hundreds of years after the Pharaohs, the Davids, the Solomons, and the Homers of the world had died, and it became the wonder of the world. Its memory is yet green. Alexandria and Antioch were nearly as large; London is four times its size at least. But if their names were blotted out of memory to-day, no such blank in the history of the world would remain as if Rome were substituted for the three. What is the secret? Not religion, for Rome had none we can name as such. It worshipped anything, everything, nothing. All gods,

known and unknown, had a niche in their temples; but the honour was a statesman's bribe. The people thought all religions equally true, the philosophers all equally false, and the governors all equally useful. So says Gibbon.

It was not morality which crowned them with glory. Their laws recognised morality; their customs, with rare times of "puritanism," recognised none. Divorce was open to every man with or without a cause or a whim. Adultery was practised so generally that even the wife of the Emperor Marcus overlooked the forms of decency, and yet was deified. True, the Vestal Virgins met a horrid death if they proved false; but it was for a crime against the State, not against the moral law. They were paid to be virtuous. It was not experience that secured success, for many Roman glories were the fruits of young warriors' victories. But the want of experience may be said to have caused the ruin of Rome. No three successive generations ever reigned there. Only three sons succeeded their fathers, and of the emperors who most disgraced and ruined Rome, Caligula, began to reign at 25, Caracalla at 23, Commodus at 19, and Nero at 17! "Woe to the land when thy prince is a child." Maximin, never going to Rome, and Constantine building a New Rome, or Constantinople, may have hastened the decadence of the Eternal City. But the power of the pampered soldiery to put on and off whom they liked—even four emperors in one year—and those they liked often boys, was no doubt the worm at the roots of Roman prosperity. A Syrian, a Goth, and an Arab sat on the throne of Rome before its glory had quite departed.

LETTER XXXI.

ST. PETER'S.

ROME, April 16th.—We are leaving for Florence, full of never-dying memories, I suppose I must say, chiefly of St. Peter's. St. Peter's—what? church? chapel? cathedral? basilica? Any word you like. Here everyone calls it merely St. Peter's. When first I saw it I was impressed, but it was the impression of excitement I fancy, for it soon wore off. St. Peter's is certainly all glorious within. Its furnishing is metaphorically of needlework. It has much that is beautiful, a little that is quaint, but far more that is brilliant. Yet the outside disappoints. You have seen its central dome miles off, and are awed, and proud of your humanity. It was *men* who designed and erected that majestic structure. We are men. To the question "Lord, what is man?" you are inclined to reply, "But a *little* lower than the angels: Thou hast crowned him with glory and honour, and set him over the works of Thy hands." St. Peter's was not the work of quadrumanous activity.

"The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,"

is not to be undeified and deprived of its birthright as made "in the image of God." But this fact makes us

feel all the more the sinking of our emotions as we drive through the dirty streets leading to St. Peter's, far from the centre of Rome, and come at last to a very town-hall looking building, the dome of which is but just visible. There were too many cooks at the erecting of St. Peter's, and the outside suggests a doubt in the mind like that which Burns had when he spoke of the undecided character of a preacher:—

“How the subject-theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine,
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.”

The outside of St. Peter's would do for anything. But its surroundings! Why, to me they are offensive from their pronounced uselessness. All the lowest property which usually is to be found round cathedrals is close up to St. Peter's, and to hide it from view there are two semi-circular porticoes, on 284 pillars, in four rows, forming an open space in which is a fountain, the bronze orifice of which is shaped like a pine apple. It was once part of Hadrian's mausoleum. The space under the pillars leads nowhere, and is the resort of the dirty hangers-on of the neighbourhood. Some call the porticoes “noble.” I cannot. On the entablature are 192 twelve-feet high saints, and nearer the flight of steps into St. Peter's are statues of St. Peter and St. Paul. They are good. The men who made them knew that the old sculptors looked to sinews as well as to furrows in shewing off men of power.

St. Peter's, of course, has a far back history. St. Peter was buried here; an oratory was erected here, then a basilica of much beauty, where emperors were crowned, but which began to tumble down about 1450. Various Popes called in architects of fame. Each one altered the other's design, for money, or professional

reasons, and for a hundred years death kept clearing off one and another. About 1545, when Michael Angelo was 72 years of age, and had become famed as the painter of the "Last Judgment," in the Sistine Chapel, the then Pope committed the whole building to him. He returned to the early idea of a Greek cross, and carried out the dome in design, and partly in execution, before he died, an old man of eighty-nine. In 1590 we are told the dome was finished, strictly according to Michael Angelo's plan; but—the inevitable *but* turns up—the façade and portico had to be added, and added they were according to what we now see, instead of Angelo's plan, which was a portico like the Pantheon one, allowing the dome to be seen from the very door. What a stumpy, dumpy building our St. Paul's would be without a visible dome!

The façade is 340 feet long and 150 feet high. It has three stories, each with nine windows, and such beggarly windows! They would not be allowed in a mission chapel with us. By windows small in size, with tiny squares, as if glass were dear in Rome, and not an inch of it stained or painted, is the great St. Peter's lighted. It may be against the canon of architecture, but we did long to see a painted window in the front wall, which, from the inside, looks bare, dark, and mean. But Michael Angelo is not to be blamed. Much has been done in the ornament way outside by his successor. Of the ancient mosaic, much injured, representing St. Peter walking on the sea, and of the bas-reliefs of St. Paul giving Plautilla back her veil, and himself and St. Peter being martyred, I stay not to speak. We want to get inside, and inside we stand, lost in wonder, if not love and praise. It is wonder at its decorations, not at its proportions, how-

ever. But St. Peter's is not a Greek cross after all. One beam is longer than another. We hunt up and find that it was turned into a Latin one after Michael Angelo's death. We have a ground plan, and it reveals enormous dimensions. St. Peter's grows upon us. There is a holy-water basin held up by an infant cherub, so to speak. We stand by the infant, and he is at least six feet! Our ideas of space and size are evidently at fault. Two-thirds up the centre the view is interrupted by the high altar, over the remains of St. Peter. It has a canopy, nearly 100 feet high, supported by four spiral columns, like the Prentice pillars at Rosslyn Castle. I will not trouble you with the series of figures given with the ground plan, but merely say that St. Peter's is 90 feet longer than our St. Paul's, and 64 feet higher, measuring to the top of the cross. The interior of the cupola is 139 feet, or three feet less than that of the Pantheon, which I so much admired. Of the tribune behind the high altar, which is bigger than many churches; of the transepts, and the 20 chapels or altars dedicated to as many saints; of the sepulchral monuments to numerous popes, and several kings, including our old royal family the Stuarts, I would speak if I could. So would I of the four immense pillars, of the great dome, bearing round arches so large in dimensions that the height of their concavity is equal to one half the height of the pillars of the chair and altar of St. Peter; of the numerous marble saints; of the massive arches; of the slabs of marble, covered with medallions; of the marble pavement, and, above all, of the five domes, especially *the* dome, which is on four colossal piers; but time—how usefully Father Time comes in at times!—time fails me, language fails me, powers of description are wanting. And yet I am

not over-awed. I feel more as if placed in the Exhibition of 1851, and bid to describe it all in a column of the *Guardian*. My powers of condensation are not enough. I wander about St. Peter's, from chapel to chapel, as hundreds of others are now doing. Worship is going on at one or two chapels, but the confessional boxes for all languages stand empty to-day. There are scores of men and women going up to a dirty, black-bronze image of St. Peter, wiping its big toe, and then kissing it. There are strange stories about where this dirty figure came from. Is it out of compliment to the blacks? Really it is unworthy of St. Peter. In bodily presence it is contemptible. I walk up to St. Peter's chair, or rather as near as I can get, and see a bronze chair, said to cover the original one, with gorgeous surroundings. I have bought a stereoscopic view of this part, and shall some day at home try and inspect the whole, including one of these too numerous tablets of Pio Nono. The chapels which were used for the Œcumenical Council are still boarded up; others are railed off; but enough may be seen for days of examination, let alone hours.

The relics, aye the relics, I should like to see them. But they are in balconies to which none but canons are admitted. The Pope sometimes gives laymen, princes, and the like, the honorary rank of canon to enable them to be admitted. I would not object to be a canon, whatever that is at Rome, for an hour, to see the Veronica handkerchief with the impression of the Saviour's face; the true cross which St. Helena gave; the head of St. Andrew, the patron of Scotland; and the relics of St. Peter in the tomb below. If they are not things real, they are things ancient, and things held sacred. While any one who will pay

may go to the top of St. Paul's, they must have an order from the director of St. Peter's, and we are told that to really see St. Peter's one must go to the top. Well, it must be next time we are at Rome, not to-day. There is a nice ascent up which horses may go. We wonder if the Prince of Wales rode or walked when he was up in 1859. But the view cannot be much better than that from St. Paul's or the Monument, and we have been up both. I should like to be here on Easter Sunday, however, when every column, cornice, frieze and detail, up to the cross, is lit with a line of lamps numbering 6,800. Need we wonder that the faithful are proud of St. Peter's, and proud of the religious system that owns, guides, and developes so much magnificence? There are no pews in St. Peter's, or any other Romish church,—nothing but chairs, and these are stored away so as to give an uninterrupted promenade. Thus families cannot worship as we do at home.

One "peep at the pictures" and statuary and we leave. Kneeling at the high altar is Canova's "Pius VI.," said to be one of the finest of his works, and near St. Peter's chair is the mausoleum of Paul III., the finest in St. Peter's. Further on is the "Fall of Simon Magus," done in oil on slate, by Vanni. At the entrance to the south transept is a mosaic copy of Guido's "Crucifixion of St. Peter." Mosaic is much used here, and a manufactory of it is carried on at the Vatican. Not far from the Altar of the Transfiguration is a mosaic copy of Raphael's painting of that name, which is shown in the Vatican. Close to another chapel is a monument to the wife of our James III. (?) She is called "Queen of France, Great Britain, and Ireland." She died at Rome in the fatal year of Culloden. On

the opposite side in marble is "La Pietà," by Michael Angelo, executed when he was 24. It shows a young Virgin holding her dying Son in her lap. She bends over him in sublime, yet inconsolable sorrow. The legs hang down sideways from the mother's knee, and the falling arm, the sunken body, and the noble Jewish face, make it a "dead Christ" in reality. The Virgin is too young,—younger looking than her Son. Angelo said it was to express her purity that he made her so. But it is a libel on age, so to speak. A Mary at 55 or 60 would look far more motherly, natural, and intelligible. Mrs. Stowe asks in "Uncle Tom"—"Who will sing the praises of old women?" Some women are tenfold more lovely in age than in youth. In one chapel is a column of white marble, said to be that against which Jesus leaned when He disputed with the doctors. It is enclosed in an iron cage. Why be learned above what is written? My pen, however, runs too fast. I must conclude with re-expressing the feelings I gave utterance to as I entered St. Peter's. As I left, my eyes ran over the all but blank wall in which are the three bronze entrance doors. Up in the third heavens are those nine factory-looking windows. How much grander, and more solemnising would St. Peter's have been with less upholstery and some glorious old stained or painted glass! I have seen the best of our English Cathedrals, Notre Dame, and others, and I aver without hesitation that St. Peter's is not to be named with them as a fit representation of "the house of God and the gate of heaven." Our Westminster Abbey is crowded like a marble mason's with useless monuments to forgotten men. So is St. Peter's. Both want purging; both want the "show" element extracting. Both want more of that atmosphere which

pervades York Cathedral, and to a smaller extent Hereford, and the enormous one at Winchester,—an atmosphere which makes the worshipper say—"Surely God was in this place and I knew not." The painted window, the solitary aisle, the lofty arch, the tombs of men of like passions and like positions with ourselves—these are the mothers of devotion in my experience. Devotion would not exist an hour in an English church with the in-coming, out-going, talking, gazing, and duplicate services of St. Peter's. It is a grand show church, well calculated to impress natives, it may be, but not foreigners. It is a masterstroke of policy, perhaps, to get around one Christian building all the talents of 350 years. But St. Peter's is not a church for devotion. Were I a resident here, I should seek to increase my spiritual life far oftener by a visit to the solemn St. Paul's church outside the city, than the crowded St. Peter's. It savours of a Pantheon—a building for all the gods.* Did the desire to outvie the even then ancient St. Mark's of Venice and the then lately begun cathedral at Milan, turn the heads of Michael Angelo's successors?

* I have just referred to Herman Grimm's life of Michael Angelo, and find that the great painter was appointed director of St. Peter's in 1546, on the death of San Gallo—that the old St. Peter's was only cleared off as the new one proceeded—that though Raphael and many others had been connected with the new St. Peter's, it had progressed only in 70 years so far that the four immense pillars upon which the dome rests and which had nothing to equal them in the world, were furnished—that San Gallo's plan would have required 25 persons to find out every night whether in its angles and recesses there were coiners, fugitives, and knaves hid, before closing—that Michael Angelo worked for 17 years at St. Peter's without any fee, trusting to the benefit his soul would get—and that "the endless ornament with which the entire church is filled, and which, without regard to architecture, is placed where there is room for it, is to blame for the fact that building does not appear in its true grandeur at first sight. The eye that would like to wander freely over the mass, is confused and diverted by countless things."—*Ed., July 6th.*

LETTER XXXII.

*ST. PAUL'S, AND ST. PAUL AT ROME;
ST. JOHN LATERAN, &c.*

ROME, April 16th.—I have already written about St. Peter's; but St. John Lateran, St. Maria Maggiore, St. Paul's, the Temple of Antonine, various fountains, tombs, and arches, and the Vatican, yet remain to be noticed, besides the immense ruins at Tivoli, which we shall not be able to see. The "massacre of the innocents" must commence somewhere. If life had been, according to the Zoroaster formula—viz., to marry early, plant trees, kill noxious animals, convey water to dry lands, and be a farmer,—I should have had little to write about. However, without more prosing, I shall tell you about St. Paul's fuori le mura, a basilica outside the walls of Rome, for which I have taken a great fancy. It dates from 388, 200 years later than our Winchester Cathedral, and was held in pre-eminence even over St. Peter's by Christian pilgrims for many an age. In 1823, however, its end came, after 1,500 years' service. It was burned to ashes, like many another venerable pile. The fire was a furious one. St. Paul's had 138 marble pillars, and those of the nave were completely calcined. Another St. Paul's like unto the first soon rose in its stead. Christendom laid itself under tribute. Even

the Czar was a donor. One million of money has been spent on the new fabric, and where it all came from no one knows. They "spect it growed." On entering you see a building 400 feet long, covered with a carved work ceiling of no great pretension. There are four ranges of Corinthian columns, 80 in all, forming the nave and aisles, and presenting an uninterrupted view of nearly 130 yards. Several other columns are even larger, and all form single shafts, brought from a far off quarry. The high altar, supported by four shafts of alabaster, covers the reputed resting place of the body of St. Paul. The head is at the Lateran, having been removed from the Vatican 1,600 years ago. Around the nave and aisles is a series of medallion mosaics of all the Popes from St. Peter's days. We see about us much that is truly magnificent. Here and there is a statue; mosaics are rather plentiful, and a richly decorated episcopal chair has too much of the modern about it. But we will not be critical. The frescoes are ancient and interesting, and the massive grandeur of the whole is deeply impressing. Numerous columns have yet to be erected outside, to form a facade towards the river, and into some of the windows painted glass is to be introduced. The whole building is worthy of St. Paul. It is well that Rome should erect such a monument to her own son. With a great price Roman citizenship was purchased in St. Paul's day. But he was able, and evidently proud that he was able, to say—"I was free born." Little did he dream, I dare say, when sending his "Epistle to the Romans," from Corinth, by Phebe, a servant of the Church at Cenchrea, of the fame that awaited him in Rome in future ages. As little would "all that be in Rome, beloved of God, and called to be saints,"

think when the widow Phebe reached their meeting house one morning, and handed over her precious parcel, that it contained what would become the most celebrated of all the Epistles, from the most celebrated of all the Apostles. They would read with deep interest St. Paul's kindly recognition that "their faith was spoken of throughout the whole world"—*their* faith? *they* who met in some back street, in an unknown house, with a bolted door? Yes; and rejoice that "without ceasing he made mention of them in his prayers," and "prayed for a prosperous journey that he might some day come unto them, and have fruit among them, as among other Gentiles." They would blush for their country as St. Paul went on to tell them—quoting the words of their own poets—how fearfully Rome had sinned; joy, as he told them that God was not the God of the Jews only, but also of the Gentiles, and that being justified by faith they had peace with God. They would be warned by the caution that they must not continue in sin, under the idea that grace would the more abound, and be raised to the third heavens by his glorious outburst, so suitable to their troubles and times—"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or perils, or sword?" Amid the horrors of those times, how suitable to have Solomon's words pressed on them:—"If thine enemy hunger, feed him." Little did Imperial Rome know what she would one day owe to St. Paul's injunctions—"Let every soul be subject to the higher powers;" and "Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves." With what pleasure must Priscilla and Aquila have heard read the salutations sent to them in the Epistle, and read the whole "to the church in their house!" The

"Epistle to the Romans" would be a well-thumbed one before it went the round of the little churches then meeting in private houses in Rome. St. Paul nobly owned that Priscilla and Aquila "had for his life laid down their necks;" that Epinetus was well-beloved; that there was a Roman Mary, who had bestowed much labour on him and his; that some were fellow-prisoners, others "well-beloved," others helpers, and that of all "their obedience had come abroad unto all men." Most noble Paul!—Jew or Roman, we care not which, we would rather divide thee between both worlds, as it were—thou art worthy of such a temple being consecrated to thee, to tell of all thy doings. Thou didst not forget the meanest Roman Christian in thy letter to the Romans; we trust the meanest Roman Christian has at least a penny invested in this noble memorial to thy worth. Mighty Rome! hadst thou known of that Epistle, and copied its chief precepts in thy "Diurnals" and let thy people read them at the Forums, it would have done them good. But thou hadst no one to "electrify" an audience, as the Queen, in her homely book, says Dr. Caird did, preaching from Romans xii. 11, "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord." Thy Pantheons were choke full of gods many and lords many, but they were dumb idols. "They had eyes, but they saw not; feet had they, but walked not. Neither did they speak through their throats."

Is there any "Diurnal" containing the trial of St. Paul—first or second, if ever there was a second trial? Ah, poor Roman-Jew, he had been constrained to appeal unto Cæsar, and Cæsar would have to meet him face to face. There would be no gainsaying Paul's *Appello*, although Festus thought it "a foolish thing

of him to send a prisoner to Rome without at the same time specifying the charges against him"—they were too trumpery to be named. On the set day, at the Imperial Palace, on the Palatine Mount, Nero would sit, with his assessors, to hear the appeal of the poor Jew, or rather the contemned Nazarene, who yet by the accident of birth was a Roman citizen, and had the pluck to maintain his rights as such. He was a real Lord Palmerston man. He pleaded the "*civis sum Romanus*" plea, although he was willing to be in subjection to the powers that be. Every Christian is bound to maintain his civil rights, and Paul's example has done a world of good in upsetting the silly notion that a Christian should sit still and be hanged, drawn, and quartered. What a fine sight it would be! Paul the aged before Nero the young! Sixty-eight a prisoner before twenty-five! But how different the men! The young man a parricide, and hated of his subjects; the old one beloved, for whom many would "pluck out their eyes." One would like to read the speech of the accusing counsel—some noble Roman—perhaps young Pliny, who was then a Roman barrister, and the articles of accusation; but, above all, Paul's defence. The Jewish Sanhedrim would be sure to dwell upon the "pestilent fellow" charge, and try to rouse the jealousy of Nero against the supporter of the Nazarene King, who was reported as risen from the dead. He would probably be awfully wroth for the nonce against the chief captain who had bound a Roman citizen with thongs, who mistook Paul for an Egyptian, and was himself only a Roman by purchase. My pen rambles on as I think of the plucky little man at Cæsar's judgment-seat, arguing his own cause, and, perhaps, calling upon Phebe, if yet in Rome, or the elders of

some of the Roman churches, to produce in evidence the Epistle he had sent them four years before, in which he had urged upon the Christians there to pay taxes, be subject to the higher powers, and "render honour to whom honour was due."

Although there is no direct proof of it from Scripture, incidental remarks lead us to believe that Nero dismissed Paul on the first occasion. Six years after he was again tried, and condemned to death, but by that time he had been to Spain, and, perhaps, even to Britain.

Another St. Paul's—St. Paolo alle Tre Fontane—or the church of the three fountains, is a little further on, and on our way to it we pass a small church in which is a stone with an impression of the Saviour's foot. We are interested in seeing the second St. Paul's. According to the excellent volume of Dr. Macduff, it is really probable that St. Paul was beheaded here. The three fountains inside are shewn us, and we drink cool water from one, drinking in, if we can, the story that when he was decapitated on yon short pillar, his head made three bounds, and the three wells sprang up.

Among the few other churches into which I was able to enter was that of St. Peter in Vinculi, or St. Peter in Chains, not very far from the Forum, on the Equiline. It has a far back pedigree, but no feature of interest except the so-called fetters of St. Peter, which I did not see, and Angelo's "Moses," which I did see, and immensely disliked. It is a statue of Neptune with flowing beard, and horns, like those the false prophet used when deceiving the kings. As the "Neptune" in the Vatican, it would be grand. As "Moses" it is a misnomer. This "Moses" was the work, more or less, of forty years. It has grandeur, but not the grandeur

of the lawgiver. It is Neptune feeling that he has storms at his disposal. His hand is in his great beard ; and his nostrils are wide open, as if ready for another dive. His shoulders, his countenance, his contracted brow, the muscles of his arms—all bespeak “Moses” as the first among the works of sculptors called modern. We felt all this. But while it would pass for Neptune, or even the shaggy sculptor himself, it is not the figure of Moses, the “meekest man on earth.” Had the group of which it was to form the centre figure been finished, it might have been less open to criticism.

I scarce dare conclude without one word about the Basilica, or Church of the Lateran. It stands in a prominent place, dates its rise from Constantine, and its chapter takes precedence even of that of St. Peter. It has many statues outside, and inside there are medallions everywhere. One of the chapels is superbly grand. Gems have been lavished on its decoration far beyond that of any other chapel. Under the high altar is a gorgeous tabernacle to hold the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul. In another part is the table on which the Last Supper was served. In this church the Pope officiates on high days, and the heads of the Apostles are exposed to the faithful. St. John Lateran has many facts connected with its history. Here have sat bishops from all parts of the world at five General Councils, and here the Waldenses were condemned. In the cloisters are many wonders which we cannot see, such as two columns of Pilate's house, and a column from the Temple at Jerusalem, when the vail was rent ; the cradle of the Saviour, some pieces of the barley loaves, part of the purple robe put on Christ, the reed with which He was smitten, part of His seamless vest ; drops of His blood in a phial ; some of

the water that flowed from His side ; part of the sponge that was dipped with vinegar ; a piece of the sepulchre in which the angel sat ; the porphyry pillar on which the cock stood and crowed, after Peter's denial of his Master ; a lock of the Virgin's hair, and a piece of her petticoat ; the rods of Moses and Aaron, and parts of the Ark of the Covenant. But we do see the Scala Santa, or 28 marble steps, which belonged to Pilate's house. They are under a portico on the north side of the church, and many visitors are here. We see such, some pious, some frolicsome, mounting the stair, step by step, on their knees. On each step they say, or read, a short prayer, all the 28 of which we purchase, and with none of them can we find much fault. But why use the steps of such a world-renowned rascal as Pilate ? We buy a photograph of them from a priest in charge, and retire.

Of the Church of the Capuchins, with its piles of priests' bones, placed in ludicrous fashion, I will not stay to speak further than that there are arches of bones, pyramids of skulls, and friezes of vertebræ and toe nails. Every man to his taste. I saw enough to disgust me. Of various other churches I had but a peep. What I saw of the Vatican and Capitoline Museum I have yet to write ; then of the Catacombs and the printing office of the Propaganda, and I shall have done. But they deserve a separate letter.

LETTER XXXIII.

*THE VATICAN PICTURES; SISTINE CHAPEL;
AND "THE LAST JUDGMENT."*

ROME, April 16th.—I have been seeing statuary and pictures every day, but preferred to speak of them in one epistle. Now I find that the name of those deserving notice is Legion; but they must be reduced to a score. I know that there are the "Transfiguration," the "Dying Gladiator," the "Laocoon," the "Venus of the Capitol," the "Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel," and the "Apollo Belvidere," of which you expect me to write. The fame of these is world-wide.

In the Vatican are the best pictures out of Florence. It is the home of the Pope, a vast building erected on the site of Nero's gardens—the very place where he sat playing his lyre and singing the Destruction of Troy, while Rome was burning. These are the gardens which he opened to the homeless Roman crowds, turning the Christians into torches. Hear what Tacitus says:—"Nero to divert a suspicion, which the power of despotism was unable to suppress, resolved to substitute in his own place some fictitious criminals. With this view he inflicted the most exquisite tortures on those men who, under the vulgar appellation of Christians, were already branded with deserved infamy.

They derived their name and origin from Christ, who in the reign of Tiberius had suffered death, by the sentence of Pontius Pilate. For a while this dire superstition was checked; but it again burst forth; and not only spread itself over Judea, the first seat of this mischievous sect, but was even introduced into Rome, the common asylum which receives and protects whatever is impure, whatever is atrocious. The confessions of those who were seized discovered a great multitude of their accomplices, and they were all convicted, not so much for the crime of setting fire to the city as for their hatred of mankind. They died in torments, and their torments were embittered by insult and derision. Some were nailed on crosses; others sewn up in the skins of wild beasts and exposed to the fury of dogs. Others again, smeared over with combustibles, were used as torches to illuminate the darkness of night. The gardens of Nero were destined for the melancholy spectacle, which was accompanied with a horserace, and honoured with the presence of the Emperor, who mingled with the populace in the dress of a charioteer. The guilt of the Christians deserved the most exemplary punishment, but the public abhorrence was changed into commiseration from the opinion that these unhappy wretches were sacrificed not so much to the public welfare, as to the cruelty of a jealous tyrant."

So much for the site of the Vatican, which I ought to have said at first joins up to St. Peter's, so that the latter has but one front. It is a building really huge, with no architecture worth noticing, except a grand staircase. It dates back to 1280, and has been changed and re-changed, added to and diminished, and now contains, it is asserted, 6,000 halls, chapels, and other apartments, and measures 1,500 feet long by 767 wide.

Of its general appearance the Dean of Canterbury says—"It is shapeless, and looks like a gigantic union house, built on the top of a railway station, and a gigantic printing office superimposed as an attic and an after-thought." Be this as it may, the Popes have used it as a palace for six hundred years, as they did the Lateran for a thousand before. We make our way to the picture galleries, and see 50 of the finest paintings in the world. Raphael's "Adoration of the Kings," his "Madonna da Foligno," and his last and greatest painting, "The Transfiguration." What a soul to conceive, what a hand to execute, had that young Italian! He died at 37, architect, poet, and painter of the highest fame. We look at his "Madonna," and remember his words—"I must have seen many beautiful women, and from this the image of one alone is found within me." Raphael's figures are ever human, but he can turn them easily into the divine. In his "Madonnas" there is all that is needed to suggest the perfection of woman over man.

"Not she with traitorous kiss her Saviour stung;
Not she denied Him with unholy tongue.
She, while Apostles shrank, could dangers brave,
Last at His Cross and earliest at His Grave."

Raphael's works seem to meet the average of the human mind more than those of other painters. Murillo is here in his "Marriage of St. Catherine," but his famed "Virgin" is far off at Seville. I should like to see her, as she is painted so very young and very beautiful. Curious that a town which murdered 45,000 heretics under the power of the Inquisition should have the taste to secure a lovely Madonna! Titian in his "Virgin and Child," his "St. Sebastian" and others, tells us what he could do in his day. Guido's "Crucifixion of St. Peter," and "Madonna and Child" perpetuate his fame

in this select circle. Correggio too has his "Christ surrounded by Angels" here. He was one of the great band of sixteenth century worthies, and died at 40, without ever seeing Rome. And, curious fact, all pictures in these galleries were once captives of the Louvre. On the fall of Napoleon they were returned to Rome, and housed in these spacious quarters, instead of being dispersed as before.

Of the books we saw none. We only learned that the Vatican Library contains 590 Hebrew works, 780 Arabic, and 22,000 other manuscripts. The printed books are not numerous, but MSS. and printed books in thousands are in cabinets in the Great Hall, invisible to those who pass through as ignorant as we were.

We enter the Sistine, or Sixtine, Chapel, called so after Pope Sixtus, with a certain amount of awe. We are at once disappointed. Is this small dingy building the one so famed in history? Is that far-off dirty ceiling and these begrimed walls those on which Michael Angelo's masterpieces are painted? Is that smoke-dried picture at the back of that altar and pulpit the "Last Judgment"? There are 360 churches in Rome, some open only on saints' days, some never, and above a hundred of them chapels belonging to confraternities; but in the worst of them could we find as much dirt and as many diseased paintings? Foot-and-mouth disease everywhere. Was it to adorn this building that the greatest sculptor left that chisel and mallet he loved so well to handle, even in his old, old age? Was it for this that his bronze "David," his "Twelve Apostles," and the huge statue for his native Florence were handed over to others? Like many more visitors we lie on our backs and look up first of all at the "Creation," on the ceiling, and we dream over it

history. The Sistine Chapel, when some 30 years old, Pope Julius thought should be adorned with wall paintings. He offered the work to Michael Angelo, in lieu of finishing his own projected grand mausoleum. Angelo had never worked in colours, and declined. Was he to undertake to adorn the Sistine Chapel, 150 feet long—twice as tall as it is broad, with bare walls, narrow windows, and an arched ceiling? Well, he consented to do it for 6,000 crowns, and with six workmen commenced the task. The workmen he soon dismissed, and shut himself up in the chapel, refusing to admit any but the Pope, who, old man as he was, climbed up the scaffolding near to the lofty ceiling. We fancy the two up there now. Once they had a quarrel. Julius was impatient to show the first half of the ceiling; Angelo refused. "You seem indeed desirous," thundered out Julius, "that I should have you thrown from this scaffolding." The Pope gained the day, and the Romans flocked to see the work which had arisen like magic. So says the biographer of Michael Angelo. In the first great painting in the centre, we see the Father, not the Holy Spirit, brooding over the waters, as He divides the light from the darkness. In the second, He is creating the sun and moon; He is shown as caught by a storm, borne through space, His white beard waving, His arms outstretched. In the third, He is hovering over the waters. In the fourth, it is the moment when He gives life; Adam lies on a dark summit; he only needs life; God descends; angels surround Him; His mantle is swelled out; it seems as if made of transparent clouds; every muscle appears through it. To paint the Father seems blasphemous. I have seen it but twice; once at Holyrood Palace, and once, I think, at Hereford Cathedral. But

if it may be done, and done in the "image of man," so to speak, then has Michael Angelo done it well. "The head, with its thick white hair and beard," is worthy of the gods, as man has hewn or painted them. Power and love are attributes often denied to the Father in hymns, although in the teeth of that glorious passage, "God *so loved* the world," &c. Power and love here are pre-eminently displayed. He stretches out His hand; Adam arises. The world is no longer without a head made "in Our image." Adam takes God's hand, rises, and "walks with God." The creation of Eve is strikingly painted. Adam lies on his right side asleep; God stands at his feet; His aspect is more human than before. Eve appears as stepping forth from Adam's side; her arms are raised, and "behold, she prays." She first of all worships. And, O, how lovely! Our friend Wood's "Eve" is in marble what Angelo's "Eve" is on plaster—she is the fairest of the fair. We pity her future frailty. We condone her future sin. She has nothing of the earth, earthy. So far, not even Adam attracts her attention. It was left to our Milton, 100 years after, to introduce the sensuous.

Of the scene with the Serpent I can but say that Adam is introduced as near Eve when she ate the forbidden fruit. Herein Milton is far more poetic. The driving out of Paradise shows Adam's imploring attitude and Eve's look of despair in a most painful manner. I can fancy her singing, or rather wailing, over the well-known words and tune—

"And must I leave thee, Paradise?"

But even in her fall Angelo's "Eve" seems the perfection of a Woman.

Of Cain and of Abel's Sacrifice I stay not to speak. I have photographs of all, and must explain them to you. The Deluge is a failure, as far as dignity goes. The figures are too small. Of twelve large scenes filling up spaces running down from the dome, and many others, time forbids me to speak. "Goliath is shown on his stomach, [while David indents the giant's back with the point of his knee," holds him by the hair with his left hand, and wields a sword with his right. The paintings on the side walls being by inferior masters, I pass them by, and proceed to tell you a little about "The Last Judgment," and then conclude. It was not begun for thirty years after the ceiling was finished. Some minor painters' frescoes were on the end walls, but Pope Paul III. wanted the then long-famous Michael Angelo to finish the decorative paintings he had begun in 1508. Angelo had laid aside the brush and resumed the chisel, but again a Pope prevailed, and on the end wall where the altar is "The Last Judgment," was painted after eight years' labour. The narrow wall required the painting to be in two groups, and the weather-beaten, altar-candle-smoked immense mass of figures is the result. Michael Angelo's colouring has disappeared, under the water-and-wine and other restoratives to which the picture has been subjected. But the worst of all is to come. The centre and chief figure, that of the Saviour, is the most painful representation which I have ever witnessed. He is turned into a huge brawny prize-fighter. The wall is 30 feet wide by 60 high; and the painter seems to have fancied that the Great Judge, surrounded by a row of saints and angels, should have the fiercest look of an avenger of the heathen-god class—a look which should penetrate the lower circle

of the lost, and frighten them. Mary sits clinging to the Saviour's knee. Saints without number surround Him, and show the instruments of His death. The condemned strive to rise, but angels and devils are more than a match. How those angels raise their trumpets! One looks frightened at the ruin of the guilty. Skeletons, bodies still covered with winding sheets, and naked figures, crawling or kneeling, are attempting to soar, and at length succeed and join the redeemed. On the other hand, there is deep, deep chaos, and fearful figures trying to rise. Charon's boat is crowded; he is over the river; he shakes out the wicked into the abyss of flames, and lays on them with his oar. Of course Michael Angelo had read Dante's "Inferno." In it Charon takes the lost on board; here he delivers his cargo. It is painful, but most painful of all is that "unclothed broad-shouldered hero, with arms upraised, that could strike down a Hercules, distributing blessings and curses, his hair fluttering in the wind like flames, which the storm blows back, and his countenance looking down on the condemned with frightful eyes, as if he wished to hasten forward their destruction." Thus writes the great painter's biographer. The head is that of the "most high Jupiter," the "sommo Giove," of Dante. One part we do not see. That common looking altar hides it. It was Biagio da Cesena, the master of the ceremonies, who persuaded the Pope to have the figures draped, and who now appears as the infernal judge Minos, with the ears of an ass, and his body surrounded by a serpent. He complained to the Pope, but the Pope said his power only extended to purgatory. The "Last Judgment" made a great noise in its day, and is *the* picture of Rome, not excepting the "Transfiguration."

But why leave it to perish from dirt, damp, and smoke? Pagan Rome has left no marvel in the way of painting like this.

What a marvel is Art! Yet how few who are artists write their names large in the book of man's remembrance! The Emperor Maximilian truly said what Burns afterwards eternalised, "I can make earls, and dukes; but God alone can make a great artist."

How petty are our king "Shoddies," and our "Ile" emperors, compared with the man who has struck out new pathways in the realms of art and science. Angelo in his day had no end of mean men to fight against, one of them the notorious Ardeno; and twice he ran from Rome in disgust. But common sense prevailed. The world is fair and honourable in the long run, and while those who have lived for the sole object of being accusers of their brethren die and are forgotten, or are remembered only for their asses' ears, the Dantes, the Raphaels, the Angelos, the Shakespeares and Miltons in spirit, aim, and object, become more and more renowned and gloried in as the World's Worthies.

Before I leave the Sistine Chapel I may drop a word about its grand ceremonials on Good Fridays, of which, of course, I have only read. The Pontiff is present on the occasion, and the Miserere of Gregorio Allegri is sung under the most solemnising circumstances. The Pope and his attendants strip off their magnificent attire, the lights are gradually extinguished, and the only sound is that of one plaintive voice confessing sin and praying for mercy.

LETTER XXXIV.

*VATICAN MUSEUM; THE APOLLO BELVEDERE,
THE LAOCOON; THE VENUS OF THE CAPITOL,
AND THE DYING GLADIATOR.*

ROME, April 16th.—I wrote, or partly wrote, ten different letters two days ago, to ten friends, on purpose to post them all “from Rome;” and hard was the task. It left me little comparatively, however, to do; and I now proceed to wind up and be off to describe Florence, and its picture glories.

The Vatican Museum I could expand over several columns; there is something in so many of the heads, bodies, or characters which suggest no end of reflections. You look down the long narrow courts of the Vatican, on every side of which are busts, statues, or statuettes, dating from the far off days when the Romans would have written MDCCCLXXXVIII for 1888,—clever fellows as they were!—and you see object after object to remind you how true are the lines—

“Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought.”

All is inanimate and still as the grave. But you remember that—

“The silent organ loudest chants
The master’s requiem.”

And you pass on, testing your mental calibre by refusing even to look at a catalogue until some worthy image strikes you and you sit down and decipher its beauties before you, gauge your feelings by the experience of another. If you agree, then it but proves that great minds think alike ; if you differ, so much the worse for the ignorant compiler of the catalogue.

There are about 800 leading articles of statuary in the Vatican Museum, and they embrace many treasures of Greek art, and monuments which once belonged to the forums, baths, theatres, and sepulchres of ancient Rome. Pio Nono has added a good deal, according to the tablets which we pass by. On entering the corridor of inscriptions—331 yards in length, it is called, there are on the right “rich and select collections of both Pagan and Christian inscriptions,” consisting of pagan epitaphs of fathers, sons, wives, stonemasons, butchers, boatmen, &c. There are some of tender moment ; one speaks of Maccus, an “innocent child,” another of Anthos, crushed by a chariot, drawn by infuriated oxen, and a third of “the handsome Maximus torn from his mother’s bosom.” On the left are the slabs removed from the Catacombs, many of which have monograms referring to Christian verities. There are 2,000 pagan and 1,100 Christian inscriptions. There is no use naming the rooms, so I only need mention that as we walk on we see many granite columns, decorations in alabaster, bas-reliefs from the columns of Antonine and Trajan ; a heroic statue of Commodus—very rare, as the Senate tried to destroy them all—one of Augustus in Parian marble, with a cuirass on which his achievements are sculptured ; statues of Æsculapius ; of the Goddess of Modesty, closely veiled—*i.e.*, modesty run mad ; Augustus in his

pontifical robes; Titus, discovered in 1828; Diana, found at a farm, very amorously looking at a sleeper; Demosthenes declaiming against the fickleness of the Athenians—very fine; Brutus, Domitian, Vespasian, busts unknown; bas-reliefs in hundreds; and so on.

We come at length to the "Torso Belvedere," called so from the room in which it is kept, from which a most beautiful view of Rome is to be had. It is now only a fragment. The head and arms are gone, and the legs are much broken. This fragment has been the admiration of Angelo, Raphael, Thorwaldsen and other eminent artists, because of its ideal divinity. No nerves or veins are visible, and the "muscles rise without tension or rigidity, showing the absence of mortal blood and earthly wants;" "the contours are those of gigantic strength, and the proportions broad and massive in the extreme." I give professional opinions here; they are criticisms beyond my pen. We certainly see nothing to tell us that the marble is not "solid flesh," and we are glad the "Torso" was found even so late as the fifteenth century, as it was in time for us to see its beauties.

"Meleager," the hero of many Greek and Latin poets, has a room to itself. Its beauty is sublime. In Canova's Cabinet we find one of our party has been lost in wonder at he knows not whom. But what do names matter when life, likeness, nature, are before us in solid marble? It is Canova's "Perseus" and his "Two Pugilists." Even a Pope could recognise such pugilists and place them side by side with the best works of antiquity. Of the "Mercury Belvedere," and the "Apollo Belvedere" I might say much and extract far more. But, what good? It is merely telling how Greece had anticipated Pope in believing "that the proper

study of mankind was man." These figures are not ideals—not evolved from internal consciousness, but from the "study of the nude." The "Apollo," though of heroic size, has all the attributes of youthful godlike beauty.

And now we come to the "Laocoon." I remember this figure so well though days have elapsed, that I would willingly lay down my pen and nurse my thoughts to keep them warm. I am sure I came not to Rome to worship great names or great cities. I fear not to be in a minority on an art question, even if I could give no better reason than the Dr. Fell one—"I cannot tell." But at the feet of the Laocoon I humbly confess that Popular Opinion and I are on one side. I am glad, for Popular Opinion's sake. I admire it. Were it a saint I should do something more. Talk of Nature! Why Nature, in the very nature of things, cannot show "Laocoons" to us all. Even if she could, the view would be

" Like the snow flakes on the river—
One moment here, then gone for ever."

But here we may sit by the hour. The group is in pentalic marble, and embodies the famous description of Virgil in the second book of the "Æneid." "Laocoon," a priest of Neptune, has fallen on the sacred altar, while trying to extricate himself and two young children from the coils of two immense serpents sent against him by the god Pallas, or, as some say, by Minerva, to revenge his having endeavoured to dissuade the Trojans from admitting the famous wooden horse within their walls. Three hundred years ago it was found amongst the ruins of the Baths of Titus—what barbarian upset it there?—and ever since it has been the theme of poets, painters, and travellers. The

sons are not chiselled equal to the father. Perhaps it is not desirable that they should be exactly chips of the old block, and it may be real art to confine perfection to the centre figure. Look at it! The priest is seated; the serpents are round him and his sons. He—to keep to the father—writhes; he raises his face to heaven; suffering is written on every line; his mouth is contracted; his eyebrows knit with pangs mental and physical. Every muscle is swollen. Every nerve—aye, he is human, and has nerves—every nerve tells its own tale. There is suffocation at the chest; darkness is creeping on; despair is writ large on every feature, as one of the serpents bites deeply into his left side, which seems to quiver. We fancy we hear the dying priest exclaiming, "Oh vengeful deity! drain my life's blood into thy thirsty goblet; wrench and rack my bones, and glory in their cracking and crunching; expel life from my old body at once and for ever. But spare, oh spare, my boys." In vain. We feel all three will be dead in a few minutes; nay, like Lord Chesterfield under Whitfield's description of a blind beggar walking towards the brow of a precipice, we rise, after drinking in the scene, we long to seize the serpents, and all but shout—"They're gone—they're dead—all three!"

We pass on, and nearly shut our eyes to detain the remembrance of a master's chisel as we pass Cupids, Penelopes, a mighty nude Caligula, Neros, Cæsars, Jupiters with thunderbolts, Minervas of rare beauty; a heroic Ariadne in Parian marble, of which I would fain stay to speak; Venuses, Fauns, Bacchuses, and the like, until we are disgusted; a very ugly Socrates, said to be an authentic likeness; and a river deity, of which Angelo's "Moses" is all but a counterpart.

But what care we? We have seen the "Laocoon." It is enough. We could depart from Rome in peace, and I could close my letter, but there remains yet to be described two gems—the "Venus," and the "Dying Gladiator of the Capitol." We visited the Museum of the Capitol after that of the Vatican, and found that, while in every respect it is inferior, it had its own peculiar treasures. For instance, there is a list of all the consuls and public officers down to the days of Augustus engraved on marble, though now in fragments. There is a hall of bronzes, a hall of urns, one of busts, and one of statues innumerable. But we make our way to the "Reserved Cabinet," a small room sacred to the memory of the "Venus of the Capitol."

There is a famed "Venus" at Paris, one at Munich, and one at Florence, as well as here. I reserve any criticism until I have been to Florence. The one before us was found in a bath at Rome, after being lost for ages. It is highly prized by sculptors for its adherence to nature in form, and for its masterly execution in the imitation of flesh. The top of the nose is injured, and so is one of the fingers. We look at it with interest, but neither pathos nor bathos come to our fingers' points. I am more disposed to quote Byron's lines—

"I've seen more splendid women ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal."

We go in search of the "Dying Gladiator." Expectation is not disappointed. Here in a hall, with few other figures, it lies. It may measure seven feet. It was found in the gardens of Sallust, and after owning various masters it is now the property of the Italian King, nay, rather that of the whole world. Our first

observation is—That the "Gladiator" was no Grecian: those limbs favour not the sunny climes where the sculptor lived. He was no Roman: his countenance is too patriotic, too noble, too dignified for one who followed the amphitheatre as a trade. He was not a Jew, forced to fight the lions: no trace of such a pedigree is visible; nor would a Grecian sculptor have deigned to immortalise the despised race. He was not a Briton: the Greeks did not know us in their palmy days of art. He must have been a Gaul, judging from the cord around his neck. Was he one of the hordes who invaded Greece in 279, when Greek art was at its height, and Rome had not yet extended its conquests over their favoured land? If so, Byron's threadbare lines about

"Butchered to make a Roman holiday"

are untrue. It was a Grecian holiday, if holiday at all, or if Gladiator be his proper description. But these are items lost in antiquity. There he is, however, whatever was his country or calling. The pain if not the bliss of dying is shown as the vital spark of heavenly flame recedes. He is mortal. Of that there can be no mistake. He is a man and a brother of the most approved texture. All the "ologies" have been studied in chiselling his frame. It is fearfully and wonderfully made. Nothing but the nude could give an artist such scope. An arm, or a leg, in addition to the face, would not be enough. That face, nevertheless, alone would tell of those higher elements which distinguish the "Dying Gladiator" above the class in which fancy or fiction has placed him. Lord Lytton's "Gladiator" is a brutal, wine-drinking Hercules. This one, whom we may call Lord Byron's, may be fairly considered as

dying regretting his end, and deploring the loss which his far-off wife and children will sustain.

Poor fellow! It is not in his case true, as Shakespeare says in "King Henry," that men are merriest when from home.

A curious thought arises in one's mind—Why had the Romans no hero that is national in their art, or art purchase? There is not a place in the "Dying Gladiator's" history as exhibited but would have done for a noble Roman dying on the shores of Britain, or, if Britain be too late, in any battlefield. We should be proud of it as a Home Guard lying on the shores of the sunny Euxine. Were their sculptors not up to the mark?—not able to produce works of immortal form? The "Leda," the "Apollo Belvedere," all the "Venuses," and this "Gladiator" hail from Greece. In sculpture, it was only when Greek met Greek that the tug of war came. Art in Italy was then evidently an exotic, and but for the plunder of Corinth, when the Romans set Napoleon the example of carrying off art works wholesale, Rome would probably have had neither "Gladiator," "Venus," nor "Ledaion." Rome gained glory by her arms, her architecture, and her laws, very early and very long. But her glory from the fine art dates only from 350 years ago. In 1440 there were but six statues of any note in Rome, and the Florentines surprised the Romans by digging for lost ones amidst the ruins of the imperial city.

A thought strikes one on this art question—Were the Romans not afraid of the effeminacy which they might suppose art had produced in Greece? Rome was intensely anxious to produce nothing but hardy warrior Romans in her early days. On this account we read that Cato expelled Manlius from the Senate

for kissing his wife in open daylight, and that he sent back Diogenes, and other philosophers, lest the young Romans who went to hear them should be corrupted. Rome never forgot until near the days of Julius Cæsar that Hannibal had lived in their country for 16 years, and had three times attacked a city so far south as Naples. By Cæsar's days corruption had become so general that Cicero, in a letter to his brother, said that it was admirable he should have so governed Asia for three years that no *statue*, no picture, no precious vessels nor rich tapestry, no slaves, no offers of money for the perversion of justice, should have turned him aside from the highest purity of conduct. What an insult would such a letter be now-a-days to an English judge!



LETTER XXXV.

EVERY DAY LIFE IN ROME—A PEEP AT
THE KING.

ROME, April 16th.—What is every day life in Rome like? A very natural question. It is much the same as in England. I take up the *Roman Times* and I read:—

“FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—On Monday evening took place at the Quirinal a grand banquet in honour of their Majesties the King and Queen of Denmark. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales visited the Museum of the Capitol on Tuesday.”

The Foxhounds have their usual meets, and of them we hear as follows:—

“At the meet there was no end of carriages and a very large number of equestrians. A mixture of all sorts, from real heavy swells down to would-be swells, and the honest simple *bourgeoisie*. Previous to throwing off, it was proposed, and carried without a dissentient voice, that a cap should be made for our paid huntsman now lying dangerously ill. The usual Hippodramatic show being gone through, of drawing along the sides of the Via Appia, and finding nothing we struck off from Fiorano at a right angle across the country into some rough ground which lies on the heights. Here we were soon rewarded. A fox was viewed: the hounds got on, and a nice little spin was given us. Run to ground we left him, and sought another. Down in a rough ravine, well clothed with brushwood, the hounds became very busy, and gave evident signs of our friend the wily animal being there. He was a cunning old fellow, and would not break for a long time. He kept dodging about, in and out of ditches and ravines, in the most annoying manner. The little

hounds, however, stuck to him, and at last made him break, and he gave us a very pretty long hunting run of about half an hour. He took to the woods. Still sticking to him our little hounds forced him to break. Almost in despair of doing anything the cheery cry of '*Yoicks*,' '*stole away*!' was given; and off we went again for another quarter of an hour or so, down into a ravine, where Reynard managed to give us the slip and get home. Horses and hounds having had enough of it, the pack divided, there being only seven couple up, and it being also late in the day, it was decided to go home, and a good long ride it was,—much further than we thought whilst going. During the run there were two or three croppers, but no bones broken, besides several horses pumped, and brave *Nimrods* thrown out. Our large field at the finish dwindled to very small proportions."

Cricket has its fair share of attention. Of it we read:—

"On Tuesday at Ponte Molle, a very spirited and exciting game at cricket was played, between a party of Englishmen. The weather was anything but inviting; the grey clouds several times threatened to open their mantle, and shower a perfect deluge, but, like true English sportsmen, the cricketers were nothing daunted. The sides were chosen on the ground. The wickets were pitched at 11-30, and play commenced immediately after. Messrs. Cooper and Pool officiated as umpires. The contending parties played for a luncheon; two English gentlemen, who went to see the game, contributed very liberally towards defraying the expenses. We hope other English gentlemen, residing in Rome, will endeavour to promote this very innocent and healthy English sport. Before concluding these few remarks, I may add, that there was a regiment of soldiers being drilled in the same field. The officers knew nothing of the game, and during the manœuvring, the men were marched over the cricket ground, which was marked by four flags (Italian colours). Upon being informed that it was a party playing an English game, the commanding officer immediately gave the order to wheel round, and move in the opposite direction, and expressed his regret for having unknowingly disturbed the players. The game was then resumed, and played with great spirit."

There is the usual column of grumblers, and one says:—

"In view of the many disappointments and inconveniences to which visitors have this year been subjected, we have a right to ask what is meant by these new rules. Why must strangers climb to the upper

story of the Vatican to obtain a *permesso* every time they wish to enter the galleries? Why must an important hall be closed on account of the illness of a custodian when there are so many servants standing idle in the passages and on the stairways? Why must people be obliged to make that long journey around St. Peter's church in order to reach the galleries? Why must the time be limited to two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon, thereby detracting greatly from the pleasure of those who go there to enjoy, and forcing artists and students of art, who are obliged to make use of all the time allowed, to waste the intervening three hours in kicking their heels outside the closed doors, cursing meanwhile the arrogant policy that has dictated so narrow and shortsighted a policy?

"A TRAVELLER."

That the Romans are not down in the dumps we divine from the following, under the heading of—

"THE ILLUMINATIONS.

"Those who remember Rome in the old Papal days will call to mind the fêtes of Easter week, the ceremonies at the Vatican and St. Peter's at which the Pope presided, and the far-famed *girandola*, or illumination of Monte Pincio. Those who were in Rome last year will remember that the latter fête was not held on Easter Sunday, as it ought to have been, but was postponed till the 21st of April, the anniversary of the 'birthday of Rome' (or the foundation of this city by Romulus, and that the illumination of St. Peter's did not take place at all) because the dome of St. Peter's was the emblem of the Temporal Power, and could not be lighted up without sarcasm. All the fêtes above alluded to are keenly and sincerely regretted, not alone by Protestants who come to Rome for a short time, but by Roman Catholics who live here for ever; and many of the latter are of opinion, that the ministers of Pius the Ninth have acted injudiciously in advising a suspension of the same. Religious duties are (according to these authorities) obligatory on all persons—high and low—holding the office of priests, and receiving a salary or an allowance for the performance of church ceremonies, and a certain august personage is criticised in a way of which we personally do not approve. But the people of Rome, though they are deprived of many of their religious fêtes, are determined to have their holidays and their holiday amusements, and it is decided that Easter week this year shall not pass away without its illuminations. There is to be no *girandola*—that is to be postponed till Constitution day (*il Giorno dello Statuto*)—but there is to be an illumination of several of the streets of Rome, and an illumination of the Colosseum, the Forum, and the Palatine."

In critical matters the Romans are not behind. The editor of the *Roman Times* had asked the reason why Byron spells Coliseum instead of Colosseum, and the enclosed learned reply is worth cutting out :—

"Sir,—Accepting the invitation addressed to your readers in your last number I venture to correct the statement that in writing 'Coliseum' for Colosseum Byron spells the word 'after a manner of his own.' Byron simply followed the usage of his day, as may be seen by referring to contemporary writings. As far back as the fourteenth century the Italians themselves had corrupted Colosseo into Coliseo, and, even ridiculous as it may appear, into Culiseo. Add to this that the French, who are ultra conservatives in matter of language, still use the form Colysée."

As to lectures their name is legion. Everybody is lecturing who can get half a dozen to go with him, and see the ruins of some one's, say, Pliny's house, or the sarcophagus at Monte del Grano, where was found the far-famed Portland Vase.

There is liberty for everybody here to do anything in reason—even for the boys to turn St. Catherine's wheels in the streets, or play those horrid bagpipes which the Italian highlanders use.

Of the King what can I say? Why, he has been so polite to me that I shall not soon forget him. On the Pincian Hill, the grand promenade here, I met him by accident on Sunday, about four o'clock. The Hill comprises the gardens and drives so dear to every Roman. They are due to the French occupation in 1790. The Piazza del Popolo and the Pincian Hill were both bare wastes in those days; but the French, with their usual taste, made easy carriage roads round the Pincian, and now the Romans turn out in crowds. From its top the best view of St. Peter's, it is said, is visible. But I forget the King. The carriages are so numerous on Sundays—I fancy they must count a thousand at least—that they are compelled to move in

one direction, and pass each other as they return. Again and again there was a stoppage; one very plain conveyance containing two gentlemen was recognized by everyone by a silent lifting of the hat, or, in the case of ladies, by a gentle move of the head. We looked. Could it be the King? There were the long, long moustaches made popular in *Punch*. I put the question to the only foot passenger near,—Was it really Victor Emmanuel? My voice was louder than I thought, and at once the King, for it was he, looked in our direction, smiled a “yes” to my question, and lifted his hat with the grace of a well-bred gentleman. No doubt he recognized us as John Bulls. A little further on we met the carriage in which his son, Prince Humbert, and the Princess Margherita were driving. It, too, was blocked; but there was no crowd,—the Romans are too polite for that, and the Princess gave us a hearty bow in return for our bare-headed marks of respect. I was specially anxious to know how the Roman people received the King, and I watched his carriage at various points. The recognitions from both foot and carriage visitors on the Pincian were genial, hearty, and undemonstrative. No cheering, no mobbing, but the perfection of Hyde Park politeness.

“The name of Victor Emmanuel,” says a writer in the paper from which I have quoted, “will go down to the remotest posterity with the adjunct of Honest-man; and the fact that he is the first king who has had this surname is the most splendid praise that can be awarded to him. Others may boast in emphatic terms of Sovereigns who have behaved differently: it is enough for us Italians that our King never deceived us, and that for a long series of years, full of fortunate events, he kept the faith he

swore when he encircled his brow with a small wreath which blossomed out into a glorious crown: the crown of our United Italy."

With regard to the numerical condition of Rome some facts have just been printed which will interest you. Rome contains 244,494 inhabitants, of which 3,798 are Protestants, 4,619 Jews, 3,402 belong to divers other religions, and 232,675 are Catholics. The number of men who can neither read nor write is 61,110, and of women 54,657, together 115,767, or nearly one-half the whole population. Of the others, 2,831 men and 6,356 women can read, but not write. The widows, who are 11,813 in number, furnish the three most striking examples of longevity, one of them being 103 years old, another 101, and a third 100. The return further states that there are two precocious babies of two years old that can read, while among children of three years old there are 116 children who can both read and write! The population comprises 699 mad people, 119 *crétins*, 109 deaf and dumb, 110 born blind, and 125 who have become blind since their birth. The army of Italy consists of 325,000 fit for service, but 60 per cent. of the whole can neither read nor write. The returns of the marriages contracted in Italy in 1869 show a frightful state of ignorance. Out of about 205,000 men who married in that year, 125,000 could not sign their names to the register! This fact is given by General Torre in his report, a document well worth perusal by persons who take an interest in Italy and in Italian education.

Your letter is getting much longer than I intended, but I cannot conclude it without a notice of the Tiber, upon the source of which one of your young

"Warrington Worthies," I believe, is now engaged writing. It and the Arno, which flows past Florence, are supposed to rise within six miles of each other, among the Apennines. The bed of the Tiber is thought to be rich in works of art, statues, and jewels. Old writers speak of statues of the gods having been cast into the river in the days of Gregory the Great, and numerous accounts tell of the discovery of such. But they are rather mythical. Several bridges erected and re-erected during the past 300 years have not led to the discovery of any treasures in the Tiber. Yet the question arises—Where are the 4,000 bronze statues, the 80 golden ones, and marble ones innumerable, of which Zaccharia wrote 1,200 years ago? Theodoric's secretary wrote that the number of statues in Rome was so large that they seemed more numerous than the living population. In Michael Angelo's day there were only six in Rome worth naming, but the number was very considerable. Alas! the Iconoclasts of the middle ages broke the marble statues to make lime, and limekilns; one even on the Palatine sees fragments of broken statues all around. Indeed, so bad had the statue breakers become that Pope Paul III. passed a law condemning them to death without hope of pardon. About the Jewish treasures I find one writer says:—"As regards the treasures from the Temple of Jerusalem, seven-branched golden candlesticks, sacred vases, silver trumpets, &c., there is plenty of evidence that they were removed from Rome. Josephus mentions that Vespasian placed all the best spoils of the Temple, destroyed by Titus, in the Temple of Peace. Subsequently, after the sack of Rome in 455, Genseric, King of the Vandals, took them to Carthage, and Belisarius, when he drove the Vandals thence, carried

them to Constantinople, where they figured in his triumphs. Subsequently, writes Procopius, in the second book *Le Belle Vandalico*, Justinian sent them back to Jerusalem, where they were distributed among various churches."

I have spoken of Rome's fame for aqueducts. One measured 42 miles, all underground, and was begun B.C. 264. Another was 30 miles, nine miles of it being on arches; Pliny says several were from 5 to 15, but the *Aqua blandia* and the *Ambrosius* were by far the greatest. Thirty miles of the first were underground, and 9½ upon arches. Forty-nine miles of the second were underground, and the arches extended six miles, many of them 100 feet high. Both of them were begun by the madman (?) Caligula. Evidently his madness was not hydrophobia.

In sewerage the Romans were famous. There is one—the *Cloaca Maxima*—still in use, though 2,000 years old. Three semi-circular arches, formed of volcanic blocks, 5½ feet long and 3 feet thick, are fitted together with extreme accuracy, and no cement. They are 13 feet in diameter each, and sound as a bell. Another gigantic drain has been found at the depth of 60 feet. I have already spoken of the Baths of Caracalla, which are one mile in circumference. About the world-famed roads of Rome I have also written, and must now pass them by.—Farewell.

LETTER XXXVI.

*THE PROPAGANDA PRINTING-OFFICE—THE
LORD'S PRAYER IN 250 LANGUAGES.*

ROME, April 15th. — On Saturday I made two interesting visits, one to the Calcographic office of the King of Italy, formerly the Pope's, and the other to the celebrated printing-office of the Propaganda. The Calcographic office contains the plans, drawings, and records belonging to public matters, and, amongst others, a number of etchings by Salvator Rosa. These have been reproduced on stone by the son of the worthy Rector of Wargrave, Mr. Whitley, and issued in a volume in England. A copy of this volume I had undertaken to present to the President—Pavolo Mercury, I think—and found him late in the day in a studio painting a very lovely portrait of a very lovely daughter, whose pretty fair English enabled me to hold a conversation with both. You would have been amused at the President's look when he opened the volume and recognized Salvator Rosa's handiwork. He examined it outside and inside, as no such work had he seen before, and he was quite ignorant of the young Englishman's attempt. His delight was very marked, and he accepted the gift with many thanks, promising to send Mr. Whitley an autograph letter.

I then went to the Propaganda. What an amount of interest is bound up in *De Propaganda Fide*! Mr. Disraeli has much to say about it in "Lothair." It is to the Church of Rome what all the Missionary Societies and Bible Societies of England are to Protestantism. The Church of Rome had "missions to the heathen" from a very early day, a step first followed by Calvin amongst Protestants; and as the number of missionaries had increased to a considerable extent in the time of Pope Gregory XIII., he gave to some cardinals a special charge over the Oriental missions, and caused catechisms and other religious books to be printed for the use of Eastern Christians. A College for the education of native missionaries in every language was then added, and now some 200 pupils are being taught in sixty tongues, and sent out to all nations. At the Festival of Epiphany, recitations in all languages taught in the College are delivered. The day of the week and the season of the year prevented me from seeing more than the printing and publishing offices. The former is of imposing appearance, but by no means to be named in the same day with the University Press of Oxford, which I examined some years ago. The whole College, of which both printing and publishing offices form a part, is a second-rate building compared with Colleges at home—in fact, there is nothing in Rome to equal the nineteen or twenty Colleges at Oxford, taken as a whole. On entering the printing-office I saw a bust of his Holiness Pío Nono. My first feeling was one of disappointment. Is this the printing-office of the famed Propaganda? It looks small, and would be marked as fifth-rate as to men and machinery in England. But I remembered having been at two of the leading daily newspaper offices but

the hour before, and wondering at their cribbed-looking condition. Evidently I took too high a test when I compared *journals* or *Propagandas* in Rome with those in England. The mere publishing office of the British and Foreign Bible Society in London is very far ahead of both the printing and publishing offices of the Propaganda. I found the officials very kind. I was known there by name, as also at the newspaper offices at which I called, and shall ever have pleasant memories of French and Italian printers. It is worth, after all, a good share of my ten years' struggles as an inventor, and of the money expended, to receive last month in Edinburgh, and now in Rome, such tokens of recognition for attempts to facilitate our method of setting type, not improved since the first moveable type was picked up. The kindly notices in the *Times* and *Graphic* have done me good. It was five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, but the hands were at work. It was their usual hours they were working. There are no Saturday half holidays in Italy, and few Sunday ones; but Saints' days abound. I observed that there was not a single English maker's machine visible. I had been told at the newspaper offices that England had let her printing machinery be superseded. Germany was furnishing all. Even a pretty little folding machine I saw folding four-page tractates was made in Germany. The first were made at Preston, and were the invention of a son of the well-known Mr. Livesey of that town. All was quiet and businesslike; but there was no novelty to be seen, so I passed on to the publishing office. I had long intended, if ever at Rome, to hunt up for Bibles at the Propaganda. They were said not to be had there. The Bible Society's depository at Rome has them in every language. I enquired of a very obliging young

man in charge of the Propaganda publishing office for an Italian Bible,—for a Bible in any language,—for Bibles in all languages. I would buy specimens in all languages I could get to add to an old selection. There was only one—an Italian Bible with a large commentary. I bought the New Testament portion. The young man and I closely examined the catalogue, but there was no other Bible in it. Two-thirds of the people cannot read, so they are taught by pictures. One treasure, however, turned up,—the Lord's Prayer in 250 languages, and 340 kinds of type. I clutched it at once. Its price was 40 francs. Copies were scarce, but of his own accord he let me have it for 35 francs. There were many little books of from 8 to 30 leaves, containing alphabets, prayers, and the like, each in a different language. Nearly all had an imprint thus:—“Romæ 1789, Typis Sac. Congreg. de Prop. Fide.” A selection was offered me as a memorial of my visit, which I gladly accepted, and by the aid of learned friends on my return I hope to be able to lay the contents of one or more before you. I am glad, very glad, that I went to the Propaganda and saw the types and machinery that have turned out volumes or parts of volumes in so many tongues. Verily the Church of Rome has had many great men as missionaries, and men mighty in the gift of tongues.

In fulfilment of the intention expressed above, I have much pleasure in submitting a translation from the Latin, kindly made by W. Beamont, Esq. It will amply repay perusal.*

One of the little books is in Greek. Its object, as explained in the preface, is that the Propaganda College, among its collection of specimens of all languages

* See Appendix A.

for missionary purposes, might not want a specimen of Greek; and it gives the alphabet and some elementary explanations on the power of the letters, and on accents and breathings, and the extension into plain letters of the execrable contractions in which the book is printed, as all Greek used to be till Porson redeemed the world from it, so that it is only read with pain and labour, like ancient manuscript in court-hand. The specimens given consist of the Lord's Prayer in the words of Matt. vi. 9; the Apostles' Creed, agreeing with that found in our Prayer Books; the Ten Commandments in a condensed form; and the Salutation of the Angel. The Ten Commandments read thus:—

I am the Lord thy God: thou shalt have no more gods than me. Thou shalt not make to thyself anything sculptured or worship it.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

Remember to keep holy the Sabbath Day.

Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Thou shalt do no murder.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Thou shalt not steal.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his field, nor his servant, nor his maid, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbour's.

The Salutation of the Angel is wrongly entitled, for according to the reading of our authorized version (and the Rhemish version also) the words are partly those of the Angel, partly those of Elizabeth, and partly those of teachers whose doctrine Protestants reject.

It is perhaps a familiar Roman Catholic form. It reads :—

“Hail, Mary, highly favoured [or full of grace, as the Roman Catholics make a point of translating it], the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners now and in the hour of our death. Amen.”



LETTER XXXVII.

THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

"Let's talk of graves, of
Worms . . . and tell sad stories."

King Richard II.

PERHAPS there are some of the readers of my Romeward Bound letters who have no taste for worms. They want "no slovenly unhandsome corse betwixt the wind and their nobility." Let them skip this letter. It scarcely belongs to the thirty-six which have gone before. It is nearly all borrowed, with no hope of ever being repaid, in kind, at any rate, from Commendatore de Rossi's Italian work, *viâ* the translation and compilation of two Cambridge professors. I was only able to visit the chief Catacombs of Rome—those of St. Callixtus and of the Basilica of St. Sebastian; and of these I only saw what whetted my appetite. The fatherly care of some one has all but shut them up, or emptied them of those ancient, if not sacred, relics of which we have been accustomed to read. My imagination, evidently not posted up for a generation, had pictured miles of streets, stones, crucifixes, memorial tablets, suggestive and melancholy inscriptions, and rude drawings and carvings of emblems of faith; and I was warned before leaving

home of the danger of getting lost in the dreary windings of hundreds of miles of long streets of the dead. But the danger would have been of my own choosing. One friend did indeed lag behind at St. Callixtus, and gave us momentary anxiety—but only for a moment. The “miles of streets” are divided among seventy Catacombs, and those into which we and the general public are admitted have their streets too well barricaded, and the bit of tallow candle given each visitor cut too short to allow any “meanderings” in devious ways. The streets are very narrow, the turns numerous, and the ups and downs considerable; but the wary, or the lazy, guide gives no time for a sensational story.

Roma Sotterranea, or underground Rome, tells all about the Catacombs. Most of their remains we saw at the Museum of the Vatican, and there the greatest interest lies. Their very discovery is comparatively recent. About the year 1420 some friars and others saw in a vineyard in the Appian Way outside Rome an old subterranean cemetery, now called St. Callixtus. They wondered, scribbled their names on the walls, and passed away. Some Scotchmen—*quidem Scoti hic fuerunt*—visited it in 1457; but “our own correspondents” did not then exist, and all was forgotten. In 1578 some labourers digging on the Via Salaria, two miles out of Rome, came on an old underground cemetery, ornamented with Christian paintings, Greek, and Latin inscriptions, and two or three sculptured sarcophagi. Rome was amazed, and flocks crowded to see the sights. Michael Angelo, Rubens, and other mighty men of the sixteenth century, were dead, and the honour of following up the discovery devolved on a Spaniard and two Flemings. Rosio, a Maltese, how-

ever, was the Columbus of that day—or the Stanley of this. He had been long at Rome, and, from his 18th to his 54th year, he laboured as only an enthusiast can in the work of Christian archæology. During that time he explored vineyards, deepened wells, removed rubbish, opened galleries, and discovered much of what is now known. On one occasion he penetrated a Catacomb a mile from Sebastian, and went so far that he and his party could not for a time recognize their path. His remark on this occasion is amusing: "I began to fear that I should defile by my vile corpse the sepulchres of the martyrs." After Rosio's death the work of re-discovery went slowly on; and being left in the hands of adventurers we are puzzled now to know whether stories of the 17th century are myths or marvels. They tell us of a sepulchre covered with gold, of a superb cameo, a series of the rarest coins, and that multitudes of objects were secretly sold by the workmen. John Evelyn, in 1645, speaks of the many skeletons he saw placed on shelves, during a three miles' "subterranean meander." They lay entire as if placed there by the "chirurgeon's art, but on being touched fell all to dust."

In the beginning of last century a systematic search for Catacombs was made, and whole galleries of tombs with their inscriptions were discovered, all of which were finally taken to the Christian Museum in the Vatican founded by Benedict XIV. Still, even up to late years, destruction has visited the Catacombs, and paintings have been destroyed by the ruthless discoverers. But old MSS. have turned up, a sort of eighth century guide books to the Catacombs; and De Rossi, the present director, under the Pope—they are

still considered the property of his Holiness,—has shown us how in the eighth century the Popes had built stairs to lead pilgrims to the tombs of the saints, and opened air-courses, widened galleries, and made matters pretty comfortable.

But what do these Catacombs all mean? We can understand niches in the high up rocks of Petra, and even pyramids for graves in Egypt. But why hundreds of thousands of shelves, like the berths in an emigrant ship, under ground? Why subterranean necropolises? Why so large as to measure 350 miles of galleries, or *piani*, gallery often covering gallery to a length equal to that of all Italy? Were these the last homes of the "saints which be at Rome?" Yes. Begun in apostolic times, they were used as burying places until Rome was captured by Alaric in 410. Originally many belonged to private families, and are called after their names still. De Rossi proves that the Catacombs were not deserted sand-pits, such as may yet be seen; but properly designed burying places, to which little chapels were attached, and where divine worship was performed to audiences which might have numbered some hundreds. In these Catacombs were interred the bodies of all the saints who died in the persecutions, and notably those who suffered martyrdom. In the eighth century the numerous invasions of Rome rendered it wise to carry off the relics and consign them to different churches. The true Roman would never injure a tomb, and the Roman Government did not refuse to allow the bodies of real or supposed criminals to be given to their friends, except now and again when they were afraid the remains would be worshipped. Burial societies existed everywhere in Rome. A list of eighty has come down

to our days, and they embrace every trade and every profession, including doctors. Even the slaves had their club, and if a master would not give up a slave's dead body, his fellow-members buried an effigy in its stead. So long as the Roman powers supposed that the Christian underground cemeteries were like the pagan ones, for burial only, they were respected. But news reached the Emperors of what we should call "conventicle" meetings, and an edict was issued to suppress them. Thus we no longer wonder at the Christian Catacombs. The pagan burial societies would no doubt have Christian branches added to them, and what more natural than to bury all the Christians away from all the Pagans?

The long accounts of the tombs of St. Paul, St. Priscilla, and others of apostolic ages are too mythical for me to extract much about them. But on the descriptions of some Catacombs I must linger. At that of St. Domitilla, paintings of exquisite taste, vines gracefully trained, birds of varied colours, and Scripture scenes are to be seen. Daniel standing on a rock, while lions look kindly on, adorns the roof. The painter, like most modern ones, has, however, depicted Daniel as a spruce young man of twenty-five, instead of an aged veteran of eighty. But the most interesting of all the Catacombs, as I have already said, are the two which I was able to visit, namely, St. Callixtus and St. Sebastian. Their locality even in pagan Rome was that of the great highway into the Eternal City, the "Queen of Roman roads," as the Via Appia was called. Pagans and Christians alike used it under ground or above ground as the resting place for their dead. The notion that the Catacombs were secret burying places has long been exploded, as it would be utterly impos-

sible for such excavations to have taken place without the knowledge of the Roman authorities. That they were used for "public" worship, so far as their capacity allowed, even in peaceful times, is very likely, because they contained the bones of venerated and celebrated martyrs; and that they were used as places of refuge during the ten persecutions which the early Church endured is extremely probable. Safe they would be in most cases from the attacks of their enemies, who would scarcely dare to follow them into dark and dangerous recesses. As far back as 625 an old guide book speaks of the Catacomb of St. Sebastian as the spot where the Apostles Peter and Paul were buried, and in which they rested for 40 years previous to their removal to the places where their bodies are said to be now interred.

The Basilica of St. Sebastian was built by Constantine, and from it we make an easy descent to the grave of St. Cyrinus, "Pope and Martyr," and there we see tablets and frescoes which suggest what these Catacombs were in "the days of their glory." The feeling, although they are "graves," or "shelves," or "berths," is, that we are in a place that may be called "holy ground."

I go to St. Callixtus, near by, and I cannot shut my ears, let alone my eyes, to the facts which prove that this Catacomb was begun 1,600 years ago, and that it had long been the resting place of those to whom their contemporaries had awarded the honours of saintship. By the dim light I see scratchings on the walls, somewhat like those in the discovered theatres at Pompeii, from which I learn, through the aid of the ripe scholarship of De Rossi, the hopes, joys; complaints, and sorrows of those far

back ages. Invocations to martyrs are frequently scratched on the walls by the many thousands of pilgrims who have visited the Catacombs in the farthest back years of the Christian Church. In this Catacomb there is a portion called the "Papal Crypt," only discovered some 20 years ago. It was then in a state of ruin, as all the adjacent soil, fragments of gravestones, decaying brickwork, and every kind of rubbish had fallen in and covered it. As now seen it has fragments of marble columns, and other masonry. Ancient guide books say it was the burying place of the third century Christians. De Rossi gives a very long account of the Roman and the foreign bishops buried in it, with copies of the short pithy epitaphs on their tablets; and he proves to a demonstration that Death must have had a triumphal reign in this underground part of the world in the days of the persecutions. There are various crypts connected with the Catacomb of St. Callixtus, and numerous interesting stories about St. Eusebius, St. Cornelius, and others, whose names time would fail me to quote, and the history of whom, with the figurative decorations which surrounded their tombs, have been fruitful sources of discussion amongst learned antiquarians. I have already stated that most of the interesting tablets and paintings are being carried to the Museum at the Vatican. Some of them I saw, and many others which De Rossi tells us of, I should like to see if I could go once more to the Vatican. A good many of them are symbolic. Over one is an anchor, the symbol of hope. Sheep, doves, and fishes have evidently been favourite symbols. It is said that a multitude of little fishes in crystal, ivory, enamel, and precious stones, have been found in the Catacombs,

some of them with holes drilled through the head, on purpose to be worn round the neck, and with words engraven on them, such as "Mayst thou save us." Why, may we ask, was a fish used as a symbol? or, of what was it a symbol? It is seldom that it is found alone; a sheep, a dove, or an anchor is generally combined with it, and the combination suggests Christ upholding His Church. Paintings of the miracles related in the New Testament have been common in this Catacomb, and I believe in the others. The multiplication of the loaves and fishes, the changing of the water into wine, the healing of the paralytic man, and others, have been favourite themes with the painters of the early Church. Allegorical paintings, too, have had full share in the Catacombs. The vine, and the wise and foolish virgins, are frequently and variously represented; sometimes in a very rough manner, of which those I see are specimens, the better ones having probably been removed. Noah in the ark as typical of baptism turns up now and again; Jonah and the fish are also to be seen; but Daniel in the lion's den and the three children in the fiery furnace have been evidently the most popular, if I except the adoration of the Magi. Paintings of our Blessed Lord and the Virgin are very rare in the Catacombs, De Rossi says; and I see none. It is certainly remarkable that there should not have been found any genuine portraits of either our Lord, His Blessed Mother, or His Apostles, in a Catacomb so old as the second century. In the Vatican I believe St. Peter and St. Paul are shown on a bronze medal about three inches in diameter, executed in a fine style of classic art, and the heads finished with great care. The portraits are said to be very life-like and natural, and to bear a

strong impress of individual character. One of the heads is covered with short curly hair, the beard clipped short and also curled. The features are somewhat rough and commonplace. The face of the other is more noble, graceful, and strongly marked; the head is bold and the beard thick and long. These figures may well have been real portraits of the brave but rude fisherman, Peter of Bethsaida, and the polished and learned Paul of Tarsus. The Saviour is represented in the Catacombs under typical characters in numerous instances, but always as a young and beardless man, with nothing very marked in His appearance to distinguish Him from the others, or from the rest of men. One rather famed medallion in the Vatican, beautiful and authentic, (?) is called the oldest portrait of the Saviour in existence, and shows Him with an oval face, a straight nose, arched eyebrows, a smooth and rather high forehead, an expression serious and mild, the hair parted in the middle, flowing in long curls down the shoulders, the beard not thick, but short and divided, and the age between 30 and 40. This description agrees pretty nearly with the well-known letter of Lentulus to the Roman Senate, in which the personal appearance of our Lord is thus described:—"His hair curly, rather dark and glossy, falls down upon His shoulders, and is parted in the middle after the manner of the Nazarenes, the forehead is smooth and very serene, the countenance without line or spot, of a pleasant complexion, and moderately ruddy. The nose and mouth are faultless, the beard thick and ruddy, like the hair, not long, but divided, the eyes bright, and of varying colour." In the paintings found in the Catacombs the saints are generally represented as praying, and the

Virgin Mary also appears in the same act, often in the company of Our Saviour, who is represented as the Good Shepherd. The Magi occur, as I have already stated, again and again, and it is rather amusing to find the difficulty which painters laboured under in giving the historical number (three) and yet placing them in artistic positions. Under the head of "liturgical paintings," De Rossi gives several pages of very interesting matter, but more interesting still are the gilded glasses which have been found in the Catacombs and which now enrich the museums of all Europe. Rings, coins, terra cotta lamps with Christian emblems upon them, and various objects of domestic use or ornament have been from time to time discovered in all the Christian cemeteries. Most of the glasses are drinking cups, at the bottom of which are designs executed in gold leaf in such a manner that the figures and letters should be seen from the inside, the gold leaf being protected by an inside plate of glass, so welded by fire as to form a solid mass with the cup. The art of making them seems to have been known only in Rome, and practised only in the third and fourth centuries. The subjects depicted were partly pagan, partly social and domestic, partly Jewish, but most frequently Christian. Thus we have Christ with the rod of power changing the water into wine, the three children in the fiery furnace, Moses striking the rock, the Good Shepherd, and so on. The Blessed Virgin is represented sometimes alone, praying between two olive trees, sometimes with the Apostles, and occasionally with St. Agnes. The Holy Trinity are once or twice shown. De Rossi says that on the Sarcophagi at the Lateran the Eternal Father is symbolized by a veiled figure in an episcopal chair. But

space fails me to give above a tithe of all that has been seen in the Catacombs, which now may be seen in the Vatican Museum, and what I saw in the two Catacombs which I visited.

Before leaving the subject, the question naturally arises—Is there any doubt about these immense Catacombs having been the handiwork of the Christians, or made for Christian burial places? The celebrated Bishop Burnet, De Rossi says, was foolish enough to publish his opinion that all the tombs of Christianity found in the Catacombs were the forgeries of a few monks in the fourth and fifth centuries. On the contrary, De Rossi maintains the exclusive use of the Catacombs by Christians, and says the only serious argument against it, namely, the presence of a few pagan inscriptions, tells in the opposite direction, as they are mere inscriptions upon stones which had been previously used for pagan purposes. For a long time it was supposed that the Catacombs had been merely quarries of the Romans, and that the Christians found them convenient places for concealing their murdered brethren. Learned arguments took place on the subject, but eventually the internal evidence of the cemeteries themselves carried the day in favour of their Christian origin and their Christian end. The soil around Rome is volcanic, and would never have been used for cement, or for building. The extreme improbability, therefore, of Pagans having constructed the galleries of the Catacombs for no special purpose, is the first argument in favour of their Christian origin for the reception of Christian dead. The nature of the ground was eminently adapted for the purpose. It was easily worked and sufficiently consistent to admit of being hollowed into galleries and chambers, without falling in, and its openings causing the water

quickly to draw off from it, thus leaving the galleries dry and wholesome, an important consideration when we think of the vast number of dead bodies which once lined the walls of these subterranean cemeteries. The extensive sand-pits round about Rome, which have sometimes been used as cemeteries, have evidently been excavated for the purpose of obtaining pozzolana. Hence the passages are made as wide as possible, the arch of the roofs springing from the floor, and affording space for carts to be introduced to take away the sand or stone. The Catacombs, on the contrary, have vertical walls, and almost flat roofs. The passages are so narrow as rarely to admit of two persons walking abreast, and only the narrowest kind of hand carts can be used by those now clearing them out. There is no doubt that the reason why they were once considered as of pagan origin was for want of examination of the cemeteries themselves.

The Catacomb of St. Callixtus is the only one of which a scientifically accurate plan has yet been published. The first impression conveyed by a glance at its map is that of inextricable confusion, but after a time, and by the help of coloured parts, the whole is reduced to order, and the measurements turn up to be exactly 100, 125, 150, and 250 feet. The general supposition is that originally a plot of ground of, say, 150 Roman feet along the road-side, and extending backwards 100 feet, was secured by a Christian as a burial place, after the usual legal formalities, and then the whole cut into galleries according to a regular plan. The numerous portions of the Catacomb of St. Callixtus suggests as much order as one could conceive if Brunel had planned the sides of the Great Eastern for giving berths to 10,000 emigrants on their way to the United

States, all the necessary passages being provided in proper proportion. Towards the middle of the third century, the owners of these underground cemeteries began to be disturbed in the peaceful possession in which they had held them; and the probability is that they commenced blocking up the various staircases, and only leaving ways of escape exceedingly narrow and steep and in parts as little known as possible to their oppressors. Under Diocletian, we are told, the Christians were forbidden to enter their own cemeteries, and hunted out of them when they evaded the tyrannical edict. It was very natural, then, that in order to prevent the profanation of the sacred sepulchres, the Christians should have recourse to the expedient of filling up the principal galleries with earth, and thus render their possessions inaccessible either to friend or foe. That they did so is apparent from the condition in which most of the Catacombs are at the present day; and convincingly so from the discovery of a series of galleries, the floor of which, in many parts, must have been the surface of the earth with which the older galleries had been filled. When peace was restored to the Church, the clearing out of these galleries was done on a small scale, in some parts, traces of which in the shape of inscriptions remain to the present day. One marvellous feature which I ought not to omit to mention as being particularly Roman, is the extraordinary labyrinths connecting the different Catacombs, uniting numbers of them into one vast Necropolis, not effected without great difficulty, as the levels were widely different. All this must have been the work of architects of no mean talents, and at a cost suggestive of the early Christians, or some of them at least, being men of large means. Did room not fail me, there would be no difficulty in

giving a column with reference to the minor interesting details which the Catacomb of St. Callixtus brings to light. Some of the ceilings, for instance, are lined with stucco on which frescoes are painted. Others are lined with coloured marbles arranged in geometrical patterns. Iron bars and marble pavements peep up here and there, and staircases worthy of the Romans are to be found in many parts. Large tiles, bearing the marks of the Imperial manufactory of Marcus Aurelius, are to be found; and of the doorways, arches, and steps I can only say that their name is literally legion. No doubt there is much more to be learned from the clearing out of the Catacombs, as but a very small part has yet been executed.

But I must now leave the Catacombs, and conclude this part letter, part extract, part "at home" composition, with a few words about the Chair of St. Peter.

The Chair of St. Peter has long been used in a double sense, and has also long been looked upon as the subject of an amusing story by Lady Morgan, who professed to have discovered the venerable relic at Venice, and that upon it was a Mussulman formula. The present Pope Pius, who has done many silly things, and some very useful ones, for the gratification of antiquarians and the seekers after something new, five years ago commanded the venerable chair to be exposed for the veneration of the faithful, and a full opportunity given for a close and scientific examination of it from every point of view. Of course I did not see it; it was all covered up again at my visit, and encased within its bronze covering, supported by the colossal figures of the four Doctors of the Church. A picture of the chair shows four solid legs composed of oak, united by two

horizontal bars of the same material. In these legs are fixed iron rings, by means of which the chair could be carried, with the Sovereign Pontiff in it, where desired on State occasions. The four oak legs are much eaten away by age, but more by the rapacity of relic-hunters in past ages. The chair has thus required to be strengthened by pieces of dark acacia wood. The panels of the front and sides are also composed of oak, and a good deal of ivory is used in ornamentation. The ivory is in square plates, disposed in three rows, and they have the "Labours of Hercules" engraved upon them, thin *laminæ* of gold being let into the lines of the engraving. Some of them are put in upside down, so that their present use is evidently not that for which they were originally intended. Other portions of the ivory seem to have been made on purpose. They are not engraven, but sculptured in relief, and represent combats of beasts, centaurs, and men, and in the middle is the figure of a crowned emperor, holding in his right hand a sceptre, which is broken, and in his left a warrior's club. It has a moustache, but no beard, and is supposed to be a figure of Charlemagne. If so there can then be no doubt that the chair is composite work. It can scarcely be supposed that the Christians in the days of St. Peter, presuming that he ever was at Rome, would use any subjects of pagan mythology in connection with the chair, and the First Pope; but, on the other hand, there is no impossibility in supposing that the chair had been used by pagan Popes, or men of high position, and that it was given as a present by some rich converted pagan to the head Bishop of the Roman Christian Church. That the chair has an ancient history is beyond all doubt, for one of our own kings, Ceadwalla, king of the West Saxons, went

to Rome to be baptised in 689; and an epitaph still exists in Rome, stating that the said king came to see Peter's chair, and humbly received from its font the cleansing waters. There are stronger proofs of its age, although it would be too tedious to lay them now before my readers. Church historians trace the chair to the very life time of Peter, and it was evidently used as a symbol of apostolic succession and of true dogmatic teaching. I saw at Milan, as will be mentioned in due course, the seat in which St. Ambrose sat, a huge stone chair, with a Roman date upon it at least a century prior to the days of St. Ambrose; but the very fact that it is there still shows the deep interest felt in what was considered the chief seats in the chief churches of early Christendom, and we may conclude that it is not all a fable when we are told that a festival was celebrated by St. Ambrose at Milan, and by St. Augustine in Africa, in connection with the placing of the chair of St. Peter in the Basilica of the Vatican, where it remained throughout the fifth and the beginning of the sixth century.



LETTER XXXVIII.

AN EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS.

ROME, April 15th.—Dear S.—At length my short stay in Rome is over. I leave it to-day with regret. I begin to drink in its ancient air, its hallowed and unhallowed memories, and to fancy that I know something of that indescribable charm which the very word Rome has to so many minds. I shall require sleep, cogitation, and reflection fully to value what I have seen. Our great Sir Joshua Reynolds visited Rome when but 29 years of age, and he says he could not admire your Raphaels and Angelos at the first. Nay, he walked up and down the Sistine Chapel, and thought he could equal the “Last Judgment.” But he felt ashamed to own that he could not worship with the crowd until he found others, whose judgment he respected, in the same position. He says he found the empty minds those who admired to order, and wrote down what the guides related by the hour. Repeated visits and a two years’ stay in Rome changed and humbled him. A few days have done so with me. I leave overwhelmed with a sense of your artistic wealth. Can I ever forget the Vatican pictures and the Pio Nono tablets?—the “Madonna” of Guercino, with her touching grief—the “Coronation of the Virgin”

by Pinturricchio, with its many fine heads—the same by Raphael, with its sweet faces, but too youthful Madonna—the “Virgin” by Sassoferrato, so striking, so what I could fancy the Blessed above Women to have been—the “Taking Down from the Cross” by Correggio, full of deep feeling—the “Doge” of Titian—the “Martyr Erasmus” of Poussin, horrid in its disembowelling—Guido’s “Crucifixion of St. Peter” with his head downwards, and its awful painfulness—the “St. Helena” of Paul Veronese—or Guido’s “Madonna”? Never.

To the Romans whom I have seen, and with whom I have conversed in houses, offices, and public places, I tender my warm adieus through you, from whom I have received much attention. Yours is a glorious country. So is ours, and I freely invite you to fulfil your intention and go to England. We can show you sights which will be dear to you as a Roman. One of your Emperors has a mausoleum in our grand Cathedral at York, from which his ashes were carried to Rome. In many parts we have “Roman roads,” which your fathers made for us nearly 2,000 years ago. They run for hundreds of miles, and are more useful than your famed, but now blocked-up, Appian Way. At the Great Orme’s Head we can show you the extensive copper mines which the Romans worked in far back ages; at Northwich, the salt mines which they had the luck to discover; and at Wilderspool, near Warrington, numerous remains, to prove your forefathers’ skill in mechanics and pottery. Perhaps some of them were those early Christians who worked the glass found in the Catacombs, or even that celebrated art-gem of our British Museum which we call the Portland Vase. We can show you your forefathers’ pits of tempered clay, the distorted and misshapen

articles which they put aside, and medals of your Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian, yea, up to Marcus Aurelius. The invasions of your fathers were blessings to England in the long run, and we still pride ourselves on many mementoes of their presence amongst us. But for their internal dissensions they would no doubt have remained and maintained their ground here, and we should have been saved from two or three sets of future and inferior masters. However, "we bear no malice," but rather rejoice that the nation with which we had many a tug and which we finally expelled, was one so great as to be able to leave a history and remains such as I have seen at Rome. Some of you told me of your acquaintance with the works of Sir Walter Scott, and others famous in English literature. You will like our country as well as our literature if you come and see it. We have numerous lofty mountains, many lovely lakes, cathedrals far more ancient than your best churches at Rome, and though not so gorgeous yet almost as large, and certainly as solemn and graceful as your St. Peter's. But comparisons are odious, and while our London far outshines in material wealth and extent all that Rome ever could have been, we willingly grant you the glory of possessing as your heritage, ruins, mansions, names, paintings, and sculpture which will make Rome memorable to the end of time, if that be not postponed beyond, say, 5,000 years. If it be, and I believe it is likely to be put off for a good hundred thousand years, as our little planet is only a baby yet not rid of its long clothes, nor out of the power of measles and scarlatina, why then your Rome and our London will have become nonentities, not even myths, to nineteen-twentieths of those who come after us.

Were the sun obliterated at head-quarters, we should not know it for a time, and it is probable that in the books of the chronicles of the far-off future there may be no page in which Rome or London is inscribed. We cannot reason from analogy here, the world is too young for it. But it will be no disparagement to Rome if she cease to be the head-quarters of Christianity; when Australia, 22 times the size of Great Britain, has 22 times its population; when the thousands of isles in the Pacific are thronged with Christians, and America becomes as much a beehive as China. Of England, many years ago, Horace Walpole said, that at last some curious traveller from Lima would visit England, and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's.

In the mean time, to return to my subject, let me again express my pleasure with your good old city. You may improve it in your next selection of a Pope, by choosing one who is a layman at the time, as you did, I find, in 1024 and 1276, and who will thus have a little of this world's training. But perhaps the election of a priest will be the best if you are to continue to have a separate King. The Church of Rome is looked on, I need not tell you, by nearly 200 millions as—

“The great world's altar-stairs,
That slope through darkness up to God.”

But there has been far too much reason for the Popes to be “defamed by every charlatan and soiled by ignoble names.” If your Church would

“Ring out the darkness of the land,”

and

“Ring in the Christ that is to be,”

she would yet be great, and, as in purer days, have

her faith spoken of throughout the world. But my belief as an outsider is that the Pope would be more thought of if not mixed up with politics. At the present you, as well as others whom I met, are ready too often to say—"*C'est la faute du Pape*," when the dirty state of even a back street is referred to. This should not be, and perhaps the unhealthy state of Rome had better in future be laid at the door of the King than at the door of the Pope. Hormisdas, the Persian, had too much reason to say that men died at Rome as well as elsewhere.

I am off for Florence and then to Venice, which our Milton said was "neither sea nor good dry land."



LETTER XXXIX.

FLORENCE AT LAST.

APRIL 16th.—This morning we were snugly got into a reserve compartment by the care of Mr. Wood, and came here in much comfort and safety, passing the Tiber again and again, yellow with the earth it carries down to the sea. And now I am at *Firenze la bella*—Florence the beautiful, but whose inhabitants a late writer says are “inconceivably lazy, slovenly, and filthy.” Like many other travellers’ tales we hope to have no reason to believe them. At present I can but speak of Florence off-hand. It has its history bound up with the greatest men the world has seen. I have seen the home of the immortal Dante, over the doorway of which is a tablet to tell the tale. To-morrow I shall visit the residence of Galileo, and the handsome memorial temple raised to his memory. Everything around me tells of Michael Angelo, and of Raphael, who “hailed” from Florence, though born outside its walls. Here, at Florence, was the dogma of Purgatory promulgated in 1434, 200 years after the Confessional had received the same recognition at the Church of the Lateran. Here, too, Petrarch lived, and not far off have wagon loads of fossil bones been found, the supposed remains of one of Hannibal’s armies.

I confess I like the town amazingly. The Arno is a placid stream; the hills around are covered with villas, reminding one of the days when Michael Angelo as engineer of the Florentine Republic, ordered the villas of his time to be pulled down, that the invaders might have no shelter for the winter. And they were pulled down, and Florentine nobles behaved like patriots. Yet, these Florentines were then, like all ancient Republicans, a busy, plotting race. At Florence Lord Houghton's lines would not have been in place—

"There the calm of life comparing,
With his Europe's busy fate,
Let him gladly homeward faring
Learn to labour and to wait."

Four Cæsars for Rome in twelve months was nothing to Florentine changes. The fact was, Florence and Venice and Genoa were too small to be ruled independently. As well may we expect towns of their size in England to produce statesmen and rulers as they. Of necessity many of us, to use the language of Burns, must be men "wha grow wise priggling (bargaining) owre hops and raisins," and to whom the *how* to govern must be the deep unknown. In some circumstances we grow up to look with contempt even upon the lilies because they do not spin. But I have begun to homilise, which is a sure sign that I should say—Good-night.

LETTER XL.

FLORENCE IN GENERAL.

FLORENCE, April 17th.—On our arrival here last night, at the New York Hotel, we had the usual washings, &c., and were at once off for a walk up the banks of the Arno, a river flowing through the town about 60 miles from the sea, very much like the Clyde at Glasgow, walled in, and adorned with a promenade on both sides. It is called the Lungo Arno. By gaslight and moonlight the view was extremely pleasant, and an hour's drive made us fall in love with Florence, of which we had heard so much. The streets are much like those of Paris, wide and with footpaths, and *café* indoor life abounds. It seemed so strange to be all but at once dropped from the beautiful railway ride of twelve hours from Rome, surrounded as we had been by mountains, lakes, rivers, and vineyards into Dante's own city, where the Lungo Arno at once would suggest paradise, and many of the crowded *café*s the various circles into which the great Florentine placed the ungodly. *Café* life may be very lively, but it must be very deteriorating. We met a band of fine-looking fellows singing under an hotel window, on the river bank, and their music sounded really grand. I suppose Italian alone can give the human

voice scope for the display of its inherent and best cultivated powers. At the Italian Protestant services at Naples and in Rome we felt an indescribable feeling as the plaintive melodies of these lands were sung with a sweetness, a pathos, and a power to which we were strangers. Especially was this the case in Rome, where the audience was one composed almost entirely of working men—fine noble Roman-looking fellows. In returning to our inn we met two funeral processions, each preceded by a torchbearer. In one case the bearers, perhaps 15 in number, were masked and dressed in black; in the other, they were in white. Both went at a running pace. We were informed that the black bearers were part of a society formed 300 years ago, during the Florence plague, and that the members were masked on purpose, being men of position in the city.

Six o'clock.—A beautiful morning is now dawning, and I must away for a walk. . . . We have returned from an early walk along the river, and over a bridge covered chiefly with jewellers' shops. There were many curiosities in them and various antique articles, which, if money permitted, I should like to buy. At breakfast we had near us a family of three, who told us all their travels, the lady expatiating on the beauties of Venice. The breakfast and dinner parties at Naples were always interesting. At Rome we had some 200 at dinner, and so talked chiefly to ourselves.

We are now off to the Cathedral and to the Picture Gallery—the most wonderful for paintings in the world. But these require special letters. I only add that I go with fear and trembling. I am going to see the "Venus di Medici"—the most famed statue in

the world. Her sister figures and competitors at Paris and Rome I have written about. But critics say the Florentine is *the* figure of the world. Shall I find the "Venus di Medici"

"So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,"

that

"I start—for soul is wanting there"?

But go I must, rejoicing that I am at Florence—

"Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."



LETTER XLI.

THE MUSEUM, AND THE TRIBUNE OF GALILEO.

FLORENCE, April 18th.—I have seen two of the wonders of the world—the Museum of Florence, and the Temple dedicated to Galileo, the great astronomer. They are both on the other side of the Arno, at the Via Romana, and may be missed in the blaze of palaces, galleries, libraries, hospitals, churches, and squares. The Museum is an apparently endless collection of the wonders of the human body. There are twelve rooms full of anatomical subjects, among which cannot be less than 2,000 figures in part, or whole, of the human body, the size of life, illustrating the nature and development of disease. Some have no flesh; others no veins; others no arteries. Some figures have no brains, some half brains, or diseased brains. In one room you see the awful and insidious disease of cancer, for instance, developing itself in figure after figure, until it reaches that state when all hope fails for ever. So with tumours, eye diseases, heart disease, and various others. The Florentine Venus is here no black piece of rude mechanism. There are at least 20 male and female life-size figures, having every part exposed, or removed in turn, showing how “fearfully and wonderfully we are made.” Happy

must be the student of medicine who can linger among the works of the celebrated Clementi Susini for a few weeks.

Among the *natural* wonders are lobsters of enormous size, bats measuring a yard, and butterflies nine inches from wing to wing. Thousands upon thousands of sponges, of sizes to which we are strangers even in our dreams, are there.

I visited what are called the *Webb* rooms, containing rich botanical collections and books. Webb was an Englishman, but left all to Florence. There are also collections of minerals, and some painfully interesting ancient wax figures representing the great plague.

But the Tribune or Temple raised to Galileo is the rich wonder of the place. It was opened in 1841, and within its walls is the painted history of astronomy, and most of the instruments by which the earth wooed the heavens to tell their secrets. A thrill of ineffable joy ran through me and my fellow visitor, Mr. S., as we found the sacred ground upon which chance had led us. We knew Galileo's history; we had seen him on the enormous painting in last year's International Exhibition doing penance, or at least confessing his sin, before a number of characteristic ecclesiastics. But in the Tribune we were brought into close contact with the noble Tuscan, born in Pisa in 1564. Yes, we looked on the very instruments which had upset the cycles and epicycles, eccentrics and primum mobile of Ptolemy and brought into renown the Copernican system so grand in its simplicity. Aristotle was soon nowhere. He might have been killed without much regret; but the Fathers of the Church had put too literal interpretations on Bible astronomy and must abide by them. We think for

a time on his appearance before Pope Paul V. in 1616, and the promise he had to give not to teach the Copernican doctrine of the motion of the earth—of his return to Rome in the days of Pope Urban and the kindness he then received—of the same Pope summoning him to Rome when he was 70 years of age, when, we fear, he was submitted to the torture. At least to him it would be torture to be compelled to agree with "His Holiness and the Lords Cardinal" that the sun was not the centre of the world, and that the earth did not move. We fancy the old man condemned to prison "during pleasure"—compelled to recite for the next three weeks the seven penitential Psalms, and sign that, "with a sincere heart and unfeigned faith he abjured, cursed, and detested the said errors" (that the earth moves, &c.), and to swear "that he would never in future say or assert any such thing, verbally or in writing." We have seen him on his knees in the grand painting. We see him now in noble marble looking up to heaven, and easily fancy him saying as he rose from his knees, "*E pur se muove*"—It moves for all that.

But I forget that I am describing the Tribune. It is large, and at once we see that it is worthy of Galileo. We learn very soon that he was the father of experimental philosophy, that the Tribune was erected to preserve the scientific remains which were the product of his genius, or those of his school, to recall the most famous epochs in Tuscan philosophy, and the men who flourished at the same time. The artists, and the precious materials which enrich the walls, we are told, are all Tuscan. The architect was a Tuscan, the painters were Tuscans, the sculptors were Tuscans, and each rivalled the other in zeal and

talent and taste to worthily acquit him in honouring the memory of his great countryman. They have done it; but it was 200 years after his death. Milton was 29 years old when he saw Galileo two years before the blind astronomer died; Newton, who was born in the year that Galileo died; and Shakespeare, who was his contemporary, have long since had "honourable mention" in our Westminster; but none has his statue enshrined like Galileo. Time and his countrymen have done him honour at last.

Placing ourselves in the vestibule near to the grand window, and in front of the statue, we turn towards the telescope which Galileo holds in his left hand, and we see represented Leonardo da Vinci, and the Duke of Milan, at the moment that that celebrated man is making known to the Duke his numerous inventions and discoveries in art, mechanics, and physical science. This grand Tuscan genius preceded Galileo in dynamics and hydraulics, Newton in the theory of colours, and Lavoisier in the doctrine of combustion. He who was, one may say, the day star of the age of Galileo, is with reason placed in the first position, as he exhorts the *savans* to make experiments in natural researches, and demonstrates their necessity. At his side is Luc Pacioli, a learned friar, and restorer of algebraic science in Italy. Around the Duke are Accolti, Bellincioni, and other Tuscans, who illustrate his reign and his unhappy times. In a frieze below are two medallions in marble. One is Alberti, the inventor of the *chambre obscure*, the other Jean Baptiste, the inventor of the *chambre optique*. Looking still to the left we see a large field in which Galileo is giving a public discourse at Pisa, to demonstrate by experiment the law regulating falling bodies,

a law which he deduced from his first and important works, and which has ever since remained a part of physical science. It was considered right that a fact so important in the history of science should be represented first. We see a long inclined plane upon which run the bodies of which they are measuring the time taken in their descent. Behind the plane is Galileo, already professor at the University of Pisa. Clothed with his toga, under which is a red tunic, is Jacques Mazzoni, his friend; a professor in a monastic habit, on one knee, holds his pulse with one hand, ready to measure the time the bodies take to descend. Divers groups of philosophers are around them. Some regard the experiments with derision, and are looking into *Aristotle* in vain for responses to the new facts. Don Jean de Médicis, a rival, looks hostile. Young students full of zeal and emulation are there, and in the distance we see the leaning tower of Pisa, to indicate where the celebrated Tuscan made his first dynamical discoveries.

Advancing we stand face to face with the great philosopher. His statue is in a semi-circle in the centre of the hall, and, as the French guide book says, "dominates the precious spot." His large grand forehead is turned towards the firmament, the field of his celestial conquests. By the right hand he points to tracings on a map which show his two great discoveries.

In three compartments of the Tribune we see Galileo, as a young student, in the middle of life, and at its close. As a student he is contemplating the movement of a lamp suspended from the ceiling of the Cathedral at Pisa. It was a very simple observation, but one from which, "as an immense flame may be born from

a spark," his genius drew the isochronous oscillations of the pendulum, from which all sciences have drawn certitude in their calculations. In the second we see him at manhood, presenting his telescope to the Venetian Senate—a grand body in those days—and demonstrating its utility in making known his first astronomical discoveries. Amid the senators are some very fine heads, including the celebrated Frère Servite and Paul Sarpi. In the last compartment we see Galileo, a venerable man, at his home in Arcetri, old and blind. He is dictating to his two illustrious disciples, Torricelli and Viviani, a geometrical demonstration on the law of falling bodies. Other figures are seen—men who came to visit him in the last days of his glorious but troubled life. In the ceiling, near to the lantern, are figures ornamented with gold, showing the signs of the zodiac, and near by all the astronomical works of Galileo are shown in bas-relief upon an azure ground. The "Milky Way" is there; so are the surroundings of Orion, the phases of Venus, the mountains of the Moon, the satellites of Jupiter, the spots on the Sun, and other early discoveries. In the two pilasters are shown Galileo's discoveries in connection with the pendulum, the hydrostatic balance, the thermometer, the pentagraph, the magnet, the telescope and microscope. One looks and looks, and inwardly exclaims, "Lord, what is man? . . . Thou hast made him but a *little* lower than the angels."

Around the statue are six niches, in which are kept the scientific instruments of Galileo. They include his first two telescopes—his own making, and therefore very precious, though modest in appearance; an object-glass of his own make, enclosed in an ebony box,

ornamented with ivory illustrations and inscriptions. His pentagraph, his magnet, and, curious taste! his index finger are here. It was cut from his dead body, as it lay in a chamber, near the chapel of Saints Come and Damian, from which it was carried to the monument erected to his memory in the church of St. Croix.

Other parts of the Tribune contain busts of notable men who were disciples of Galileo, and a deeply interesting picture of the Academy testing whether the cold of ice could be reflected in a mirror, the same as the heat of burning charcoal and light. On a table is a concave metal mirror, in the focus of which is placed a very sensitive thermometer. In a line with it a mass of ice rests upon a tripod. Round the table are well-known *savans*. Each takes a part. The Grand Duke Ferdinand is there; so is Prince Leopold. The bust of Galileo is there to show that, though he is gone, all are his disciples.

But there is more to engage our attention. The friezes which adorn the hall are ornamented with medallions, and in the recesses are the resting-places of many astronomical instruments. Globes are there which did duty ages ago, in showing experiments on the compressibility of water; so are ancient thermometers, aërometers, and telescopes, once the property of great men. Four enormous instruments are in the hall, having names too fine to be remembered. They were connected with the combustion of diamonds, and other precious stones, and aided Sir Humphrey Davy in his researches upon the chemical nature of the diamond. There were giants in those days.

The remainder of the hall is occupied with paintings or instruments belonging to other eminent Italians,

including the marvellous invention of the voltaic battery by Alexandre Volta. He is shown at the moment when he made known to the Institute of Paris the experiments which conduced to his admirable discovery. "All the *savans* of France," says the guide book, "were assembled round Volta to learn from him the truths which they had hitherto doubted." Volta is shown with First Consul Napoleon Buonaparte in front of him, and behind him Lagrange, the *savant* who recalled the surprising discoveries of Galileo in mechanics. Italy may well be proud of her great sons—every art, every science, is her debtor in no trifling sum.

Before I leave Galileo let me speak of his home on the top of one of the hills which "dominate" Florence. It is called the Villa d'Arcetri. We had both to drive and walk to find it; and when found it was not worth making a note of, but for Galileo's sake. It has a tower which served him as an observatory. We felt we were on sacred ground. If for nothing else it was here that our Milton visited Galileo, then a blind old man.

While Mr. S. and I were having our luxurious and never-to-be-forgotten interview with Galileo, the remainder of our party visited the Boboli Gardens near by, which are a great attraction to visitors. They belong to the Royal Palace, and are adorned with groves of the cypress and the olive, have numerous fine works in statuary, attractive fountains, charming walks, arched over and shaded with living verdure, forming a tempting retreat from the hot sun. Terraces, formed and divided by rose hedges all in full bloom, made the whole a perfect Arcadia, Mr. G. said. A band at the Palace sent delicious strains over the Gardens, and

made the bliss of the visitors perfect. They went through the Palace, which was covered with mossy carpets, draperies of the rarest tapestry, and furniture richly decorated and gilt. Some of it was inlaid with choice mosaics, ebony, and ivory. The most distinguished Italian artists had shown their talents there. Cellini's works were there in abundance, one gallery being fitted out with his noblest works in gold, silver, and ivory. Charming ancient Grecian and Roman statuary was there, and numerous articles once the property of the renowned house of Medici. The bridal bed of Prince Humbert and the state bed of Count Cavour are pointed out to visitors as objects worthy of attention.



LETTER XLII.

*FLORENCE.—DANTE, FERUCCI, SAVONAROLA,
THE DUOMO AND PICTURE GALLERIES.*

FLORENCE, April 18th.—There is a charm in the very name of Florence. The river Arno is well known, and as the houses have never been destroyed by fire or sword, they are old, very old and dingy in many parts. The site is nothing so lovely as that of Naples, nor so royal-like as that of Genoa, nor has Florence art-treasures equal to Rome, nor an ancient influence equal to Venice, nor an external history like Pisa and Milan; but for two hundred years it had an internal life far beyond any of its Italian compeers, and in art that remains to this day. Good Americans are said to go to Paris when they die. Good and bad Florentines alike are unhappy if unable at even-tide to meet their friends in her squares, or to have their children baptised in the church of San Giovanni. We have seen it, and its proud inscription that it will not be thrown down until the day of judgment. The Romans thought their Capitol would endure to eternity, and Horace said his songs would last as long. But eternity meant a thousand years or so, in those days. Nevertheless, there are Florentine men whose names can scarcely be forgotten in the

farthest-off ages when Father Time shall hand over his scythe and hour-glass to his successor—Eternity. We cannot forget Dante while we are in Florence. The glass and china shops have his well-known face on their ware. The cabmen know his back street house; the church of St. Maria del Fiore has his monument. His poems were the results of the wars, the vices, the hatreds, and loves of his townsmen. Galileo, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael are names which come out of the pigeon-holes of memory as we walk the streets of Florence. These men were not mere bookworms. Dante, Michael Angelo, and a Vinci, at least were soldiers. Dante fought in battle, was a furious party man—a Ghibelline—wrote and sang for his party, and issued no end of political “leaders.” He died in exile a disappointed partisan, but his books live, fresher, brighter than ever. It is only in our day, however, 550 years after his death, that his country seeks honour by honouring him.

The streets of Florence seem suggestive of old histories with which every moderately educated person is supposed to be acquainted. One cannot walk along them without remembering the brave Ferucci, a name dear to every Florentine, and lisped by their youngest children. When their glorious city was surrounded by their ferocious enemy, and traitors within were planning its destruction, Francesco Ferucci rose to be the deliverer for the time being, and to hand down a name of unsullied purity to the farthest generations which may be able to value patriotism. Florence was completely blockaded; the last 200 sheep were already killed. In the Cathedral a private citizen had delivered a most powerful oration in favour of freedom or death. Every citizen took oath in the square before the

church of San Giovanni, in the presence of the magistrates, that he would conquer or die. The Florentines taxed themselves without mercy. All deposited their capital with the government. All ecclesiastical property and moneys belonging to hospitals were seized and handed over for the defence of their town. Miserable bread and water served the citizens for food; the streets became full of corpses. Ferucci, though ill with fever, was carried out into the midst of the soldiers to animate them with his presence. They defended Florence not only with arms but with boiling oil, and baskets full of stones were hurled against the besiegers; and so devastating was the effect, that on one occasion the enemy withdrew with a loss of 600 men. But the hot season came on. In July, Florence, lying, as it were, in a basin surrounded by hills, and without a breath of cold air to absorb the heat of the cloudless days, becomes, one might say, a manufactory of fever; the Arno grows shallow, and the sandy islands in the midst of its beds raise their heads everywhere. Every one breathed as in a slow fever; every morsel of food became valuable; and the women of evil life, who were exceedingly numerous in Florence, were ejected from inside the walls. Every one suspected of conniving with the Pope, or any of the friends of the Medici, was hung at once and without mercy; and the resolution was taken that they would guard the walls to the last; that they would even set fire to the city, rush against the enemy, and leave him nothing of Florence but the remembrance of the great souls who had stood forth as an immortal example to all who are born for freedom, how they ought to fight to preserve it. But the sad tale came to an end. Treachery compelled them to yield, and their noble leader was

killed by the thrust of a pike which the opposing Neapolitan general—for their enemies were allies from all nations—thrust through the breast of his defenceless and fainting foe with a fearful curse. They had chalked upon the houses that we see before us—"Poor, but free!" But it was all in vain. Florence never recovered from the fearful attack. Michael Angelo had done his best, as engineer-in-chief, to render the city impregnable. Every gentleman's house and every monastery ~~for~~ several miles around in which the enemy could shelter had been destroyed; but all in vain, and Angelo himself had to take refuge in the belltower of San Nicolo until the wrath of the captors had abated.

It is impossible to forget the stirring scenes through which some old towns and countries have passed when you visit them for the first time. All Italian cities have tales of flood and field; and those of Florence, although concentrated in a comparatively small space, are certainly interesting. There is the sad story of Savonarola, little known to the world at the present day. Yet to a real Florentine the very name brings to remembrance matters connected with his native city which he can never forget. Florence had become not only a town famous for men of talent, which it had produced from Dante onwards, but its wealth had "engendered," as wealth too often does, an amount of immorality which, whilst only in keeping with the 15th century, was a strange development side by side with the lives and works of the great men of those times. Savonarola came forward preaching, like another John the Baptist, and declaring that the world was fast hastening to an end. He saw heathenish practices everywhere, even among the Popes and Cardinals at the head of the Church. He declared that the punishment

of these abominations could not long be delayed, and that the cup of their iniquity was full. At first Florence received him coldly, but at last it listened to him as reformers generally are listened to in the long run when their message is delivered with vigour, and followed up by a blameless life. Florence could not but plead guilty to the fearful charge brought against it. There was no stain attached to illegitimate children, and they abounded everywhere; deceit was expected as a matter of course, and the deceiver was despised only if he allowed himself to be circumvented. Cowardice was but a crime when united with too little cunning; and even the Church furnished many men who were far from coming up to the holy vows that they had taken upon them. The consecrated priests, bishops, and cardinals wrote verses, and openly acknowledged themselves as the authors, compared with which the worst of Ovid's lovesongs is purity itself. The doctrines of religion were degraded; astrology and soothsaying became the official passport to office, and Savonarola denounced the sins of his times with vigour and determination which spared neither the Pope at Rome, nor the highest prelates at Florence; no, nor even the reigning Duke who was then the personification of permanent power in Italy. We cannot look at the churches before us without thinking of the crowds that he brought to hear him from time to time, while for several years he was the popular preacher. As in olden times, when the greatest Reformer that the world has seen preached, the "common people heard him gladly." But I cannot describe the particulars of his eventful life and his fearful death—burned at the stake in his old town of Florence, surrounded by a crowd sullen and indifferent, his ashes thrown into

the Arno, and every effort made to render his death degrading.

We now go to the church of San Giovanni. What a wonderful building it is! We look at its gates. They are known the world over as the work of Ghiberti. The church is 1,100 years old, the gates are fully 500. Three of them are open to our view, the fourth is walled up. The southern was supplied by Pisano with brazen wings, for which Giotto made the designs. At the beginning of the 15th century, the wool merchants, to whom the church belonged, had the eastern gate finished, after an extensive competition of the artists of Europe. Ghiberti gained the appointment of artist, although he was but 20 years of age. He had the complete door as a model, and each wing of the new door was to be divided into a series of compartments one above another, containing figures in bas-relief. We look at the work and see how faultlessly it has been executed. It took no less than 21 years, but he gained fame throughout all Italy and a commission to execute the third door. In 25 years he completed it, and then he died, his whole life being as it were devoted to the execution of the work which we see before us. There is an unusually rich gathering of figures on both doors, but especially upon the last. They are in reclining and standing positions, executed with great freedom, and projecting so far from the ground work as to show that they might easily have taken the 50 years which I have named. "The creation of Adam," "the drunkenness of Noah," "the death of Goliath," and many other Scripture subjects, transferred more or less by Michael Angelo to the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, are here in solid brass. Truly might the great Angelo say of these doors that

they were worthy to be the gates of Paradise. Casts of them may be seen at the Kensington Museum. We go inside the church and behold its richly ornamented dome. It has this distinguishing feature over the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, ~~that~~, like the dome of the Pantheon, from which it is evidently taken, it has no pillars near to lessen its effect, and it is visible as soon as you enter the building, and equally visible as you stand outside. We believe it is said of domes, that to be the perfection of art they should be double,—an internal one visible from all parts of the building, and an external one visible from all parts of the country round. We cross to the Duomo, or St. Maria del Fiore. It has a dome of renown, of which a curious story is told. The Cathedral itself had long been completed, but its centre was left open and roofless. No one knew how to close the immense opening. Competition was invited, and in 1420 the leading architects of the world sent in their proposals for the erection of a cupola. One suggested detached pillars to support it; another wished to wall up the opening with pumice stone, on account of its lightness; another proposed one single mighty pillar in the centre. But the most extravagant proposition of them all was to fill the entire church with earth, thus to obtain a temporary support for the dome, and when it was fixed and hardened in its place, the earth was to be removed by the voluntary efforts of those who chose to work at its removal, on the chance of finding small coins which were to be mixed with the earth when it was carried in! But a man for the times appeared at the proper time. His name was Brunelleschi. He wished to construct the proposed dome with the aid of scaffolding only, and reduced the esti-

mates of others to a very small sum. Nobody listened to him, and he was on the point of leaving his ungrateful city and returning to Rome when reason dawned upon the people's minds. They wanted him to exhibit his model to the company of architects. He was willing to show it to those upon whose votes the decision rested. A new assembly was called. There were disputes and refusals, and at last he asked the assembly to place an egg standing on its end. None of the architects individually nor combined were able. Brunelleschi tapped it, and the thing was done. It was the story attributed to Columbus, but many years before Columbus was born. He obtained the order to build the dome; but local jealousy sadly interfered, and he was tied to the dead body of an artist whose conceptions were worth nothing. When the time came that the most important part of the dome had to be laid, Brunelleschi feigned to be ill, and his fellow-architects could proceed no further; and finally retired. It was then that Brunelleschi's talents shone forth, and he left not only the grand dome which we now see, but many other works to perpetuate his fame.

I will not detain you with a description of the monuments which we saw in this and several other churches. You will readily conceive that Dante, Ferucci, Galileo, and Michael Angelo form part of a goodly company to whom marble statues have been erected; but there is not much to be said in favour of the design and workmanship of any of them. In fact, such men live far better without these extraneous means being resorted to to give them immortality. The very idea of Dante requiring a monument to make him be remembered is absurd, and lowering to the immortal genius. I must, however, add that the

outside of the Duomo has not been finished in front. The other parts are covered with white, black, and green marble. The painted windows are very fine, but too small to light the church. There were at least 30 priests singing, and waving incense about, but the congregation was not half a score. The Campanile of Giotto is near the Duomo, covered with every colour of marble, and adorned with statues.

We now hurry on to see in front of the Palace the far-famed work of Michael Angelo, namely, his "David." We enter the square and see before us the castellated Vecchio Palace, with which so many Florentine memories are associated, and each one says to the other, "But where is David?" Alas, "David" is boarded up! Something or other is wrong with it; and the figure, to see which men of taste, we believe, have gone hundreds of miles in days when there was no railway travelling, is shut out from our eyes. We see statuary scattered through the square, some of it certainly of real merit, and if there had been no "David" we should have considered ourselves as amply rewarded by the sight of the works of less famed masters than Michael Angelo, which are here exposed to wind and weather, and to the gaze and admiration of every Florentine from his earliest days. But we came to see "David." We had read about him, heard about him, had discussions about him on our way to Florence, and were grievously disappointed. Angelo's "David" has a somewhat peculiar history. Many years before the time that Angelo was commissioned to execute it, the marble block measuring 18 feet high had been conveyed from the celebrated quarries of Carrara to Florence, and the wool weavers intended to have a prophet out of it, as one of the

figures destined to surround the outside of the Duomo. Something, however, interfered just then to prevent their intention being carried out. The block was too large even for Donatello to meddle with, and it had lain ever since the memory of man in the courtyard of the workshops belonging to the cathedral building. At last it was proposed to Michael Angelo, when he was but a young man, that he should try what he could make out of this stone which the sculptors had rejected. Angelo at that time was busy decorating a vault with 15 marble statues of small size; but when he saw the immense block, and considered the fame which he might acquire in Florence by a work of this extent, he undertook to evolve from it a figure which would be worthy of his fame and of the city of Florence. Who can tell when they look at a block of marble what it contains? It only wants the sculptor's genius to make it something lovely, majestic and eternal in its duration. The Darwinian theory may be illustrated out of such a good substantial block. If only the right sculptor has possession, and unlimited powers to chisel one part after another into higher and higher representations of life, what may he not bring forth, from an ape to an angel? Two years were given to Angelo for the completion of his work, and during the time he was to receive monthly six gold florins, and the final payment was to be in accordance with the opinion of competent judges when the work was completed. His only preparation for the work was a little wax model, still extant, and which we see in the Uffizi Gallery. He chiselled away day by day, confident in his own good eye. He did the most of his chiselling even when a very old man. In fact, it is stated by

his biographer that he did the whole of "David" himself. At the end of two years and a half, having laboured assiduously, frequently sleeping at night with his clothes on that he might begin at once early on the following day, the statue was completed, and the wool weavers called together a meeting of the first Florentine artists to consider where it should be placed. The excitement is said to have been great when the boards were taken away which had hidden Angelo and the statue from the public gaze, and there was revealed before them a youthful giant, challenging praise or blame from those who were most qualified to give either. Some proposed to put it near "David" by Donatello; others, in the interior of the Palace; and it was urged that marble was tender, and easily injured, even in the Florentine atmosphere, by exposure. Leonardo da Vinci was present, and gave his opinion. He was 20 years the senior of Angelo, and had already reached the topmost rounds in the ladder of fame. Da Vinci had just finished his "Last Supper," in the monastery of Milan, which we expect to see shortly. He was of opinion that "David" should be placed under the Loggia, a building used as a court-house. At length, it was suggested that the artist himself should be consulted, and he desired the place next the gate of the Palace, and upon it they decided. The statue weighed 18,000lbs. It was a great day in Florence when upon a mighty scaffolding it was removed to its place. Angelo had so completely used the whole block that on the head of the statue a little piece of the natural crust of the stone remained visible. "David" stands with a glance so very keen that he seems to have had an aim in view. We see in the photographs what this boarding forbids

us now to behold. The right arm, in the hand of which lies the sling, falls in natural repose by his side. The left is raised in front of his chest, as if he were going to place a stone in the sling. There is otherwise nothing unusual in him. "David" is entirely naked. This is all we know of the immense statue of a youth only 16 years old. For nearly four centuries "David" has now stood at the gate of this once powerful Palace, criticized by the art critics of the whole world, some finding fault with it as being too large, or the expression of the face too insignificant; some think that one almost a boy ought not to be represented as colossal: but the natural majesty of pure youthful beauty beams forth from his limbs. "And the Florentines," says the biographer of Michael Angelo, "are right in considering 'David' as the good genius of their city." There was to have been a figure at the opposite side of the gateway to "David." An eighteen-ton block of marble was got for it from Carrara. The commission was given to a rival of Angelo's, and the block was upset in the Arno when it arrived at Florence. It was cut into something by the said rival, but has been lost. Angelo had a commission late in life for a companion to his "David," but it never went beyond a sketch, which is now at South Kensington Museum.

We enter the Palace, but there is nothing within particularly remarkable. Everything was changed when the Italian Kingdom held its Parliament at Florence. We see the arrangements made for accommodating all the members, and we are interested in remembering that in this hall, for many hundred years, events of great importance transpired, culminating with the meeting of the Parliament of United Italy, Rome alone being out of

the family compact. A tablet under the Loggia gives the dates. Rome, however, is now the head of the Kingdom of Italy, as another tablet tells. Parliament is removed there, and we see nothing but empty benches, so we at once adjourn to visit the world-famous Uffizi and Pitti Galleries, with a feeling akin to fear, lest we be not sufficiently educated in art to join the chorus of admiration which their contents usually raise in the minds of visitors. We peep into the Loggia. Benvenuto Cellini's "Perseus" in bronze is worth our notice. So is the "Judith" of Donatello, and several Greek works of ancient date. The "Rape of Polissena," by Fedi, is quite modern and quite marvellous. The "colossal" lions are poor starved cubs, escaped from Meander's. I cannot help saying, as I did in my former letter to you, that it is with a feeling of almost dread that I am about to enter into the room which contains the "Venus de Medici." I go with a full determination to see with my own eyes, and not to make enquiry of the critics which pictures or statues I am expected to admire.

I will not take up time by describing the two Palaces. It will be sufficient to say that they are very extensive, the one joining into the other by a covered gallery across the street. The Uffizi Gallery, which we enter first, was founded by the Medicis. The Pitti Gallery is 450 years old; it forms part of a Palace once the property of the Medicis, and the residence of various Sovereigns. In almost every room there are artists copying the paintings on the walls, some of them evidently men and women who have their living to make as copyists, and others are apparently young artists from other lands, who are striving to drink in the almost miraculous power

which the artists whose works we see around us might be said to have possessed. I need not tell you that every painter of note is represented in these Galleries. We have Raphael, the most wonderful painter that the world has seen, and whose works, during a very short life, were so numerous as to all but exceed belief. Again and again they turn up in these Galleries. Portraits of Leo X. and many others about whom we know nothing, are somewhat easily selected before we even turn to the catalogue. His "Madonna del Baldacchino" is too well known to require any description, and so perhaps is his "Madonna del Granduca." This "Madonna" has a most lovely, motherly face, but without one vestige of the Jewess, and to that extent I think it comes short of being a picture worthy of the hand who painted it. His "Visione di Ezechiel" tempts one to settle down and wonder at the graphic power which one mind must have attained before it could put upon canvas such a combination of life. His "St. John," to my mind, has the same drawback as his "Madonna." St. John is not a Jew. Raphael has at least four of the Madonnas in these Galleries. In every case the Child is worthy of the subject, but in no case can the Mother be said to be even a portrait of a Jewish maiden. Yet, what life, what love, there is in some of these faces! I do not think it has risen to the height of what you would call spiritual affection; and perhaps the painter was not wrong in leaving that until a future time, when Mary, having "pondered all these things in her heart," was able to realize the divinity of the gift God had bestowed upon her. Of Raphael what memories rise as one walks through these rooms! He painted in the Vatican, while Angelo did the same in the Sistine

Chapel. Raphael, however, had the good fortune to make friends of all; Angelo, of but few. The former was then quite young; the latter, getting on in years. Raphael hit the average taste of the human mind, says an able critic. He created as nature created. He was always intelligible, always young, and always working. In 1508 he went to Rome quite a youth, but the painter even then of many works. Many painters were at work in the Vatican. Raphael soon excelled all his compeers. His cartoons are imperishable; his female figures cannot be surpassed. We look at the "Fornarina"—or the baker's daughter—the young lady he loved at Rome, and we see a face never to be forgotten. Critics speak of a "chiselled nose, full nostrils, and a divine innocent sensibility"—but then they were learned men. We like the portrait, but it is for neither of these reasons. By the way, what tricks these great men play with facts! Rembrandt sketches Adam and Eve under the apple tree, he a naked and clownish peasant, she a cow girl. He has a "Christ" somewhere of fearful ugliness. Rubens in his "Last Judgment" paints the Saviour with curly hair, the look of a Spanish king when heretics were to be burned, the condemned rushing about, naked and fat, in one grand pêle-mêle. Verrio puts wings on the spectators of Christ healing the sick, and makes Abraham about to shoot Isaac with a pistol. Paul Veronese makes red lobsters listen to the preaching of St. Anthony, and he gives St. Jerome a clock by his side. Dürer gives flounced petticoats to the angel driving Adam and Eve out of Eden, and Poussin supplies boats in his "Deluge."

Giotto has his "Madonnas" here. They are lovely, but sad in their loveliness. "Heavy almond-shaped

eyes," one critic, I see, calls them. Giotto and Dante were contemporaries, and friends. Correggio has a lovely "Madonna" kneeling over a cradle. Correggio's paintings speak to all. Even the unlearned can say "Amen" to what his pencil depicts. He is lively like Raphael, has the boldness of Angelo, and paints the naked flesh equal to Titian. We suppose the gods loved him, for he died young. I should like to see the "Night" of Correggio, where the Child casts rays of light around the Mother and the shepherds, like a fallen star, still burning. His "Ecce Homo" at Berlin, I find, is highly spoken of for pain, sadness, and beauty.

Several Sassoferratos are here. "La Madonna" is too young a face to be at the Cross, and too sorrowful a one to be at the Cradle; but it is a sweet face, an appealing face, one we could have fancied to be Mary's, had she been a Gentile.

Titian, Da Vinci, Van Dyke, Murillo, Angelo, and Rubens, I need not say are here in large numbers. So is Del Sarto in his "Annunciation," and he worthily maintains the Florentine character. He lived chiefly at Florence, and died at forty. When the people were destroying the houses and monasteries round Florence, under the guidance of Angelo, acting as head engineer in the siege, orders were given to spare Del Sarto's "Last Supper"; and that part of the refectory on which the painting was remains to this day.

Da Vinci is not much represented here. He was born in 1452, and was the predecessor of all who aim at making tunnels, flying machines, and moving buildings bodily. As a painter he was practical. His fearful "Medusa Head" which we see was the result of

collecting a brood of venomous swelling toads, provoking them to rage, and observing them until his imagination had absorbed enough for his painting.

Michael Angelo's paintings at Florence of course are in their natural place, but they are few. He looked on oil paintings as only fit for women. Frescoes were to his taste, but besides the Sistine Chapel even these were few for his long life. But to obtain fame as the architect of the dome of St. Peter's, as the siege engineer of Florence, as the sculptor of "David," "Moses," and the "Nile," and as a poet too, was surely enough for one man, even if a Florentine. Of his paintings here, his "Bacchus," about which there has been much criticism, is a naked youth intoxicated; the hands are pure and faultless. Shelley says it is a drunken, brutal, foolish picture, of detestable inebriety.

And now we have a look at Titian. Of course he is in the hall set apart for the Venetian School. His "St. John" is here; so are his "Virgin and Child," and others too many to be quoted. We shall meet him at Venice. But look at that portrait of a young girl. Life is there. She smiles. She seems to speak to us out of her frame. Yet she has been 350 years in her grave. What colours are there! Titian and his contemporaries "mixed their paints with brains." Now we come on beauties by Rembrandts, and nudes by Rubens. Was he sensual essentially? Figuratively speaking he swore more than his majesty's service required. With the exception of Rubens' pictures I have seen none I would hesitate to ask a lady to inspect.

But we walk up to Raphael's "Madonna della Seggiola," and are in presence of one of the most

highly-praised pictures in the world. It is a familiar one—reproduced, engraved, and in bas-relief. The Mother and the two children are familiar faces; but—aye, there is a *but* here as in other pictures—where is the reproducer, the graver, or engraver, who can put that look so becoming to the “blessed above women”? We look at a photograph: it is inane; at an artist copying—and they are always copying it, we are told—and we see a duplicate, except that heaven is wanting in the face, gushing love in the eyes, the *mother* in the squeeze of the encircling arms. But I must leave the paintings to look at the painters. Here are several hundreds of their heads, all in a row, like the Popes at St. Paul’s at Rome. Then there are the cabinets of medals, 80,000 in number, and 9,000 of them Roman. There is the cabinet of cameos. Every one famed in heathen or Christian lore is here in onyx, amethyst, jasper, sardonyx, or gold.

But why delay I among these? I must see the gem of gems. So I pass on, open a double door unthinkingly, and at once am in the Tribune and in the presence of the “Venus di Medici.” She has a crowd round her. Is there no mistake? That slim figure protected by the railing, is that the Venus of a world’s praise?—the work of Cleomene, the son of Apollodore the Athenian, according to the inscription, long entombed among rubbish at Hadrian’s Villa, found with her legs broken, her arms severed, her very body cut in two at the waist, and her head severed at the neck. But Nature has restored her by the aid of skilled men; albeit the right arm and half of the left are modern. Her sisters at Paris and Rome we have seen. Her sister at Munich we hope yet to see.

What do I think of her? Much. I am enraptured.

She has too much prudence to be a prude. Not a glance suggests any feeling of knowing her nakedness. She is naked, and is not ashamed. "The more shame to her," some may say. But they would not if they saw her. Timidity becoming girlhood is marked. Beauty bursting into womanhood is suggested. Aye, these Greeks knew how to make their statues look alive. They called in the aid of nerves, veins, muscles, each and all changing as life goes on; and these, as well as the face, told the story of love, purity, or any other passion. If one block of marble yielded such a figure to gladden humanity, may not other sculptors arise to multiply the joy one feels in fancying, nay, in believing, that all womankind may yet rise to this height of beauty, when the laws of health are better known, and the conditions of existence brought more impressively before us?

And yet the "Venus di Medici," like other lovely women, has had her detractors. Power, the American sculptor, at Florence, thinks she has the face of an idiot. Nature never made such an eye. Then Art for once has beaten Nature. The ear, the mouth, the face are all bad, in his opinion. Only the anatomy of the body is up to the mark. Her Munich sister is said by other critics to be scarcely as lovely, but nobler and more ideal. All sisters are not twins, and even twins need not be duplicates. In the same Gallery is a young Apollo, leaning on the trunk of a tree, and able to rank as a brother of the "Venus."

But I must close. We are off for Venice.

LETTER XLIII.

LAST WORDS ABOUT FLORENCE, AND
FIRST WORDS ABOUT VENICE.

FLORENCE, April 18th.—The long letters which I have written to other friends, and which you will have read, exempt me from writing to you on this occasion at any great length. I cannot, however, omit telling you somewhat about the great city in which we now are. A little while ago we passed the spot where Savonarola was born. On it a statue of Neptune now stands, placed there by the authorities, because the people used to come and kiss the place. .

What exciting times were those of Savonarola, when a city like Florence could become so moved by the voice of one man, as, during the deposition of the Duke, to declare Jesus Christ King of Florence, to burn all superfluities, even authors burning their own books, amid religious dances and songs, and cries of "*Viva Cristo il re de Firenze! Viva Maria la regina!*" Is there any bound to the power of human eloquence? Savonarola could fight, face kings, address crowds, and turn Florence upside down.

In another part we saw the stone where Dante used to sit and enjoy his reflections. A beautiful drive of four or five miles, which we had on the heights,

was one of the most charming which I could fancy possible in any part of Europe. It has been lately made by the Florentines, and embraces within its compass the residence of Galileo, the cemetery of St. Croce (the Westminster Abbey of Florence), and many other places of deep interest. The Church of St. Croce itself contains the tombs of Dante, Galileo, and a host of illustrious men. It has many monuments of black and white marble, the designs of which are surpassingly beautiful. I think everything else of moment has now been embraced in my letters, with the exception of a beautiful sail which some of our party had on the Arno, a pleasure reduced, however, by ascertaining pretty distinctly after a time, that how to reduce noxious effluvia was a branch of study not known to the same extent on the banks of the Arno as on the banks of the Thames.



LETTER XLIV.

OVER THE APENNINES TO VENICE.

VENICE, April 18th.—We are now fairly at Venice. What a curious consideration this suggests! A few weeks ago and Venice formed no part of my modest programme; but gaining courage as the time approached, and my party of friends increased, Venice on the one side of Rome, and Naples on the other, were added; and now, whilst my letter is headed "Homeward Bound," in one sense I am much farther from home than I was when studying the ancient monuments of Rome. Our departure from Florence this morning was, as usual, made with the greatest comfort from the possession of Cook's tickets, and the usual application to the guard to enable us to travel alone, as a party of six English gentlemen. An intelligent cosmopolitan at the inn, in the shape of a head waiter, who seemed to talk a bit of all languages, described the nature of the journey from Florence to Venice, and roused our expectations. It has been one of unparalleled beauty. The whole distance is 233 miles, or 133 to Bologna, and the remainder to Venice. We started at 7-50 this morning, and, after an hour's stay at Bologna, resumed our journey to Venice, and arrived here in safety at five o'clock.

I do not know that I ever felt less able to describe natural beauties than I do to-day. I can only use the expression of one of our company and say we have passed through a country of unequalled beauty. For the first hundred miles two engines slowly, but steadily, toiled in taking us to the highest peak of the Apennines which the railway crosses, and we were lost in constant changes of sublime scenery during that period. It is a single line of rails, and zig-zags round the larger rocks and mountains in a way which must seem amusing on a map. Every now and then we disappeared in a tunnel, out of which we emerged to have a view from some precipitous height of fertile valleys, straggling villages, peaceful herds of goats, and lazy-looking labourers, who seemed to be lounging in the sunshine, while the patient oxen were doing the heavy work. The scenery was certainly charming, rising to grandeur in most cases, and often did we cogitate how the people who lived in such elevated parts of the world ever found the means of connection with the towns and plains before there was a railway. At length we reached Bologna, a city of considerable importance, and where we stayed an hour, as I stated, for refreshments, and a drive through the town, to see some of its remarkable buildings and streets. The footways of Bologna are arched over somewhat like those in Chester, so that the passengers are sheltered from the blazing sun or the rain storms, which not unfrequently take place in that part of the world. The buildings are very quaint, some of them very old, and I presume very interesting. The Cathedral is much like those we have seen in other parts, full of marbles and sculptors and altars. Not to be outdone by Pisa, Bologna has two

to reach it by boats, or to be landed from steamers by sailing up the Adriatic. What a curious place it looks from the mainland, taken in connection with the gangway looking railway viaduct supported upon piles, which makes its way over one lagoon and then another, appearing to run into a perfect nonentity at the other end. But I must reserve further description for another letter. I may, however, add that as the train rolled along the three hundred arches, and we looked out at the carriage windows, right and left, we saw nothing but desolation; a sea-like desert, with an occasional spot of vegetation on some lagoon which had managed to raise its head higher than its neighbours, in hope of being solid land some thousand years thereafter.

After finishing my letter, I found the post gone, so resume it to say that we arrived at Venice at five o'clock, and found at the railway station a canal treble the breadth of the Mersey at Warrington Bridge, and about 40 gondoliers waiting for custom, bawling and running after passengers. We had written in advance, so had no trouble, our innkeeper's porter meeting us. Into the gondola and off we sped, turning rapidly up narrow canals, where two gondolas could but pass, and where the water was up to the front doors of large houses, shops, and warehouses, and arrived at a fine inn. After dinner we went round St. Mark's Square, the finest in Europe, and very splendid, St. Mark's, the Palazzo Reale, the Doge's Palace, &c., adorning it. Then we took a gondola for an hour, passing many fine buildings on the Grand Canal, the boatmen singing some wild songs to keep up the old romance. The gondolas are poor dingy coal canal-boat looking things, with loose chairs in them, and

none came up to our pretty idea. Some have a sort of cabin. I can see no use for gondolas or canals here, so far, and would recommend the filling up of the latter. But tomorrow may change my opinion. I begin to tire sadly, and long for home, although revelling in the finest sights of Europe.

Friday morning, 6.30.—I have got up, and gone for a sail by myself, while my friends sleep. From near St. Mark's I enter a gondola, painted black, but the seats covered with nice white cloth with fancy edging. Along the "Palaces"—all are Palaces—we glide, pulling up at the church of St. Maria della Salute, the boatman called it, where are twelve chapels in one church, and many worshippers even at this early hour. It is a vast place, built in fulfilment of a public vow, made during the plague, and contains 125 statues, many by Titian, who died here at the age of ninety-six. Returning, I am again struck with the dying look of most of the buildings. The police-office looks as if it had no business going on, and all the "Palaces" as if their owners were in Chancery. Sweepings and sewage are being sent into the canal, which smells rather—well, never mind. The inns show not a sign of life. The "Gallery of the Beautiful Arts" and the "Gallery of Ancient Works," of course, I don't expect to see open so soon, but they seem to belong to Pompeii more than to a town of the living. I can well believe that even less than 70 years ago all about was grand. But time has left his tooth-mark everywhere, and paint and plaster are scarce. Prince This and Prince That—and there are hundreds of them—I find from the boatmen, think it better to live in London or Paris than in a damp house, overlooking a so-so canal, even with the variety of a boatman's song now and then. The

sudden appearance of boats from alleys startled and pleased me. The rowing is not like ours, though in some cases they have two oars, but stand up and work them hand over hand, the right hand working the left oar and *vice versâ*. The rowing with one oar is an art—a mystery—a something I cannot understand. One oar at one side of the boat, and yet speed and exact steering!—how is it managed? I have seen but one steamer—a very little one. We are now sailing up back streets, past palaces, under bridges, and with no apparent exit. We drop on a sudden on the Church of St. Maria dei Frari, and I am at the tomb of “Antonio Canovæ, princeps sculptorum ætatis suæ,” or, the tomb of Canova, the first sculptor of his age. It is a marble triangle, with four figures at the base. On the other side is a grand monument to Titiano Ferdinandus. Its size is enormous. In a sort of portico with four pillars, are five figures—all marble, many little pictures being spread about. A pretty one of Joseph says, “Ora pro nobis.” The church seems the longest by far of any I have seen, not excepting St. Peter’s. There were a few worshippers and, as usual, one or two beggars. It must be a sight to see a church or a public meeting dispersing, every man taking to a canoe, or having a weary walk. As I sail along I meet other gondolas, most of them covered in, and in them many men reading newspapers or smoking, on their way to the railway station. Life will soon begin, and, perhaps, Venice may need her canals, and would miss them more than I think. We have just bumped up against our inn door, and now for breakfast. I have pencilled this in the boat.

LETTER III

GREAT BRITAIN: FEELING AFTER-THOUGHT OF
AT ALEX. AND FALLS OF THE GREAT

Great Britain: Feels and feels—The air is thick
both are very telling the weather is clear and
I am down to water with me very pleasant. I have no
difficulty in getting up in the air in my morning
in this climate, however, every day before. I
think I am of my last in the air for breakfast.
The answer to the question: saying to what is my own
time I am down to water with me for the day's work.
What the large part of water with letters is mar-
vellous. Under an intelligent guide for the first time
we went off at once for sight-seeing in the grand Square
of St. Mark which I have mentioned before. It is
a place of marvellous life. Under its palms are many
very fine shops, still they spell them with a double *f*
in Italy, and fancy establishments. I think it is said
to measure 330 feet in length. While here let me
recall one or two things, to save the need of return-
ing to them. I had read in some guide book, that
for hundreds of years the Piazza of St. Mark had been
the feeding place of flocks of pigeons at two o'clock
every day. We arranged to be there at that hour,

and sure as the Torre dell' Orologio struck two, a flight of pigeons, perhaps 300 or 400, came from all points, and as many as could rested on a large balcony, at the windows of which appeared a young man, who emptied some paper bags of grain. The birds seemed to be in the Piazza, or on the many neighbouring spires, waiting for the signal; and the sight was certainly very droll. Thinking the pigeons had not had enough, Mr. H. B. and I went and invested 2½d. in grain in the nearest shop, and with delight spread it on the stones, the pigeons flocking around us. Other visitors had brought grain. Did the pigeons say, "Thank-you"? If so, it was in pigeon Italian. The origin of the custom of feeding the pigeons at two o'clock at the public square is one of far back date and unknown; but woe to the hand which would injure a pigeon of St. Mark's. In the same place in the evening we observed the letters IX, and the figure 5 illuminated on a public building. We desired to know the meaning, and our patience was rewarded by seeing the 5 turn into a 10, and the 10 into a 15 in due time, by mechanism analogous to that which moves a date box. The hour is thus seen from afar. The phases of the moon are also seen, and on the top are two bronze giants which strike the hour. A Virgin and Child are over the clock, and on fête days an Angel and the Three Kings, in the shape of marionettes, come and adore them in view of the crowd.

Our first visit was to the world-renowned Church of St. Mark. Its outside speaks of years, nay, of ages; and well it may, for it dates from the ninth century. Over its chief door is St. Mark in mosaics. On the threshold we are stopped to look at a lozenge inserted in the pavement in mosaic to mark the spot where

Pope Alexander III., in 1177, met the repentant King Barbarossa, and laid his foot upon the poor King's neck. Every door in and about St. Mark's is mosaic. Every picture in it is mosaic. No painted nor stained glass, nor paintings, aid in its adornment. In one part the very mosaics are covered with glass, so closely fitted as to be part and parcel of them, that time may never dim their lustre. The church is in the form of a Greek Cross, and Byzantine or Eastern in its architecture. It was erected in opposition to that at Alexandria, and from it begged, borrowed, or stole the body of St. Mark, some of its best doors, and many etceteras. Who can look on that venerable pile without emotion? It is a reality, not a myth. It is not the oldest church in Venice, nor has it long been the Metropolitan church; but it has been the church of the Doges, those men of world-wide renown and infamy. Here we are shown their gifts, occasionally we might say their graces, for many were Washingtons in their day. But even more touching is the thought that it adjoins the horrid Prison of the Doges, and the celebrated Bridge of Sighs, so familiar to us all. In the loathsome dungeons of the Palace of the Doges, not a stone's throw off, the wretched prisoners were confined in cells, where the sun never shone, the air entered but by an orifice in the wall, and the bell of St. Mark's was easily heard pealing in joyous tones—as it does this moment—the flight of hours, for which, perhaps, the expectant bridegroom prayed, and the warrior longed; but which brought a halter, a sack, a plunge, and an unknown grave to the prisoner. But I am anticipating. The church was pretty lively by the time we entered. There were priests confessing penitents in the usual little boxes; worshippers here and there, each on his

own account addressing Heaven, opposite the altar which best he loved. Priests were attending to their duties with apparent unconcern at the various guides with their parties who crossed and recrossed in every direction, and walked round this pillar and round that. There is a crypt of St. Mark in the church and one down in the vaults; the latter is empty, as the floods which visit Venice caused the authorities to remove the body of the Saint into the church some hundred years ago. But walking about is the same in all the churches. They are so large, the service so continuous, and yet so disjointed, that any one goes in and out as he lists, beggars bothering him inside and outside. In the depth of yonder recess is a poor woman praying very devoutly. Heaven is in her thoughts; her prayers are for some far-off son, a bedridden husband or perhaps for the Church militant. Ah! sad mistake. You pass her; she jingles a money box; she importunes you by the patron saint of that very church. She pleads in vain. You do not believe in such devout annoyances, and inwardly wish that the Church of Rome were less friendly to the professional beggar. Her boxes at every corner for the poor, her civil officials who show us through her solemn aisles, crypts, and sacristies, we endeavour so to remunerate that they may not speak disparagingly of the "six Anglais." But from beggars within churches and beggars without churches, beggars at the porch, and beggars at the very altar, may the Holy Father Pio Nono find time to deliver us, and we shall not grudge him a tablet. In St. Mark's we saw one artist quietly copying a mosaic while the services were going on. He had all the appliances of his craft, but in such an immense building not one in twenty would see him, or feel any violence

done to their notions of propriety. Of the 500 columns used in the constructing of St. Mark's; of the many many thousand piles driven into the lagoons to find it or its predecessors a site; of the millions of mosaics required to form floors and pictures; of the gold "brought" from Constantinople, and the cedar of Lebanon doors from somewhere else; of the elaborately engraved brass doors from some other somewhere; and of the pillars from the Temple of Solomon, I mean not to speak. Are they not written in the Italian *Murrays* and *Bradshaws*? Perhaps they are; but we have neither, and so cannot tell.

Leaving St. Mark's we went to the Palace of the Doges, a few yards off. It forms, like most public buildings in Italy, a quadrangle. It is now used in part for picture galleries, sculpture rooms, library, &c. "To what base uses may we return, Horatio!" At the end of the building, on each side of the street, I may add, lest I forget, are the famous columns holding the Lion of St. Mark, and the statue of St. Theodore, the protector of the Republic of Venice. They are but poor affairs. St. Mark's lion has got wings. I may also state that at the other side of St. Mark's are two lions, very old, very thin, and apparently turned out of some menagerie as unfit for use. The rooms are not all as they were in the days of the Doges, the French at their first revolution having done much mischief, and the Venice populace having upset the old standing arrangements in the prisons.

The Halls of the Doges are filled with paintings of their great victories over their enemies. The lion has been painter and, of course, the lion wins the fights, in some cases killing 30,000 Turks in three hours. The magnificent halls into which we were taken have

names connecting them with the Republic. One is the Council of This, another of That. A third is the Hall of the Three, who were selected by ballot from the names in the Golden Book, the said names being those of the men who had paid rates and taxes, were not convicted of crime, and 24 years of age. We should have called it the Parliamentary Voting List, and have nailed it on the Church doors. The Three selected one of themselves as Doge, the names of the two never being known even to each other; so that every man, or rather any man, might be one of the two, and yet not know his fellow. The Doges have their portraits round the hall, with the exception of one who turned traitor. His space is blank, and hence his name is better known than the others, as one naturally asks the reason why. Floors, ceilings, walls, stairs, balconies, are covered with paintings or marbles. Amongst the most noticeable is Tintoretto's large picture of the "Reception of the Blessed." It is 70 feet long, and called the largest in the world. But that is an error. Lord Lyndhurst's father painted a larger, showing the relief of the crew of the enemy's gunboats at Gibraltar; and Sir R. Ker Porter's picture of the "Storming of Seringapatam" was upwards of 200 feet long.



LETTER XLVI.

VENICE, THE DOGE'S PALACE, THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

IN one room are two map blocks showing us to be a little nation in the fifteenth century. One of them is in Arabic, and has a mass of descriptive matter which I could not have conceived anything but letterpress could give. Wood engraving was at a high point in 1440. [I had sent home a short description of these maps, but substitute for it a fuller and far more accurate one from the never-wearying pen of Mr. Beamont, written at my request.*]

I now hasten to the Prisons and Bridge of Sighs. The theory of the Venetian Republic was that demagogues must be put down, and that on the most comprehensive scale. Hence into a box, through a hole in a wall shown us, any one might drop a letter charging any one else with a crime against the Republic. "Where are mine accusers?" was then a useless query. Down to a gloomy prison you were sent. Certainly stones a prison make, and iron bars a cage, in Venice. They beat Peter's prison at Rome out and out for horror. On your trial the Three had powerful means of extorting confessions from you—racks, thumbscrews. If you had powerful friends, or courageous witnesses, you might escape; if not, you

* See Appendix B.

were walked over a covered bridge to cells, out of which none came alive, and the poor wretch was supposed to sigh as he looked out of the grated windows of the bridge which showed him Venice for the last time. In dreary cells—one of which we entered—he waited till it suited the convenience of the Three to come and see him strangled, put into a sack, and gondoled away to a distance, and then dropped into the Adriatic, the waters of which feed the canals. Apart from their deeds of darkness, however, the Doges are supposed to have acted for the glory and safety of the Republic. We were glad to get out of the prisons, and see more of the halls and rooms. Amongst the books I observed a “Codex Diplomaticus” from 686 to 1512; amongst the statues one to Marco Polo, who was a native of Venice. Titian and Canova—both Venetians—are fairly represented in the Galleries, especially Titian. A very fine “Adoration” of his introduces a Doge on his knees. The room of the Syndic is full of his paintings, elaborately framed, or painted on gorgeous ceilings. Albert Dürer’s “Christ,” with which we are familiar from engravings, is here, and the old hall for meeting foreign Ministers is filled entirely by Paul Veronese’s pictures—the most beautiful in Venice. Without naming them in order, I call attention to a few whose whereabouts one would do well to know. For instance, of Tintoretto’s, there are the ambassadors appearing before Frederic I.; the naval battle of Salvore, and capture of Otho; the first and the second conquest of Constantinople by the French and the Venetians; the capture of Zara; capture of Riva; Brescia defended by the Venetians; the capture of Gallipoli; the forge of Vulcan; the wedding of St. Catherine, &c.

There were three Tintoretto painters at Venice, and one requires to know that *the* Tintoretto was called Giacomo.

The sculpture in the Doge's Palace is extensive. Besides many busts there is a gallery containing 300 statues, and carved marbles. In one is the ancient box by means of which the votes were taken in the Senate, the golden ball for electing the High Council, a well arranged collection of natural curiosities, showing all the birds, animals, and reptiles of the Adriatic, and a large model of an elastic man from Paris.

But we want to see Titian's paintings, and are off to the Academy of Fine Arts.

Aye, Titian, we love to see his works. He was contemporary with the great men of the sixteenth century, the favourite of Charles V. and most men of rank in his age. Poor Guido by gambling had to sell his time and talent by the hour. But I should have liked better to hear of munificence to his country. Hogarth adorned the Foundling Hospital for nothing; Reynolds and West offered to do the same for St. Paul's. We hear not of such offers by the painters of the acres of canvas at Venice. Perhaps pictures were not considered worth much in those days. Rubens' famed "chapeau de Paille" was bought by the late Sir Robert Peel for 3,500 guineas; but did Rubens get the odd 500 guineas 300 years before? Praise must ever be a large portion of an artist's pay; and who would not work for that reward? Polygnotus obtained from his fellow-countrymen, for his "Triumph of Miltiades and the Victors of Marathon," the reward of being kept at the public expense wherever he went. Well, the human mind is strange, and tastes differ. One English prelate declared that a pinmaker was a more valuable member of

society than Raphael! Such remembrances will rise while amongst pictures. We take one more glance at St. Mark's, and examine his tomb at the back of the altar. On a stone is engraven:

CORPUS
DIVI MARCI
EVANGELISTAE.

On our way to the pictures we pass down the finest "street" in Venice, namely, the Grand Canal, "paved with water," and having a row of "palaces" and churches on each side. There are 147 smaller streets, or streams, passing under 378 bridges, connecting 2,194 minor streets, and 224 squares. Of course I have not counted them. In fact the 147 smaller streets "paved with water," smell too bad for my safety valves to act. I had a "run" in search of the *Times* of Venice, and, oh, dear me, what dirty canals we were taken up and down until we found it in an out-of-the-way spot! Can they ever have second editions? Special issues? Are the advertisements brought in in gondolas? Do the newsmen paddle their own canoes? I ventured to tell our guide that I thought half the "streets" might be drained and macadamised. He said they were doing so with some. As they are, they are huge open sewers. The Adriatic passes through the Grand Canal with a lazy, listless, two-feet tide, and may keep it pure, but nothing can purify the other 146.

On our way to the pictures we really do try to realize Rogers's lines:—

"There is a glorious city in the sea,
The sea is in the broad and narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces."

But we have no poetry in our souls equal to the occasion. Rogers went to Venice when—

"No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Led to her gates."

We have come when there is a railway, and a viaduct with 220 arches, and black gondolas.

We pass the Custom-house, the Riodotto, where the masked balls are held; the Palazzo da Mula, now a manufactory of the mosaics; the Palazzo Manzoni, a Lombard eleventh century one, considered the finest in Venice; the Palazzo Foscari, very old, very gorgeous, and full of Venetian associations; the Palazzo Mocenigo, where Byron wrote his "Don Juan;" the Palazzo where Canova lived; a Palace where the Duke of Ferrara and a household of 3,000 lived, and where Tasso wrote his "Jerusalem Delivered"; and Palaces about which tales are told of only local interest, the original owners being men who had "purchased" family honours by loans to the State, as in the days of our Stuarts. We enter one Palazzo, and are shown over all its grand rooms, and see its real Venetian mirrors, its Titians, and its Tintoretos; but as we leave the green slime at the front door, and the half rotten state of the beams to which our gondola has been tied, we recall Byron's words—

"Her palaces are crumbling on the shore."

But I must now conclude. Tell A. there are no horses, no cabs, no donkeys, and no danger of being run over in Venice. You can *walk* anywhere, but to do so you must pass over scores of bridges. Tell E. and S. that we saw Shylock's house, now a pawnbroker's

shop at which unredeemed pledges were being sold. But our guide, on being questioned about the reality, whispered in my ear, "Poetry, sir, poetry!" I have much more to say, but shall say it in a letter addressed to P.*

* See Appendix C.



LETTER XLVII.

VENICE.—“ALL ABOUT IT, YOU KNOW.”

VENICE, April 20th.—So, Mr. P., you want a letter from Venice, and “all about it, you know.” You are too easy-going to walk into your library and boil down Mr. Somebody’s three folios about this wonderful place, and you will be content with my *currente calamo* account instead.

Well, you want to know the antiquity of Venice. It has none. Alexander the Great could not have conquered it. Julius Cæsar could not have sent the standard bearer of the tenth legion to its shores. Neither St. Peter nor St. Paul could have carried the Gospel to Venice, and the bones of St. Mark certainly did not distinguish it until that Saint had been dead many hundred years. The fact is, Venice had no existence until the fifth century. Its place on the maps of the world, if such things were then made anything like authentic, would be shown by a mass of mud banks, called *lagoons*, high up the Adriatic, and an hour’s railway run from Padua. The Paduans, Altiros, and others of those days were frightened by the barbarian soldiers of Attila, who left not a stone standing of some towns which they conquered, and so resolved to flee where no man could pursue. At the mouths of

the Adige, the Brenta, and other streams, there were mud deposits, like those of the Nile, on which the waterfowl disported in safety from spears or bows and arrows. Why not men? The biggest of the mud banks was called the Rialto, probably because it was the biggest. It was surveyed, engineered, piled, embanked, and, lo! it became a Paduan Colony. It took in more mud banks, became a Republic, and had Tribunes. Each mud bank claimed a Tribune. Over all was placed a Doge. The first Doge reigned about the days of our King Arthur. Doges gave way for a time to "Masters of the Militia;" but it was only for a time. Doges were restored and continued up to 1797, when the French Republic, under Buonaparte, destroyed the Venice one, as his nephew did the Republic of Rome in 1848. There have been 122 Doges, about half the number of Popes, so that their reigns did not last above nine years on the average. Napoleon gave Venice to Austria—a fatal gift. In 1848 Venice once more became a Republic, under Daniel Manin, and for a year and a half fought the Austrians right manfully. It was conquered; but, in the war between Austria and Prussia in 1866, Austria was forced to withdraw her troops, and the Emperor telegraphed to his royal brother, then at Paris, now at Chislehurst, to accept Venice as a gift. Napoleon did so, and handed it over soon after to Victor Emmanuel, the King of Italy. And there were rejoicings on that winter day when the King of Italy came to take possession. They hang their carpets out of the "palace" windows on fête days here, and they did so then, and every wall was carpeted. All the gondolas were painted white for once, and every man hugged and kissed his fellow-man as if the said

"fellow-man" had been a woman. I presume Venice saw the best of its days during the reign of the Doges. They were awful fellows for fighting. Nay, like "Rab," the well-known Edinburgh dog, they thought life too short for anything else but that, and taking in more mud islands, making canals, and jewellery for each other. They connected 300 of the mud islands by 378 bridges, 147 *canales* and *rios*, and 19 *traghet-tos*, or ferries. They have over a hundred churches, including Greek, English, and Jewish. There are quite as many "public establishments," including Calles della Regina, or city pawnbrokers; co-operative stores—long before we had them; 22 military barracks, or hospitals; consuls from everywhere; gondola "omni-buses," charging 25 centimes per passenger; bathing establishments, restaurants, photographers of much eminence, steamers plying up the Adriatic to Trieste, and down to Alexandria, Genoa, Marseilles, Liverpool and Rotterdam. Bankers of every nation and money changers from every clime are here, and with these I must complete my list. Venice is *sui generis*. Nothing but herself can parallel itself. On the map she looks like a sea-serpent of enormous size, partly coiled, in the act of parturition from every part of her body, every baby serpent at once repeating the act, but none actually separating from the parent trunk. The Grand Canal, crossed by the Rialto bridge and two others, is the sea serpent, and the minor canals are the offspring. The parent is moderately clean; the children are filthy. The Adriatic sweeps through the one: it barely affects the others, except those called *calli*, which are open at both ends. As I said in my last letter, there are no horses. So neither saddlers nor coachbuilders are here. There are *streets* in one

sense of the word, called salizzadas, ramos, piazzas, piazzettas, and squares. But who knows how to thread them, and who could tread them? Every minute you are up a flight of steep steps, over a bridge and down again. The *water* street which fronts our inn door is narrow, not being on the Grand Canal, and there is no *fondamenta* or quay, or landing, except the door steps. Cellars there are none. The *land* street at our back might allow three men to walk abreast, but not more; and our inn, the Victoria, is one "in an eligible position," and of great size. We pass along two or three zig-zag streets to St. Mark's Square, and begin to enjoy them, I suppose from the absence of cab and cart noises, and a sense of freedom from being run over by some drunken Jehu. St. Mark's Square is a magnificent one, so quiet, safe, and family looking. Every coffee house has its crowds, inside and outside. But I must refer you to my previous letters about it, and some other parts of Venice.

The Venice of to-day is not the Venice of the middle ages, for beauty, pleasure, or power. The lagoons not enclosed, and which are everywhere round Venice, were once its protection. They are now in the way of vessels easily reaching her "streets," and before the days of railways her moneyed men cleared out for places nearer Paris. Palaces then began to deteriorate, and most of them do look shabby in the extreme. Had I money to invest in *real* security, I should not invest it here. Venice was once very powerful, as power was estimated in the days when kings had a fixed time, as in Bible story, "for going out to war." She had famed traders, more famed marauders, sea captains of nerve and skill, generals

who could visit the mainland and conquer and colonise. To be a Nelson or a Wellington was the sure way to the Doges' Palace, or the Doges' Prisons, and the Bridge of Sighs. The Venetians conquered the Turks in Syria, the Greeks in the Crimea, and the Hungarians in Dalmatia. A grand old Doge, 80 years of age, conquered Constantinople in 1204. Doges who did not come up to the mark were stabbed, poisoned, or had their eyes put out. Only one had the more honourable death of our Charles I., and that was in 1355. But Venice fell when the Cape route to India was discovered. She may rise now that the Suez Canal is opened, but can never be the Venice of the Doges. Men of mark and ambition will flock to Rome, the seat of Parliament and power. Even the old ceremony, 700 times repeated, of the Doge wedding the Adriatic by annually throwing a gold ring into that sea, is now discontinued. Some early day a company of Americans will tender to embank all Venice, dry up and pave every canal but the Grand one, and make the "city of 300 islands" look like a decent European town, and not as if a dyke or a reservoir had just broken down.

Destiny never gave Venice a Dynasty, so no wandering king will ever turn up to provoke his dear subjects to fight for fatherland. Triumphs and ovations to her sons are at an end, except for imperial deeds. None of the Doges has left a European name. Like the Earl of Liverpool, according to Lord Brougham, their mediocrity of talents was joined to its almost constant companion—an extreme measure of discretion. There were Venetians, and after thrashing the Genoese, Turks, and others, the Doges were willing to return to their island home. But, then,

education was cultivated. Universal voting, we were told yesterday, was the rule. In England it was once a boast that Squire Mountmeedon could take a deposition without the aid of his clerk. Not so in Venice. I saw volume after volume of public acts dating from the sixth century, and other proofs of Venetian education. The common people have, no doubt, gone back since the Doges made laws which restrained pride, like that of compelling the gondolas to be black, and promoted education. There are many "loafers" visible—dirty fellows, with hair enough, as Sancho would say, to make a counsellor's wig, and dirt enough to libel the Grand Canal. But everyone is said to be a politician now. Could I advise some I have seen to-day, it would be in the words of Don Quixote to his squire: "For the future let thy whole study be to spur thy ass." They live too much on the fame which Lord Byron has given to the Bridge of Sighs—a poor affair over a narrow canal—and the fame of their forefathers. \

And now let me speak of some things not named in my letters to others. There is a "campanile" which we are expected to praise. It is at the door of St. Mark's, and 800 years old. It is the highest building in Venice. Perhaps it was a watch tower in their fighting days, but we are too lazy to climb to the top and see what we might see.

The wonders of St. Mark's I have not half told. In fact, no breath is left in one after he sees it a second time. He sympathises with the Queen of Sheba when she saw the steps to Solomon's throne. There is an astronomical arrangement that when there is sun at 5 p.m. it shall shine on a certain part of the interior of St. Mark's. What a large place it is—562

by 323 feet! Only 100 feet shorter than St. Peter's; but three times its age, and far more striking. Venice has the north of Europe and the African breezes over her daily, and her architecture partakes of both. Look at that vestibule. Facts from the Creation to Gospel days detailed in mosaics. How quaint these figures! Adam is presenting a baby to his wife, as she lies in a four-post bed. What a mass of porphyry in that fount! Those cupolas, how grand they are, and those full-length statues perched on every nook, how truly they make one feel that he is in a land where sculptors were valued! The Christ on that magnificent cross, how Eastern He looks! No paintings are here. Venice was once the seat of art, but when oil paintings came in vogue she despised them for a long time and fell. Oil, or no oil, mosaics alone are here. Such are our thoughts as we look a second and a third time at the glories of St. Mark's.

Peep we now at the Rialto Bridge, where men to this day "most do congregate." It is a fine 300-year old bridge. Angelo gave plans for it when a refugee at Venice, but a "native" was chosen. On it are most of the jewellers' shops, and near by the chief market and the law courts. It has but one arch of a lordly span; it is covered all over, and has numerous bas-reliefs for ornaments. The oldest house in Venice is here. So is the oldest church, San Giacomo di Rialto. It was built in the very first years of Venice, namely in 421, and has an elegant porch in Greek marble. The "hunchback of the Rialto" is here. It is a broken column of Egyptian granite, and on it the figure of a kneeling man is sculptured. Here the laws of the Republic were proclaimed. Not

far off is the house of the Garibaldi of Venice, Daniel Manin. He re-established the independence of Venice in 1848; was expatriated in 1849; died in 1857; and had his bones brought from Paris in 1868. He was an able lawyer, a good soldier, and a profound philosopher.

We go to the Academy of Fine Arts. It was once a convent. It is large, full of paintings, models, and statuary. Its glory is Titian's masterpiece—"The Assumption." There is the Virgin Mother far up in the air, a cherubic legion guarding her—formed of all the pretty babies which ever lived, one would think—men and women on earth looking up a loving or sorrowing farewell, and the Holy Father opening the skies to admit her, while some cherubs peep through to see who is coming. What a lovely face!

Old painters believed holiness kept the Virgin ever looking young; and so she is here. It is a face never to be forgotten. Titian's "St. John in the Desert" is a man of firmly knit frame, nearly Jewish and dressed in the orthodox manner. His "Taking Down from the Cross" is a never-to-be-forgotten picture. I could gaze on it by the hour. Oh the agony in the looks of those three Marys!—the Virgin habited as a widow. It is painful in the extreme. It draws tears to my eyes. Are the Roman Catholics altogether wrong in having such paintings in their churches? Or, rather, are Protestants altogether right in, with few exceptions, keeping them out? This picture cannot but teach a historic fact in a way which no human voice can. Titian's "Martyrdom of St. Lorenzo" is one of the horrible. Nothing but art could make it bearable. The saint is on a gridironed box, into which one vile fellow is putting a torch, while another, with as

much unconcern as if such work were his daily business, is pushing him down with a two-pronged fork. Titian's "Presentation in the Temple" is a work of much magnificence, and may have given a hint to Doré in his new picture of "Christ in the Prætorium." The High Priest stands on the top of a lofty stair; the humble Jewish maiden-mother ascends in all humility, but behind her is a grand train of great men, such as Mary never dreamt of in the days of the flesh.

Great and wonderful was Titian. Little is known of the mechanical means by which he coloured his paintings. His secret seems to have been unremitting care, patience, and perseverance. He believed that what was done in a hurry could not be done well. What a lesson for us! Whose works of the present day will be fresh and green, like his, 300 years after death?

The "Death of Raphael," by Cignorolli, strikes us for a moment; so does the "Incredulity of Thomas," by Conegliano; the "Adoration of the Magi," by Bonifacio; and we dwell on the sweet, very sweet, and simple "Presentation" of Carpaccio. What a noble, venerable priest, a lovely Madonna, with but two attendants, and a baby looking so delighted, while three young folks underneath are doing all they can to make melody on the occasion.

Tintoretto musters strong in this Gallery of Fine Arts. His "Ariadne and Bacchus" is here—not lustful, as at Naples. We see his "Miracle of St. Mark," his "St. Agnes," and many others. His "Prodigal Son" on the ceiling of one room, is perhaps the best. In one room there are drawings by Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, and Michael Angelo

but we are on the wrong day for seeing them. Giovanni has a very taking "Virgin and Child" here—what would painters have done without Christianity to suggest subjects? and Angelo has his "Musicians," "Gamblers," and "Chess Players." Among the sculpture and models is the model of the "Hercules and Lycas" of Canova, the Venetian, not long since gone from amongst us. In the Corsee Museum, near by, are two fruit baskets, his first works, but not much of his handiwork is in his native town. The Pope made him a marquis, and gave him a pension of 3,000 crowns. Many noble acts of his generosity are remembered.

I have no time left to tell of our visit to a celebrated caffè here,—a Tom Thumb waiter, who spoke all languages, waited on us; or of a visit to a bead manufactory, where we saw the flashy jewellery of the day being made in large quantities. But I must find room to tell you of one of the islands of Venice upon which is a well-known little colony of Armenians. We did not get there, but a friend has furnished me with the history of the Mechitaristic Society founded on the island of Lazaro. The founder was an Armenian doctor, born about 1650, who after no end of religious adventures became the founder of a monastery, into which he received only Armenians, with a view to making them missionaries to Armenia. The interest to me, however, is chiefly in its typography. I have before me a specimen of a prayer in 24 tongues, printed on the premises, and it is a marvellous production for beauty of ink and type. It far surpasses the Pope's beautiful work, to which I alluded in my letters from Rome, and is in every respect equal to the finest printing done for

the British and Foreign Bible Society, of which I have more than a hundred volumes, in all languages, at home. The works printed in the mud-island printing-office comprise volumes on philosophy, rhetoric, arithmetic, geography, bookkeeping, navigation, and music. The volumes of Rollin, Young, Æsop, Milton, and Plutarch are in its catalogue. Aye, our good friend Robinson Crusoe is there, and so is our best friend—the Bible.

Now I have done with Venice. The gondola waits at the inn door. We are off. Our luggage is peeped at—Venice is a free port; we are in the train. . . . We are at Milan, and suddenly shaking hands with Alderman Hephherd and his good lady and party.



LETTER XLVIII.

MORE LAST WORDS ABOUT VENICE.

APRIL 20th.—“On the way to Milan” I must date this letter, if anywhere. You would like a letter from me from Venice, would you? Then it must be short; the train rocks, stories are being told, sights are being seen, but I will inscribe one more letter to my little A. It will be a hard one, and she must question those at home to tell her what it means. Well, Venice was such a proud place many years ago they called it the “Sea Sultana,” and there are frescoes showing all nations doing her homage. [Some nice big words there for a little girl.]

There is an apsis in the figure of our Saviour in St. Mark's Cathedral, through which the sun shines every day in the year, if he shines at all. [Another big word.] There is a great cross in the centre of St. Mark's, and 1,000 lamps are lighted on holidays. I have bought a photograph of the cross. Of St. Mark's I can say, of all I have seen it best reminds me of that place—

“Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; bossy sculptures,
The roof was fretted gold.”

Now, Miss A., hunt up before I return home where I found that gorgeous description.

Venice used to be a very charitable city, more so than any city but London. It had 200 charities, and many still exist. The Venetians are famed for fiddling. Every one learns to fiddle. Cremona, not far from Venice, was famed for making fiddles.

They used to put men into sacks and throw them out of a gondola in far back days at Venice. Of many a poor fellow it could be said—

“He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.”

Now, you find where I got those lines, for I have forgotten where.

The people of Venice are very lazy, especially those at the canals. They sit and smoke and spit all the day, some people say. But then they have no hills they can climb, no cricketing, hunting, or even “taking a drive,” as they do at Naples, in one cart. But many, like “Antonio of Venice, look care-fraught.”

They used to have such terrific men over them, called Doges; men whom nobody dared meddle with, and were afraid to speak about, because the Doges kept an army of spies. Every one was a spy on another. Every Doge could say with Warwick (find out who he was)—

“For who lived king but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?”

Venice has had several great painters and sculptors. One of them was a very good man called Canova, who died not many years ago. When his native

village was starving, he found food for all the people, and when a proud painter who was his enemy was dying from hunger, he ordered a painting from him worth £100, of any kind the painter liked.



LETTER XLIX.

MILAN CATHEDRAL. — THE CHURCH OF
ST. AMBROSE, &c.

MILAN, April 21st, Hôtel de Louvre la Ville.—I arrived here last night, as my previous letter would inform you, and was much disappointed at the usual reply "No letters." I have seen no *Guardian* for a fortnight, and we are all very anxious to know what our friends at home are about. A good many things seem out of joint as well as the post. My watch seems thoroughly demented. I have had to change it backwards and forwards for the last three weeks, and now it tells me that it is ten minutes to six, although the bells of numerous churches are unanimous in declaring that it is six o'clock. It is always very pleasant to hear church bells ringing at any time, peculiarly so at six o'clock in the morning, and I would also add especially so if they are the bells of Milan, for they are sweet to an extent of which one could scarcely dream. I am off to the grand old Cathedral, which has attracted men from all parts of the civilized world for hundreds of years, long before St. Peter's at Rome, or our own St. Paul's at London, had a being. I want to see early worship in a Roman Catholic Cathedral and learn whether the bells are really re-

sponded to at this early hour by anything that we might call a "crowded attendance at church" if we were at home. I shall resume writing in the evening.

Amid the calm of the chief street we wended our way to the Duomo, or never-to-be-forgotten Cathedral Church of Milan, about which I had read wonderful stories in past years. In the faint moonlight of last night it looked grand; to-day it looked both grand and graceful. Nearly 500 years old in some parts, manipulated by 182 architects and finished only by the resolution of the Great Napoleon to write his name large everywhere, it presents many features which are contrary to one's ideas of the beautiful as a whole. But you cannot take it in as a whole. You must walk round its pinnacles; look up again and again to its spires, its five doorways—the chief one too small; its granite columns, over which are colossal statues of two saints. Nay more, you must walk round its 50 or more immense inside pillars, inspect its various naves, its spires, statues, balustrades, staircases, &c., before you take in this mighty fabric. The inside adornments are few, save the stained glass windows, which each hour of the day as the sun journeys, have beauties of their own. There is the monument of John and Gabriel Medici, by Angelo, and the ever-recurring St. Bartholomew, who was flayed alive, much to the comfort of painters and sculptors, who have an opportunity they fail not to use of showing their anatomical powers.

But we forget the service. At this early hour there are some hundreds of worshippers, mostly of the poor. There are two street Arabs kneeling before an altar, over which we read "*Privilegia per*

fedeli defunti." Close by were five or six young folks under the care of an elder sister apparently. Were they praying for departed parents? Many had books of devotions, and as the early beams of the sun glanced through the windows, high in the nave roofs, on the figure of the Saviour on the Cross, one was reminded of the lines—

"Hold thou thy cross before my eyes,"

and of the still holier lines—"My house shall be called of all nations a house of prayer." Such a congregation I had not seen anywhere, save some years ago in the Madeleine in Paris—a congregation of the poor, the very poor, and yet without a beggar. There was no preaching. Nothing but silent prayer, and the silent performance of priestly functions. It did strike me, as it has often done before, that Protestants make churches too much houses of preaching. Can we not open them for prayer alone at certain hours? Very few of a similar class to those I saw before me would go to any church or chapel in England. Returning to my inn, I passed through the market. Ah, then, I saw it was not what in Scotland is called the "Lord's Day," although called "Dominica" here. The gardeners were busy unloading their produce, the poultry women plucking their fowls, the retail dealers shouting their wares on sale. I stepped in to the church of the Protomartyr, in the midst of this bustle, and found some scores at prayer, many evidently dressed ready for market duties. What strange contradictions!

High Mass at Milan Cathedral is not to be seen every day by me, so I returned. By ten o'clock three-fourths of the shops were open; flower girls

offered to decorate us; newspaper boys would have us *au fait* with current events. Cabmen were ready to drive us, and even that curse to any country, the lottery keeper, was tempting the passer-by. Inside the church we found a crowd round the high altar, and the two grand circular pulpits, the like of which are not in England. They form part of two of the immense pillars, abound in basso-relievos, and are supported by caryatides. The altar is of gilt bronze, the choir stalls of carved oak, and over the altar is the "holy nail," whatever that may mean. The service is long, the incensing frequent, the priests numerous, the singing nothing to boast of, but the half hour sermon on "the broad road and the narrow way," was said, by a Warrington lady who understands Italian, to be simple. We could all see it was earnest. Men and women stood in some cases all the time. Perhaps he was a favourite preacher. Certainly he was not so lively as a priest we heard in the Cathedral at Naples, nor so moving as Mr. Jones of Naples, or Signor Sciarelli of Rome. In retiring we saw the sun spot in the church floor, by which the astronomers of the Brera show that it is noon.

The caffès as we passed were beginning to be crowded. In one we saw billiard tables surrounded with players; hundreds having refreshments in the open air, and a general movement towards the parks, and finally the theatres. Can the human brain ever cool down under such excitement? Does a saunter into the Cathedral, opera-glass in hand, or even the occupation of a chair, price one penny, (there are few if any seats,) bring the mind of man back from the regions of finance, literature, or trade, and fix it on the Great Unseen? We fear that the continental

mind is like the troubled sea, which cannot rest. Coffee, tobacco, the public garden, the picture gallery, the promenade, the theatre,—such is the routine of continental life. I returned to the inn to meditate on the passage—"After the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers."



LETTER L.

*MILAN—ST. MARINO—THE CHURCH OF
ST. AMBROSE.*

MILAN, April 22nd.—We have had a glorious morning. At seven o'clock we commenced the ascent of the 412 steps which lead to the top of the Cathedral. The steps are not steep, and again and again we come to resting places. 158 steps of marble stairs lead to the roof proper. Here the statues and bas-reliefs are like a gallery of sculpture. The roof is formed of slabs of marble, and well protected, so there is no fear while you survey the "landscape o'er." Adam and Eve are there in cold marble to welcome each son and daughter. Napoleon the First, too, is on one of "the greatest naves." But "excelsior" is our motto, and we mount till the great cupola is reached, and then there is a view of a mighty city at your feet—immense plains, mountains perhaps 100 miles off, covered with snow, while vines in tens of thousands are at your feet. Higher than we can reach is a pyramid holding a copper statue of Holidam. It is the highest of 136 others. The statue of Omodcs, the architect, is here also. The streets of Milan before us are narrow, and the passengers puny mortals; for we are looking down from a height greater than St. Paul's, or the Great Pyramid of Egypt. The sight is

well worth the climb. With an opera glass we examine the statues, which can be seen no way else, —and each is a perfect figure, fit for the library, the gallery, or the entrance hall.

Later on we visit the church of St. Marino, where is the fresco of Leonardo da Vinci's great work, the "Last Supper"—known by cast, paintings, and sculptured work. It is in a dirty small hall, fast being eaten away by damp, but borne up in its misfortunes by numerous painters trying to render the original truly on their canvas. A visit to the local Colosseum, and a drive for five miles round the walls of Milan, end our pleasant visit. The drive is unique and continuous. We examine each gate. We pass under many thousand chestnut trees without a break, and see hundreds of thousands of vines trellised from tree to tree, ready for budding in due season. Milan ought to have its 250,000 inhabitants healthy. They have a grand *cordon* against disease. Time forbade me to visit the Ambrosian Library, rich in books and MSS., the Natural History Museum, and many other places. But time I did find to visit the Church of St. Ambrose, perhaps the oldest in Italy. It is a fine plain building, carrying you back to the fourth century, St. Ambrose having consecrated it in 387. There is no myth about this. On the walls of the cloisters are some scores of frescoes, broken slabs, tombs, and monuments, as hoary as any in old Rome. Inside all is simple and chaste, but the masons and carpenters restoring the altar interfere with our view. There is the marble chair, dating from the second century, in which a saint, well known in Church history, sat. There are the cypress doors which he shut in the face of King Theodoric. Yonder marble pulpit may well be the

one out of which he preached ; and the sarcophagus underneath, with its "Christ and the Twelve Disciples" in mezzo-relievo, speaks of days far back in the annals of the Christian era. We laugh at the story of the brazen serpent being here, but we listen with interest to the answer to our inquiry, Where is the MS. of St. Ambrose's "Te Deum"?—the noblest of Church compositions. It was in the care of the Benedictine monks ; a special order was required to see it and other ancient books. But we did see a missal of the fourteenth century, containing many beautiful illustrations, some rather quaint. One, representing the Adoration of the Magi, showed a very spruce dandy among the Magi, dressed in the mode of the gallants of the days of the Crusades, and the young priest who showed us all laughed at my remarks that the gallant was *très joli*. I know no church which has more deeply moved me than this, and no doubt with more time one could have had access to the numerous antique parchments connected with the Church of St. Ambrose, and the library of the same name.



LETTER LI.

TURIN.—THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.

TURIN, Tuesday, April 23rd.—We reached the Trombetta Hotel here last night at 11 o'clock, after a five hours' ride from Milan. At 5-15 I was up preparing for sight-seeing, as we had resolved to leave for Paris at nine o'clock. A walk and an hour's ride showed us its many arrow-like well-paved streets, its numerous statues and squares, its large barracks, its smart soldiers at drill in its Champ de Mars, and, above all, our first view of Mont Cenis, upon which the sun was shedding its early beams, revealing a whiteness to which hitherto I have been an utter stranger. Turin is not, like Washington, merely a "city of magnificent distances," but one where the streets are really made, flagged in the usual way for foot passengers, and with two rows of flags down each street for vehicle traffic, the horses' feet running on small boulders.

The ride from Turin to the end of the Mont Cenis tunnel is one worth a special visit. We had left the Apennines some days ago, and we were soon now among the Alps. For 40 miles before we entered the great tunnel we were enveloped with mountains like the Great Orme's Head, but double, treble, and many times the size of that well-known mountain. They

were everywhere, rugged, barren, terraced, fruitful, vine-clad, and then snow-clad. Between them were many lively plains, declivities, hillsides, hillocks, and indescribable pieces of land, upon which the vine was growing, or rather would be growing in a few weeks, for as yet it was only the preparatory work that was done. Funny to us was the look of acre upon acre, mile upon mile, divided into patches, many of them like goat-paths cross-cut every few yards. Was it the law of primogeniture, or the law of vine-growing, that necessitated such spadework? About 20 miles from the Italian end of the great tunnel we came upon the first of some 30 small tunnels; but the carriage being well lighted none of them put us to any inconvenience, and as we got out of each we were rewarded with a new view. Here a little village, nestling in an apparent crevice. There a second, standing in danger, we fancy, of mountain torrents, or spring avalanches, sweeping away its pretty church and homesteads. We regretted that the Fell railway over the mountain was closed, and the diligences now a thing of the past; but they have left enough of the romantic to charm and enthrall us. What fun in and about the small tunnels, We are gloating over a picturesque collection of cottages, when heigh, *presto*, we dart into a tunnel! We are out, and exclaim, "See what a —," but before the word is out of any mouth it is useless. We are in another and another tunnel. The "cloud-capped towers" are no longer to us figures of speech. We see the mountain base; we run our eyes up its verdant sides for many hundred feet; we wonder how that cottager gets his marketing done, where is the church he attends and so on. We look higher, and higher, and higher, and

see the snow, purer and purer, whiter and whiter. But a film comes over. Is it over our eyes? No, it is over the mountain top. It is one of those mighty monarchs who keep even their admirers at a distance. Court etiquette surrounds him. Only a very bright day, or a very bold tourist, sees the head of many of these mighty monarchs. Their imperial majesties believe in the solidarity of the reigning families of the Alps. We approach Bardonnechie and find the ground covered everywhere with snow. Goods trucks pass us bearing quite a heap. Gradually we see nothing but snow above and below us on either side. The train has been pulling up-hill all the way. Again and again the iron horse has stopped to drink. Our party from being interested become excited. We are at Bardonnechie, the station at the mouth of the tunnel. The railway men, with large wooden shovels, are clearing away the snow; the other employés look active, and as usual are polite. They have but three trains each way per day, and must be glad to see so many strange faces. A church bell is ringing somewhere in the distance; a little snowballing is indulged in; heads are peeping out at every carriage window to take a last look of daylight this side the Alps. The signal is given, and at 12-17 we are off, the engine gaining power by a good run on the level before we reach the mouth, some 200 yards distant. The dream of the past is fulfilled. We are in the Mont Cenis Tunnel, and we know it, but not from unpleasant feeling. We pen these lines with perfect ease. The carriage is splendidly lighted. In the tunnel are lamps at short distances. We are able to observe that, contrary to expectation, there is a double line of rails. Now we remember, in fact, that

the tunnel is 29 feet high, and 16 wide, so that, although $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, there is provision for ventilation, and we feel no lassitude or annoyance from the confined air. We are trying to remember that it was ten years in making, that it cost several millions, that it is the greatest triumph of modern engineering, and will ever immortalise the Italians, when, lo! I look up, and out of eight *compagnons de voyage* four are nodding. But we are out in broad daylight in 24 minutes, and preparing to have our luggage examined.

At Modane and St. Michael, both the same stations, we have to change carriages, show our passports, and have our luggage once more nominally overhauled. On the platform is a clock showing Roman time—1-5; on the other side is one showing Paris time—12-18. I have once more to turn back my watch hands; they have once more to travel over the same ground. But we have only gained the hour lost at Ventimiglia, when three weeks ago we crossed the Italian frontier. Any one living at Modane may have a day of 23, 24, or 26 hours, as he pleases, if he has no one to please but himself. But we form *queue*—that is, follow one another, give up passports to an official for examination, open our bags and boxes, get them chalk-marked and pass on. If you have no tobacco you need not fear. This is the fourth or fifth examination we have undergone; but nothing has been examined. It is a tiresome farce. A declaration should be enough, a heavy penalty being imposed on a smuggler. Passports being once more condemned to immediate death require no further remark. An hour for all this and for dinner at the *Buffet*—the invariable railway term for refreshment room—sees us in another carriage, with a compartment for ourselves and a newly made acquaint-

ance, and we are off for Paris—an 18 hours' ride, fully three times the time from London to Liverpool. We pass several more tunnels, enter a long defile, made, as it were, by nature for a railway, down the sides of which scores of mountain streams are dancing wildly, as they hurry into the various rivers which will bring them into the Mediterranean, or an ocean home. What a joyous existence is theirs! The sun's long arms of attraction raise its water babies higher than the highest hills. At the right time, like the eagle teaching its young to fly, they are left to themselves, and descend as rain or snow, watering the earth, forming little rills, aiding to drive the many water wheels we see around us, and on to the—aye, but I have said that before. Night closes in upon us at Macon, where we have another hour for tea. Discussions and tales keep us awake till 11. I sleep soundly as usual, only disturbed now and again by the cries of "Dijon," &c. Finally at 4 o'clock, I rouse, take to studying the full moon on my left and the rising sun on my right, and prepare to enter Paris. At 6-30 we are there. Our good hostess at the Hôtel Britannique has a fire lighted for us, the first we have needed for a month—in fact, the sun skinned my nose at Rome, and sent me to the King's hatter for a broader brim—and we feel as if we were at home. At least we are homesick, and homeward bound.

LETTER LII.

LAST WORDS ABOUT MILAN.

MILAN, April 22nd.—You would be disappointed if no letter from Milan. Why should you, if I can write one? Well, the railway station at Milan is very splendid, and really adorned with frescoes. What says Euston-square to that, with its solitary pair of Stephenson's? Milan has just had erected an enormously large Burlington Arcade. The houses around the Cathedral were as close as they are at St. Paul's, and the Municipality went in on a large scale, cleared off an acre of rubbish, and behold the Arcade. It is in the form of a Latin cross, the centre surmounted with a glass cupola, the floor is in mosaic, and twenty-four statues in memory of famed Italians form an octagon in the centre. Crowds go to see it lighted. It has one pipe all round it, with jets every inch or two, as at South Kensington Museum, and the lighting is on the same plan. I told some of them of my notion for lighting the gas there. Instead of running a lighted lamp along the pipes, every jet letting gas escape meanwhile, I would have a pipe within a pipe, the jet coming out of each alternately. Apply a light, and, *presto*, one lights the other all round in an instant. When lighted, turn the main tap of one pipe, half go out, and the other half burn, having plenty of air, which they would

not have if all came from one pipe and so were close together.

The gates of Milan are very noticeable. We drive for five miles on the boulevards, passing eight out of eleven gates, among which were two named Magenta and Garibaldi. One, called the Venice gate, is a remarkable beauty. The Victory gate records the triumph of the Milanese over the Austrians in 1848. The first Napoleon had something to do with one or two of the gates when he came to Milan to be crowned in 1805.

The Place of Arms is an enormous barracks. We saw many thousand soldiers this morning parading, running, stooping, pointing their guns, &c., as if the Austrians were at their gates. We visited an amphitheatre, made after the manner of the Roman ones. The guide said it would hold 30,000, and that in winter water was let in for skating, if ice can be had in this climate. It is entirely without a roof.

About the Cathedral I can say little more than in my letter home. The chief entrances are very shabby, and, on the whole, the immense number of statues perched everywhere, without rhyme or reason, is rather ginger-bready. But *you* must not say *I* said so for the world. Not to admire, nay adore, Milan Cathedral is shocking taste. I do think much of the inside, and of the windows, and of the statues *per se*; but if ever you have gone down Euston-road you will have seen the marble masons' yards there, and the peeps you get of the statues on the various elevations of the Cathedral will suggest Euston-road. The 50 immense pillars which support the five naves of the roofs are certainly grand. They speak of Doomsday, the crack of doom, and the payment of the English National

debt. There is a ticket office near the high altar, where those who wished for tickets to visit the roof had them, Sunday as it was. We waited until to-day. The Cathedral measures 500 feet in length, but only 180 in width. It has 160 spires, 7,148 statues, 1,500 bas-reliefs, cost 684 million francs, besides 20 million francs worth of marble given free. There is a catalogue for you to commit to memory! But dearer than all to some minds will be the fact that it contains a bone of that arch-rogue Judas, and a handkerchief upon which is the ~~mark~~ ^{mark} of our Saviour's face. Five hundred and forty years has the Cathedral, or Duomo, been in building. I had almost omitted to state that many of the windows are of beautiful stained glass, giving a richness which St. Peter's does not possess.

I did not find time to visit the Brera, or Palace of the Fine Arts, but some of our party who did report a splendid "Abraham Dismissing Hagar" by Barbieri. I have seen an engraving of it, and Hagar looks like a well-to-do matron of the fifteenth century. The "Espousals of the Virgin," by Raphael, I regret not having seen. The engravings represent a temple in the background, a modest Virgin, and a Joseph of proper age and mien, with a following on both sides of which any carpenter might be proud. But, then, painters must have some licence. There are many Raphaels, Guidos, Angelos, Veroneses, and Tintoretts at the Brera.

The most impressive of all sights in the art way in Milan is, no doubt, Da Vinci's "Last Supper." Its remains are shown in the S. M. delle Grazie. I say its remains, for not one of the thirteen portraits is as it came from the hand of the great painter. I gazed

on in the morning with awe, and bought a photograph of it as it is now. It was three hundred years ago the pride of Milan. De Vinci spent years in preparing for it. Each head is a character. Judas was the last sketched. For long he could find no face showing sufficient villainy and treachery. The Prior grew impatient. The painter was too long in his dining-room with his pencil and all brushes. A complaint was made that De Vinci did nothing. He vowed that he worked at it two hours a day. It was denied, and the painter's explanation was that he walked two hours a day in the *Borghetto* in search of a Judas. If they pushed him too hard, he would make the Prior's face do for that notable rogue's.

It was finished at length. But being in oil colours it soon felt the effects of the damp wall, while a contemporary fresco at the other end is as fresh as ever. It was finished in 1498; in 1540 it was half effaced, and soon after the colours disappeared. The holy fathers knocked a door-way through its centre to get more easily to their kitchen, and then got an unknown artist to "restore" the damage sustained. The restorer daubed it all over; and a successor to him put on new heads! Bonaparte, when at Milan, in 1798 would not let his soldiers use the refectory, but a succeeding general made it a forage store, and his soldiers amused themselves with throwing stones at the heads of the Apostles! Only by means of early copies do we know what it was. But there was a solemn pleasure in standing and looking at even the faintest remains of a master's work painted 374 years ago. Will it be believed that Milan, which has allowed its adopted son's great work thus to die, is at length uncovering a Carrara marble monument to his memory?

PARIS AND THE PARISIANS.



LETTER LIII.

THE COMMUNE AND THE COMMUNISTS.

PARIS, October 24th, 1872.—Fortunately for my correspondent, the letters I sent belonging to *Home-ward Bound* did not embrace so much about Paris as I am now able to write, and so I am tempted to ask you to put this and what may follow in their stead. My presence so soon again in Paris is caused by business, and this business has enabled me to visit places where pleasure alone would have failed to secure me access, or left me too feeble a motive to spare the time. My “voyage,” late as it was in the season, was as pleasant as in April, and with no levying of black mail by Neptune. My companion and I sat still, and professed to be reading the *Graphic*. Inwardly I was cogitating how to improve the Channel passage, and finally made my way to the captain on the upper deck, from whom I drew particulars of the shallow harbours on both sides, the shabby conduct of the French Government in putting on the gun-boat labouring behind us, to carry the mails at a saving of a few pounds a day, and the general second-rate con-

dition of everything which did not carry the flag or sing the songs of our friend Britannia. In fact, I became a convert to the great propriety of the *Straits* of Dover existing to help us in our straits, and being of so much value against all our enemies, from Julius Cæsar downwards, that I shall move, if ever a member of the Prayer Book Revision Committee, for the insertion of a paragraph of thanks for the Straits of Dover among other of our national blessings. How my convictions may be changed on my return voyage is one of the mysteries of the future.

On our trip from Calais to Paris we had a London vicar and his wife for companions, both of them very interesting specimens of the intelligent and travelled English. They have taken autumnal trips again and again to Rome and many other parts of Europe. No picture of note had been passed by; no statue or building of celebrity was unknown to them. I could well understand how their winter evenings would pass quietly and quickly while reviewing the sights they had mutually seen.

Two French gentlemen engaged in our conversation, and a discussion arose whether the French have a word for *home*. The younger Frenchman, who had spent ten months at school at Scarborough, and groaned at the remembrance of being there marched off three times a day to church, tried to palm off *maison* upon us. I shook my head. *Maison* was but a *house*. *Chez soi*, and one or two other phrases, he then tried; but the Vicar and I proved to him how meagre was the resemblance of each phrase to the English word *home*, which charms the English ear all the world over. Our French friend had enjoyed English hospitality often. He knew its sacred character, its genial warmth, its overspreading influence,

but only in part. The *café* life was better suited for their warmer clime, their high buildings, small rooms, and their drawbacks to family life. At any rate—and here he had us—French cafés did not turn out at nights the drunken sots which ~~English~~ public-houses did. We plead guilty on the part of our nation, and I willingly confess that I never saw a drunken man in France. I have now spent about a month in Paris in my three visits, and visited every part I might say, including Belleville, the quarter of the Communists and the offscouring of the city, and I have not seen one whose behaviour suggested intoxication, indecency, or brutality, neither man nor woman. I should have no fear in allowing a young lady to walk Paris at any hour of the day, nor a suspicion that her ears would be shocked by vile or loathsome words. A Frenchman will go far to put a lady in her way; and a day or two ago, a police officer walked as far as he dared to show me my way to a place, and finally wrote the name of the street on a card.

Passing by all the pleasure of meeting old friends, the novelty to my companion of new streets, new names, new everything, I pass on to tell you all I have learned about the Commune and the Communists, drawing upon my last visits where necessary to make my narrative complete, but, perhaps, calculating too much on your ignorance. First of all we begin the inspection of the buildings burned down. The Tuileries naturally come first. They are in the very centre of Paris, and form, in connection with the world-famed Louvre, a huge square, having the Seine on its left, the Rue Rivoli on its right, and its own gardens and the Place de la Concorde in its front. Not a door, nor window, nor roof remains in three-fourths of the Tuileries. In the year of the Exposition I tried to

obtain admission to see the State apartments, but so many hundreds were before me that I gave up the attempt in despair. Now solitary sentinels, smoking on duty, with their guns at all angles, keep watch over the skeleton ruins.

Near by, the Palais Royal is in ruins, and right across the Seine the Conseil d'Etat and five smaller buildings. Down the Rue Rivoli we come on the ruins of the Hôtel des Finances, and find that the very site is announced for sale. We return up the Rivoli and see the Hôtel de Ville a ghastly ruin, yet ludicrous from the pranks which the lambent flames played as they leapt from window to window, and beheaded, unhanded, or deformed the faces of the scores of statues all round the pediment of the immense mass of buildings. Here Her Majesty and the Prince Consort were entertained by the Emperor, and from that window our beloved Queen was invited to look down the newly made avenue in front, and name it the now well-known—*Avenue Victoria*. Here the Republics of 1848 and 1870 were proclaimed. Nothing but charred walls remain, unsafe even to be rebuilt. The soldiers of the barracks behind keep watch, and a placard forbids any one to enter the gates. But all Paris can read in the ruins of their "Mansion House" the power of petroleum, and of a misguided and infatuated mob. Further on, and in other parts I need not localise, are the ruins of the Grenier d'Abondance, the Cour des Comptes, the Légion d'Honneur, two theatres, the Palais de Justice, &c. Various buildings suffered in a very minor degree, including the Panthéon, the Madeleine, and the Corps Législatif, as did also the statue of Lille at the Place de la Concorde, and that of Voltaire in front of the Mairie in the Boulevard called after his name. The coloured maps of Paris show over

40 fires which raged at once in Paris, and finally led to the London fire engines being sent to aid in saving at least some portion of Paris. All these fires were the work of the Communists, after the Prussians had left Paris to take care of itself.

Outside the city the evidence of the Prussians having been five months encamped around it are not very visible. The Bois de Boulogne has lost but few of its trees; the Acclimatisation Society there has all its elephants at work carrying loads of children, and its thousands of birds are heard chirping as merrily as ever. Several houses have souvenirs of the siege, in the shape of shells or balls, sticking in them. Six months ago we drove slowly over one or two temporary bridges, passed St. Cloud, the palace of which and most of the houses were then in ruins. Now the houses are being rapidly rebuilt. But they were the victims, like St. Denis, of the French trying to drive out the Prussians. So far as we can learn, an odd shell at the Invalides, one at the Panthéon, and a few at the Arch of Triumph, are the only memorials of the Prussians. But the Communists left their mark, not only by the burned buildings which I have named, but by wrecked houses at the Rue Royale and on the outskirts, which our driver showed us in going and returning, on my last visit. At that time I wrote as follows:—Arrived at Versailles, we see no sign of war. No trees have been cut. Louis XIV. stands in the Grand Square, and so do the other men of note who have monuments "to all the glories of France." The fountains are again playing every Sunday, and men and women apparently every day, for there are crowds around us everywhere. Two gatherings, however, are exciting. The Chamber of Deputies is sitting

to-day, and six or eight courts at the barracks are trying the Communists. We drove past a lot of these poor wretches on our journey, and thought them a helpless looking set of rebels. We entered two courts, both crowded, and listened to the trials. We did not like the sneers of the judges—military men—nor the jeers of the spectators. The trying of 13,000 prisoners is no easy task, and phrenology, I fear, will often be "sought unto." My railway drive over the same ground this week enables me to add that the trials still go on, and that, in addition to seeing the Great and Little Trianons, which I did in April, with all their reminiscences of the home life of the Queens of France, the Galleries may now be seen. One, however, must serve as a specimen of the whole, as I described them in 1867. The first we enter is a truly grand hall. General Bonaparte appears again and again in paintings and marble. In the former he is ever at the head of his victorious army. General Washington, with his French allies, is in this Gallery, offering terms to the British to surrender. One has his historical knowledge tested on every side. Each picture has a brass plate, upon which is engraved a description of the subject painted. No catalogues are to be had to enable one to bring away a list of the paintings he likes best. But, on the other hand, you have not the trouble of turning over a catalogue to see "what it is all about." In rooms measuring six miles, every foot of which I one day trod, there is no picture but tells its own tale. Yet, how monotonous! Kings—Louis XIV. at least a hundred times from his cradle to his grave, and Napoleon half as often—generals, admirals, and smaller stars everywhere abound. Fights between France and every

other nation, up to Solferino and Balaclava, are there. Oh, for one picture by a Hogarth, a Wilkie, or a Webster, just to rest the eyes! An "Election Scene" would put us in spirits; a "Blind Fiddler" make us dance, even on the polished floors; and "Schoolboys at Play" would send us home with improved digestion. But in vain. Glory! Victory! These are the themes upon which the French have fed on their Sunday "outs" at Versailles. The early church bells, and they are sweet in Paris; the early music in the churches, and it is often as if Heaven had sent a choir for the day; the numerous pictures of the Saviour and of the Saints, affecting one to tears—all are driven from the Parisian's memory when he goes off to Versailles the same day, and reads a newer New Testament than that of the Church, which records, not the doings of Him who fed the five thousand, of the Shepherds, the Magi, or the Good Samaritan; but the Pestilence that walked at noonday, under the name of the *Great Napoleon*. A French gentleman, as we viewed the battle scenes on every side, quoted a French proverb, which says, somewhat like our own Fletcher's:—"Let me make the songs of a people, and I will let any one make their laws." France became intoxicated with the alcoholic sight of thousands upon thousands of her brave sons enshrined at Versailles. Versailles on the brain was the result. Glory could only be found in war. Peace could have no victories, grant no medals, institute no Légions d'Honneur, nor open the mansions of the rich, the witty, and the learned. School boys marched to martial tunes, and each one said, "*Je serai un soldat.*" But others had learned to fight as well as they, and in an hour when they thought not of it, the Prussians came, and desecrated the Galleries of Ver-

sailles. Here, where the French revels, which astonished the world for 200 years, took place, did the States of Fatherland send and crown the parvenu *King* of Prussia, *Emperor* of Germany. A little bird here says: "Don't forget the paintings at Dulwich and Greenwich, and the statuary in Westminster Abbey." Alas! I cannot; we, too, are verily guilty of worshipping Mars.

But I forget the Communists. I cannot, however, profess to tell their history. They are maligned as a whole. They cannot be so in the person of many of their members. A day will no doubt come when, like Robespierre, and Henry VIII., and Judas Iscariot, they will have historians whitewashing them. They were a mixed multitude. While Paris was besieged they did their share of the fighting. But they distrusted Trochu, Favre, and others, who they feared would bring in another Emperor. They set out with a programme sound in many parts. They protected life and property by shooting rascals on the spot. They issued decrees, a volume of which I have bought, which were worthy of better results. Prostitution was prohibited; before, it was legalised. But the residuum rose to the surface. The better men, like young Rossel, left in disgust and despair. Two foreigners became their leaders. Thiers parleyed too long with them; did not recognize their captured leaders as belligerents, but hanged them without ceremony, in spite of the advice of the Curé of the Madeleine. Two could play at that game. Everything is said to be fair in war. The Communists opened the gaols to political prisoners. The sieve was not fine enough. Those incarcerated for not knowing *meum* from *tuum* got out on political grounds. Thieves, home and foreigners—4,000 said to be English—were let loose.

Some out of revenge for their lost generals, and others out of hatred of all good men, murdered the Archbishop of Paris and sixty other hostages. "Advanced politicians," hailing from London head-quarters, and known as Internationalists, determined to strike terror into the "despots" of Europe, and many more to strike terror into the owners of property, and carefully planned and consummately carried out a scheme of destruction which was truly called "Paris in flames;" horrified the civilized world, made frightened lunatics of many Frenchmen, consigned thousands, innocent and guilty, to instant death, and more than 20,000 to deportation or imprisonment. For once Europe groaned in concert; for once the same lachrymatory held the tears of all civilized men.

In material matters much of both periods of the history of France is obliterated. The Prussian can no longer look on St. Cloud, Courbevoie, and other villages along the Seine as desolate. The Communists, if any are left, see the Avenue de la Grande Armée, where much fighting was done, so restored that I asked in vain of one who saw them, for a mark to show the fights. The Légion d'Honneur is itself again. The Palais de Justice and the Palais Royal are rising from almost their ruins.

But what of the Communists? Men speak of them with bated breath. The word *Commune* is odious. It will perhaps be expunged from the Academy's Dictionary in their next edition. The cabmen profess not to know Belleville—the capital of the Commune, a high and once a lovely part of Paris, as its name implies. I found such was the case on this wise: when the Commune was put down, every man connected with it fled, or was imprisoned, or shot. Widows were

multiplied. Forsaken wives and children abounded on every hand. But who cared for them? They dared not say who they were. Like rats they might die in their holes. In this emergency Providence raised up, in the shape of a foreign lady, Miss de Broen, then resident in England with the Rev. W. Pennefather, and labouring amongst the French refugees in London. She was invited to Paris by the Society of Friends, who had a mission there for the diffusion of Christian truth. On her arrival she found a wide field. Everywhere assistance was required, but especially so she considered at Belleville and La Villette, the quarters of Paris which had been the stronghold of the Communists. Once on a day they were the strongholds of thieves, who for many years had rioted in one portion of a rocky and uncultivated nature, as monarchs of all they surveyed. Thanks to the late Emperor, their own special ground was taken possession of by the Municipality of Paris, and turned into a People's Park; but still Belleville remained, so far as its fame was concerned, and probably that fame was not far from the truth, as the grand refuge for all who were discontented, idle, in debt, or, in plainer English, thieves and robbers. Miss de Broen commenced her labours upwards of a year ago, amongst the thousands of women living in those places, who were separated from husbands and sons by death or imprisonment, and who were unable to obtain any employment in the locality to which they belonged, and deprived of almost every means of subsistence, the very Priests and Sisters of Mercy shunning them in their rounds of charity. Probably it is not surprising that seeing themselves treated as outcasts they should cherish feelings of revenge against their richer brethren, or refuse to believe that they had a Father

in Heaven the same as their fellow-creatures. Miss de Broen took up her abode in their midst, and devoted herself to the work of assisting them by daily example and daily teaching. The War Victims' Committee of the Society of Friends nobly aided her with a sum of money; sewing classes were commenced four times a week, the women were paid 5d. for three hours' work, and since the commencement about 400 have attended more or less regularly every week. Thrown together in the first instance for the sake of the trifling remuneration, they have been brought under the wonder-working power of the Gospel, which had practically been unknown amongst them before. Of this strange attack upon the devil in his own den I learned some interesting particulars from the friends of Miss de Broen in Paris; and expressing a wish to see for myself, I was kindly invited to be one of a party consisting of an American clergyman, Mrs. Wright, an American lady, and the well-known founder of the Five Points Mission, a very benevolent lady of the name of Miss Drake, the Rev. James Nicholson well known to many in this district, and several other friends. We required two cabs to take us to Belleville, which was about three miles from where our party met, and by an almost straight road; but the cabmen, who know Paris in every corner, a knowledge probably possessed by nobody else, were profoundly ignorant of Belleville, and it was long before they could be convinced that it was a part of Paris, and even then they made their way to it at a speed which would have suggested that the Communists were still there in full force, and again and again had we to make inquiry for a particular street to which, under other circumstances, I believe we should have been driven direct. We found

the gathering of Communists—mothers, wives and sisters—to number almost 40, and to be located in a room over a large school of Protestant youths, who were enjoying themselves in regular schoolboy fashion when we arrived. The women's schoolroom was thoroughly packed—they had to be taken in detachments—and with some curiosity I followed our leader, and had my first view of what are popularly supposed to be wild animals. There before me sat a company who had been depicted in books and newspapers emptying pitchers of petroleum down the cellar grids of private houses in Paris, pouring boiling water upon the soldiers, attacking them unawares with all offensive weapons upon which they could lay their hands, and urging on their fathers, husbands and brothers, to the most brutal treatment of the soldiers of the Republic. Well, it may be true; in fact, there is no doubt of the truth that such scenes were enacted; but if the women that I saw before me had either hand or heart in the perpetration of them, all my knowledge of physiognomy must be of the most elementary kind, or else the effects of grace, kindly feeling, and warm sympathy, really have done what could not be described by any other phrase than that of a new birth. Their instructress, Miss de Broen, has certainly all the qualifications necessary to work such a change. Evidently full of the deepest toned piety, possessed of a pleasant countenance, a winning smile, and a sympathetic voice, which can make itself understood in several languages, one after a time begins to realize that it may be possible that such cleanly, tidily dressed women, every one after the French fashion with her clean cap, may have, under the power of supposed patriotism, the pangs of hunger, or the influence of male relatives, unsexed themselves for

the time, and been as vile as represented by their bitterest enemies.

But, if so, one can only exclaim that the age of miracles has not yet passed away. We see no sullenness, no fierceness, no haughtiness. Each countenance has a softened Christian-like expression. We learned that in addition to the sewing class which was being held, there are meetings twice a week at La Villette near by, and Belleville, attended by nearly 200 men women, and boys. Night schools are held on two other evenings of the week for men and boys, and another for women and girls. They are well attended, and much appreciated; and it is said to be very touching to see old men accompanying their sons to school in order to read the Scriptures. One man of 65 has learned to read and write during the past six months. Many of the men who have thus come under Christian influence, we were assured, were released Communist prisoners.

The Society of Friends has earned an additional laurel by being the originators of this school; and Miss de Broen will earn for herself a good degree, and great boldness in the faith, most certainly, if she continue the labour she has begun. There is but one feeling connected with the school calculated to excite a little alarm, and that is that the funds under the Society of Friends' management did not admit of the continuance of the mission on the same footing as before. Miss de Broen has shown her faith, however, not only in sacrificing her private income to the work, but in undertaking its further extension in a spirit of faith which I trust will prove not to have been in vain. She has taken a larger room for three years right in the centre of Belleville, in every way capable of holding

the necessary meetings, and she contemplates the establishment of a day school for the children belonging to the women who attend the meetings in the afternoons. The poverty in the Belleville part of Paris is still very great, work for women is not easily obtained, and an English sovereign or a five-pound Bank of England note would be an acceptable present to Miss de Broen, especially at the present time, when the new premises have to be furnished, and additional expense otherwise incurred. If you know of any who can assist in this way they may send to Miss de Broen their money in perfect confidence through the Rev. M. Le Pasteur Dugand, 4 Rue Rocquépine, Paris; Samuel Gurney, Esq., Regent's Park, London; the Rev. M. Le Pasteur Monad, 7, Rue Rocquépine, Paris; or myself. But in talking about the ways and means of supporting the mission, I am neglecting to describe more particularly what we saw and heard. Then first and foremost we saw two score of very respectably dressed elderly women, all sewing at garments suitable for their condition in life. We saw that they looked very pleasant, very satisfied, and I think I may say very glad to see their English and American visitors. We heard them sing several French hymns in well known tunes, and then listened to earnest addresses by Mrs. Wright and Mr. Nicholson, supplemented by a few words from myself. We had a fear that they might look upon themselves as being made the subject of idle curiosity, and not of deep interest; and, therefore, before we separated, each of them had the means given her of purchasing a good dinner on her way home; for which we received very hearty French cheers, and, curiously enough, we could not but observe that even the English notification of the gift

did not require to be translated the same as other parts of the addresses. Somehow or other the old women intuitively connected the word *franc* and *dinner* in a way that rendered translation unnecessary. It was well that it should be so, and that all visitors professing to take a Christian interest in the poor should manifest it in some way which recognizes the connection between the soul and the body. I cannot finish this letter without expressing my great desire to assist in the movement, simply because at the present time, and probably for some years to come, the French, who are deeply benevolent, and who manage to keep all their beggars out of the streets, look upon the name of Belleville with such loathing that there is a danger of the good suffering with the bad. There are probably within the circle of those who may read this letter in public, after you have read it in private, some to whom a gift of 20s., or even a five-pound note might be no great deprivation, but on the other hand a real pleasure, when they know that it is to be devoted to such a worthy object. I have often found people at home not only willing to give but exceedingly anxious to give, if they only knew that their money was to be devoted to really useful purposes; and whilst I would seldom ask to be the almoner of other people's bounty, I would in this particular instance gladly lay myself under obligations to any friends at home, who, through me, or the others named, would assist a work in which I am sure all would take the deepest interest, if they could only see it under the same circumstances as I saw it myself.

LETTER LIV.

RELIGION IN PARIS.—HOW THE SUNDAY IS KEPT.—ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND PROTESTANTISM.

PARIS, October.—You may thank red-tapeism for this letter. Red-tapeism exists even under a Republic. In fact, had the Emperor been here, I should have made a direct appeal to him, for despots can nod an assent which constitutional Kings and Presidents dare not imitate. Shuttled out from Versailles to San Domingo, I have no alternative but to study the decline of my weapons at the table d'hôte, the want of pipelay in the appearance of French soldiers, the state of religion in Paris, or follow to Louvre M. Orenne, secretary to the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce. The subs are all very polite: they will talk with me by the hour, and illustrate their reasons how we to do what I want by a score of "petit-moyens," all leading from steam type-setting machines up to Orsini bombs. But here ends their power. A leading newspaper editor told me that Messieurs Red-tape went to their offices at eleven, read the newspapers till one, cut their nails till four, and then off to the café. Herein, however, they differ not from their relations at Whitehall and Downing-street. It runs in the blood; only

the French say, "*Il est impossible*" with such grace that you keep off your hat longer than usual, and feel inclined to ask them to join you for once at the table d'hôte of the Grand Hotel, or at least, of the Hôtel de Louvre, where 250 daily while away the time from six to eight, amid many temptations to come again.

But about Religion in Paris. Judged by the Sunday, Religion is at a low ebb. I have spent five Sundays in Paris, on three different occasions, and perhaps a slight sameness now comes over me, and I lose my keen home knowledge of days and dates, all counting from Sunday. This spirit must grow upon residents, and that reverence for the day which all professing Christianity feel in England partly disappears. For instance, before daylight each of the past three Sundays I have been awakened by the noise of long strings of horses and carts passing under my window to the Halles Centrales, a huge public market near by. I got up the first morning and followed the carts, to see if there was more stir in the market on Sundays than I had seen on the week-day. I met hundreds of cleanly-dressed women coming from it with loads of vegetables, and men—all wearing clean blouses—with fish, butchers' meat, and everything else which the wants of a large city could suggest. The market covers many acres, has wide streets crossing it, and certainly it had one or two thousands engaged buying and selling on the Sunday morning. There were no unseemly noises, no drunkenness, and no swearing; but as certainly there was not the slightest change from week-day operations. The sellers importuned us to buy fish literally alive in tanks; frogs, skinned and looking somewhat dainty on their perches; flat fish of huge size; tons of snails, **whelks**, and eels. Escaped from

fish to flesh, we saw tempting butchers' stalls, if such ever can be tempting. Joints were cut to every shape and size which could entice a buyer. Paper frills decorated the joints, and here and there was an unjointed ox, hanging full length, displaying the anatomy of his species. Flowers, fruits, even strawberries in October, were there, and one could not but contrast the market then with what it was last Christmas but one. On that day it was deserted by all but the few who could buy a chicken at its weight in silver; or rat, cat, or dog, or horse flesh, at so many shillings a pound. The Parisians might dispense with Sunday trading if they would. But workmen toil on Saturdays late, and resume their work on Sundays as a matter of course. They want social and religious reform leaders far more than political ones. A Saturday half-holiday and a Sunday whole holyday would regenerate France. Who will subscribe for half a million copies of Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night" for France? By the time we left the market the shops were opening on every hand, and weary-looking shop girls whom we had seen sewing in the work-rooms visible from the streets up to ten on Saturday night, were hurrying on to recommence their toil. Nothing but a Sunday half-holiday spent at the theatre cheers their life, or an All Saints' day, when the very newspapers, all issued on Sunday, are too religious to appear. No evenings for lectures, concerts, or visitings. The condition of women in Paris who have to work for a living is very sad. Passing along the streets one sees here and there church-going people; but as the hours of worship embrace most of the day, the sight of a crowd marching in one direction at "service time" is seldom seen. Towards three o'clock the gardens of the Tuil-

eries, the Champs Elysées, and other open places get crowded. Foot-balling, amateur ballooning, and other amusements, are begun, and swings, merry-go-rounds, operatic singing, and legerdemain engage the attention. By four o'clock the cabs and carriages of all Paris seem to be driving along the Rue Rivoli to the Arc de Triomphe and the Bois de Boulogne. By six the theatre doors are surrounded, and each is crowded on the Sunday evening, if empty all the week. It is only fair to add that not only are a good sprinkling of the sale shops closed all the Sunday, but perhaps, two-thirds are so by four o'clock. I have, however, seen first-class ones in the Faubourg St. Honoré, and the Rue St. Honoré, open at 9.45 p.m., and an auctioneer busy selling to a crowd at the same hour. All the chief displays of the fountains at Versailles are on Sundays, so are the leading horse races, the municipal and parliamentary elections, and reviews of the troops. Most of the indoor sights of Paris are closed on Mondays, but all are open on Sundays. In 1867 I walked the entire round of the Great Exhibition building at Paris, on purpose to learn the truth of a report that the English exhibitors were at work on Sundays as on other days. I well remember the gratitude and pride which I felt at the end of my three miles' walk. Not one of my countrymen was at work, and few of the 70,000 reported as present that day appeared to be English. And not only was this the case with England, but it was so in every Protestant country. You will remember the Exhibition was divided into kingdoms. France, Austria, Belgium, Spain, Italy, and even the States of the Church were at work, much as on other days. I could have told the religion of the countries by the noise of the machinery, even had I been blind-

folded. It required a strong Protestant will to carry out the opposition to Sunday work, I remember being told; but it was carried. With regard to the intended exhibition of my type machine at the Permanent Exposition, I may remark that the officials were surprised when I excluded *Dimanche* from the days I should want steam. "Why? The printers cannot come but on Sunday afternoons." "So much the worse for the printers," I replied. In 1867 Father Hyacinthe, the then eloquent preacher at Nôtre Dame, delivered a eulogy on the English Sabbath, which I remember inserting in the *Guardian*. But somehow the Parisians will not "go in" for a day of rest. Each day is like its fellow, and no opportunity is given for the brain to cool, and man to be alone with his family and his God.

One feature which strikes the visitor on a Sunday is this—Where are all the poor? An official report which I have just seen says that there are 111,357 persons in Paris belonging to 42,098 families, who by means of the "bureaux de bienfaisance" of the 20 arrondissements, receive aid at their own "domiciles." This number neither includes the sick at hospitals, nor the old in asylums, nor the honest poor. One-twelfth of the population of Paris is succoured by the State, and yet one rarely sees a poor person—beggars there are none. The only exception is that though many are poor they do not look poor. A clean blouse covers, it may be, tattered garments; a tidy cap sets off a poorly clad girl in the streets or gardens; and a brisk lover disdains not to go arm-in-arm with a sweetheart wearing a plain clean cap, and looking far better in it than in any tawdry imitation of the fifty franc hat of her mistress.

Roman Catholicism claims 1,732,529 of the Parisians,

and allows to the other bodies as follows:—34,421 Jews, 17,281 Calvinists, 14,940 Lutherans, 9,482 “Anglicans, Methodists, and Quakers,” 422 Mahomedans, Buddhists, or Brahmins, and 2,500 who have declared that they belong to no sect. I have learned these facts, or rather statements, for they give too large a total for Paris, from a return which came curiously enough into my hands at one of the churches the other day. I find the advantage of keeping my eyes open, and much of the information I gave in one of my *Romeward* letters with reference to the Roman Catholic Young Men’s Association in Paris, took even Parisians by surprise. That the Church of Rome has an overwhelming following in France is undoubted. It requires a man of nerve in France to say he is a Protestant, and hence all cling to the Church where they were baptised, or married, when statistics are wanted. The Parisians have the name of not being religious; but Saints’ days tell of crowds at every church. On Sundays, counting the numerous services, there must be many worshippers in the aggregate. Let us drop into a few of those I have frequently visited; to visit all the 67 would, of course, be impossible. Nôtre Dame claims the first place. As a Gothic Cathedral it has no rival, and but for having previously described it, I would willingly do so now. At High Mass, the Archbishop on his throne, clothed in a robe of ermine; the priests in vestments of purple and gold, and the choir boys in garments of fine linen, give a *coup d’œil*, especially if the sun be shining through the gorgeous painted oriel windows, which, from the porch end of the church, must delight lovers of the solemn and the beautiful, and attract many to worship. The new archbishop has adopted 400 *orphelins de la guerre*—

orphans of the war—and, like three of his immediate predecessors who were assassinated, he is loved. In Nôtre Dame many thousands must worship every Sunday, some of them it may be but for a few moments, as no proper hours seem to be kept by the bulk of visitors.

At St. Eustache, a church close by the Halles Centrales, and in one of the most populous parishes of Paris, I found several hundreds worshipping at eight on the Sunday morning; most were market people, many having baskets on their arms. Market women came dropping in during the celebration of Mass, and buying a candle from a woman near by the door, had it lighted before the image of the Virgin, and then went forward for a short silent prayer. The curé, M. le Simon, I heard, was much loved by his parishioners, who twice delivered him from the hands of the Communists, who held evening meetings in his church, and transformed it into a club. Out of the venerable pulpit of St. Eustache, a Protestant minister who went to see what was doing, heard the most vile atheism and denunciations of all we hold holy in common. The *coquins galonnés* were then in the ascendant, and the Archbishop of Paris, the curés of St. Roche and of the Madeleine, were in prison, for the delivery from which the Protestant pastors met and memorialized the Commune government, and several of them wrote to *Le Temps*. I cannot say how many times the congregation I saw may be repeated during the day, but I have since learned that on All Saints' Day—*La Toussaint*—the number in attendance was 20,000. M. l'Abbé Bretter, a well known preacher, on that occasion preached a remarkable sermon on sanctity, an appropriate subject in such a locality. The musical arrangements at St. Eustache are remarkable..

They will not leave to salaried singers the duty of praising God, and have obtained from the "faithful" that they sing during service, as their fathers did before them. This is a rarity in the chronicles of Paris.

The Madeleine comes next in order, and in it I have seen a full congregation soon after six in the morning. They were chiefly market-women; but one would be foolish to ignore such a fact in studying the question of Sunday observance. Judged by church attendance, Sunday among Protestants does not commence till noon. That is the hour at which we attended service at the fine church of the Rev. M. Monod, in the Rue Rocquépine—the church where the late Protestant Synod was held, and where M. Guizot took his farewell. While the morning service is chiefly for the poor, the Madeleine is the church of Paris, where crowds are most seen at all hours of the day. It has a grand organ, and an excellent choir. The scaffolding round its front points out the wounds the Madeleine received during the Commune. It is stated that 300 Communists were killed within its doors. They had gone in to "lay hold of the horns of the altar."

The Church of St. Roch in the Rue St. Honoré is well known to every visitor to Paris. I found a large congregation at Mass two Sunday mornings at ten o'clock. It is called the "the church of music" in Paris. By a rich endowment they are able to keep a first-class choir, and the Abbé Millaud is a musician himself. He was formerly the *lauréat* of the Conservatoire. At St. Roch, the Prince de Joinville and the Duke d'Aumale may often be seen at worship.

At the Panthéon the attendance on Sundays is poor. During the Commune it was once more de-consecrated, as in 1793, and dedicated "*aux grands hommes*."

I find time failing me to tell at length of the services at St. Augustin, a splendid church near the Madeleine, where I hear M. l'Abbé Reinhard de Liechty has been delivering a "*magnifique sermon*" on the education of children, in which he said children must be educated in the love of God, and of their country, as they would one day have to guard it from the barbarous doctrine that there existed neither a native country nor a God. This abbé is a young man, and is said to express himself most admirably. The day I was at St. Augustin the congregation was small, but it was afternoon. The churches of St. Eugène, St. Louis, St. Paul, St. Vincent-de-Paul, St. Laurent, and many others, deserve a passing word, had I time. But I must speak of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, at which I attended last Sunday morning, but only in time to hear a number of notices read over. At this church the bell was rung which announced the commencement of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. It is at the end entrance of the Louvre, and worth a visit for its associations and its beauty.

While much that I have seen suggests a considerable number of worshippers in the Paris churches, from *La Semaine Religieuse*, now in its nineteenth year, I gather that the grass is not allowed to grow under the feet of the priests. The special services, as we should call them, for the coming week are announced. Schools are down for exercise at 4 p.m. on Monday, and at the same hour on Tuesday for young girls, by the "first vicar of the parish." Mass and meditation are entered for most evenings, and a sermon to end the whole. The Rev. William Gibson, a well-known Wesleyan minister in Paris, tells of a visit to Creil after the war, and of overhearing a priest giving a Bible lesson to a

number of youths. He says it was the best Bible lesson he ever heard. The doctrines of the Trinity, the humanity of Christ, and redemption through Him, were taught in a simple and beautiful manner. But, he adds, "as is always the case in Roman Catholic churches, the pure doctrine was spoiled by the dragging in of Romish additions. The poor children were made at the close to join in a prayer to the Virgin Mary." "I was reminded," he goes on to say, "of a splendid sermon I heard one week-evening in the Cathedral of Avignon. The subject was the Judgment, and so powerful and faithful was the preaching that we were all brought in imagination before the great white throne. The like of it on that subject I have never heard. The priest concluded the sermon by an exhortation to the people to bring flowers for the following Sunday to decorate the image of the Virgin." I was reminded of these extracts by reading among the list of excellent "special services" a notice that at St. Roch during the service there would be a veneration of the relics of St. Denis, the Saint to whom is attributed the feat of carrying his head in his hands after martyrdom. A similar notice I have read at Nôtre Dame, where the relics are both rare and coarse. These relics are the stumbling blocks of the *hommes de lettres* of France.

To meet the wants of foreigners *instruction en la langue Anglaise* and in other tongues is frequently given. There is also a *mission Anglaise*, at the Church of St. Joseph, worked by the *Pères Passionists*, for the English and the Irish. There is Mass *every day (tous les jours)* at seven, eight, and nine, and on Sundays at ten, with a sermon, prayers, and benediction at three in the afternoon, and it is added—"The confessionals are opened each day at six in the morning."

While on these topics I may cull a few more items so as to obtain an idea of the inner life of the Romish Church at Paris. A conference is to be held every Sunday evening at St. Nicolas des Champs, at eight in the evening, upon some of the "fundamental verities of religion—the nave exclusively reserved for men." How suggestive! *Men* are really going to church at 8 p.m. to talk on the verities of religion! On Wednesday, at 8 a.m., Mass is to be said in connection with the "death of the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette." Another on the occasion of the anniversary of the heroic death of the commandant Picot de Dampierre, killed at the head of the mobiles at the attack of Bagneux.

But I must defer telling you more until my next.



LETTER LV.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND PROTESTANTISM
IN PARIS.

PARIS, October.—The Church of Rome has a great hold on the common people, both by law and custom. A case has just been decided at Lyons which the Romish organ says is a “satisfaction to the law and the conscience.” A divorce has been pronounced by the civil courts against a man whose wife complained he would not allow their children to be baptised. The court decided that while a divorce would not be granted for such a cause if the woman was actually warned by her husband before marriage of his intention not to allow his children to be baptised; it would be granted where such a positive declaration was withheld, even though he had refused to go to confession on his marriage day, and his wife had been informed that he was a *libre-penseur*, or free-thinker.

On All Saints’ Day, the religious feeling of Paris, from the centre to the circumference, is evoked, and the public cemeteries show the feeling on the day after—*le jour des morts*—All Souls’ Day, in a most surprising manner. There are pilgrimages getting ready this week for Sunday. Cemeteries closed all the

year will then be open, and Père-La-Chaise may this year have its 100,000 visitors again, and Montmartre its 25,000 or 30,000. The necropolises of the North, East, and of the Middle, and the extra-mural ones, will have their full share, and amid pretty trees, luxuriant vegetation, tombs, monuments, and crypts will be visited by families and friends, even when no tie of relationship binds them. Père-La-Chaise sends most people into a rhapsody—I care not to see it again. It is a collection of poor peddling gimcrackery in the way of tombs; it is a permanent exhibition of *immortelles*, images, and neglected shrines. In the warmth of affection evoked by a sudden or an early death, a tomb is raised, a little parlour preserved for the mourner, and *immortelles* hung around. The surviving widow or widower gets married, love cools, removals take place, death clears off the survivors, and the empty chair gets dirty and rotten, and the flowers, even if artificial, fade, and all around suggest “like a dead man out of mind.” Commend me to one good block of Aberdeen granite, with its “born” and its “died,” and nothing else. The cemeteries of Auteuil, of Passy, from which a most beautiful panorama of Paris is to be had, and of Clichy, Cayenne, and D’Ivry, are much frequented by the Parisians on the Day of the Dead. Each cemetery has its own hero, and its own crowd of worshippers. Even Nero found a loving hand to decorate his grave. So do the most dubious heroes of France.

Now a word on the *personnel* of the Romish Church in Paris. First of all, let me say, the clergy of all the churches here are more gentlemanly in their intercourse with their rivals than at home. When the Archbishop, the curé of the Madeleine, and other

Catholic clergymen were in prison, the Protestant clergy spoke and wrote of them in the most kindly terms, and pleaded for their release. Pasteur Gibson calls the deceased curé of the Madeleine "one of the best of men;" and I have occasion to know that Father Hyacinthe and his wife and Dean Stanley and his wife dined with Pasteur Bersier this very week. No doubt Father Hyacinthe is a renegade, having married, and therefore feels easy at dining with a Protestant minister and attending regularly his Wednesday lectures. But there are other proofs that the Parisian priest is a gentleman, to which I cannot refer. Among the eminent priests at present are Father Hyacinthe, l'Abbé Michaud, Father Félix, and Father Matignon. Hyacinthe is considered to be a very humble, teachable, loveable man. Six years ago he was the great orator of Paris. But that was in pre-Infallible Pope days. Fathers Félix and Matignon are Jesuits, and both notable men at present. Among the professors of divinity Father Ferrent holds the first rank, since l'Abbé Gratey died. Count de Montalembert was the great layman of Paris, but he, too, is gone. The dogma of infallibility has reduced to a state of rigidity both priests and people, who have had to bow before it and accept it as true.

Now I turn to the Protestants.

The cause of Protestantism in Paris is full of interest, and I have been anxious to learn something about it from the best living authority in Paris, to whom I had access. For years the doctrines of the Reformation had a rapid run in France during the sixteenth century—a century perhaps the most brilliant in the world's history for great men, good men, and bad men. In it flourished the names which will ever be

famous in connection with painting, astronomy, and theology. Poetry had its day sooner in the case of Dante and later in the person of Milton; but even it had its Shakespeare in the sixteenth century. The Protestant feeling in France was and is thoroughly Calvinistic, and in reading over an old French letter to the Archbishop of Toulouse, written about the time of the massacre at Vassy in 1562—ten years before that of St. Bartholomew—I find the theology the same as that of the Scotch Church of the present day. In fact, so do I find the forms of worship, such as the pulpit, the gown and band, the simple prayer, the sitting at the singing, and so on. “We believe,” says the letter to which I refer, “that salvation from sin is the free gift of the grace of God, and that the soul of man is entirely and for ever justified by faith alone in Jesus Christ—husband, prince, and only head of His Church; and *nous protestons* against all religion which attributes any merit to the sinner. We give to God the glory of our works and of our faith. *Tout à Dieu, tout pour Dieu*—all to God, all for God. This is *la maxime du vrai* Protestant.” During the three centuries which have elapsed since the massacre of St. Bartholomew, perpetrated by a young king who died, at the age of 25, a horrid death, with none but a Huguenot nurse to comfort him, and especially since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which blessed England, and many other countries, by sending the best of the French to foreign shores, the French Protestants have lived under a shade. I cannot dwell on their ups and downs, but I believe their orthodoxy has been more unswerving, on account of the persecutions they have endured, than that of Germany, where freedom of worship has been constantly allowed. Of late years a

party has arisen who have agreed, as of old, "that if any acknowledged that Jesus is Christ, he should be cast out of the synagogue," but they themselves were cast out a few months ago at a general synodical meeting.

A curious fact is worth noticing here. I went into a church opposite the Louvre one Sunday morning, expecting it to be a Catholic place of worship. Like them it had on its walls—"Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité." In no outward aspect was it different from the neighbouring churches. Judge, then, how surprised I was to find a notice in the porch in English, that the Church of Scotland service was held upstairs. Another notice told about the Protestant Young Men's Christian Association. I opened the door and entered. There was a splendid church and no mistake, but it was such architectural splendour as might be seen in Edinburgh and Glasgow alone. There was no altar, no candlesticks, no paintings, no kneeling worshippers here and there. There was the orthodox Presbyterian pulpit, with its orthodox sounding board, or dome, over which was a cross. There was a "precentor's" desk, and it was a gentlemanly-looking precentor teaching perhaps 200 Sunday scholars to sing a school hymn, which seemed to be our well-known English one, "Rest to the weary." On inquiry from a French clergyman, I found that I had been in the well-known church called the Oratoire, that it was the property of the State, given many years ago to the Protestants, and that they, like every other sect willing to take it, had State pay. The French Government, whatever its phase, believes that all religions are useful, whether they be true or not. Before noon I found myself in the church of the Rev. M. Monod, Rue Rocquépine. Here the late synod was held. The service begins at

noon, and so I had time to look round and admire the simplicity and beauty of the building. By noon the church was full—quite full. On boards on the walls, as in many Scotch churches, were notices of the psalms and hymns to be sung, and the prayers to be read. Like John Knox, upon whom his successors have “improved,” the French Protestants early began to use a short form of prayer. The singing was extremely slow, very different from that right across the street in the beautiful Wesleyan chapel, to which the Rev. James Nicholson has been sent. But then, while a man may *sit* and sing himself away to everlasting bliss, if he wants to work himself away he must *stand*. I can’t say much of the sermon. I was too far off to follow the speaker in French. At four the same afternoon, however, I heard another French sermon, much of which I followed with profit, I think on account of the speaker’s slow and steady delivery. The preacher was M. Bersier, the Spurgeon of Paris, to whom I have already alluded. I had been strongly advised to hear him by my friend the Rev. Emile Cook, himself one of the most eloquent of Frenchmen; and I am glad I went. I was at the church, in the Avenue de la Grande Armée, before the hour, but with much difficulty found a seat. The church is what we should call a chapel of ease, and M. Bersier preaches in it at an extra service, at four o’clock, every Sabbath, and always has a crowd.

But I am forgetting Protestantism in France. Well, Protestant influence has wonderfully increased and extended in Paris during the last half-century, as will certainly appear from the following facts. In 1820, when the late Rev. Charles Cook, a Wesleyan missionary, began his evangelistic work in France and became

acquainted with the religious state of the capital, there were in Paris four Protestant places of worship—one connected with the English embassy, the other with the Germans or Dutch, and the two remaining ones belonging to the French Reformed Church, which had been only 20 years before established by law, and had received since then State pay and patronage. Five or six ministers, including the English clergyman, comprised the whole of the Protestant clergy. There are now, according to a calculation made recently in Paris and its immediate suburbs, 58 Protestant places of worship (including churches, chapels, and hired halls). Of these, 47 are found within the fortifications of Paris proper, and eleven in the vicinity, including Clichy, Neuilly, Asnières, Courbevoie, Vincennes, and others; and there are 57 ministers officiating in these churches. It may, perhaps, interest some persons to know how the different denominations are represented:—

Reformed Church (endowed),—14 places of worship, 15 ministers.

Confession d'Augsbourg (Lutheran, also endowed),—13 places of worship, 14 ministers.

Free Churches (Independents, and Evangelical Reformed),—all connected together, and with about 30 more in France, under the appellation of "Union des Eglises libres,"—8 places of worship, 10 ministers.

Methodists (Wesleyan, English and French),—4 chapels (one might say 5); 3 ministers. (Before the war there was also a German Methodist minister connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church of America.)

Baptists (French),—2 places of worship; (they are actually building a church;) 2 pastors.

Plymouth Brethren,—1 meeting place.

Church of England,—2 ; 3 ministers.

Church of Scotland,—1 ; 1 minister.

English Independent,—1 ; 1 minister.

American Churches,—2 ; 2 ministers, and 4 mission rooms or hired shops, in which an English minister, the Rev. S. McAll, preaches in French to the workmen of the Faubourgs of Belleville, St. Antoine, and others.

In all these places the evangelical doctrines are preached, and by all the ministers, excepting in two instances.

There are, besides, two Unitarian chapels, in which the four *pasteurs*, including the famed Athanase Coquerel, jun., expound their views of the truth.

It ought to be said, in order to give an exact idea of the situation, that many chapels are very small, and cannot hold more than two or three hundred hearers. There are not more than twenty that can receive above four or five hundred persons.

Connected with the Christian work in Paris are also a mission institute ; two normal training colleges, one for male and one for female teachers ; a preparatory theological academy, a Young Men's Christian Association (already named). Paris is also the seat of a Sunday School Union, of which the Rev. E. F. Cook is the foreign corresponding secretary ; and two Bible Societies, one Religious Tract Society, one School Society, two Evangelisation Societies, one Missionary Society, &c., each of them having as *agent-général* a minister exclusively occupied with the work of the society.

The denominational school system prevails in France, and it is to be hoped will still continue for a long time, as on one side Protestant schools are looked

upon with great favour in all large centres, and are increasing, though not so rapidly as needed; and, on the other, because even Roman Catholic schools are better in this country than other local schools, there being no counteracting influence generally, neither from Sunday schools or other Church institutions, nor from the homes of the scholars. In addition, there may be between 70 and 80 Protestant day schools in Paris, more than half of which are connected with the Lutherans, who have shown great zeal in the matter; the others belong to the National Reformed and the Free Churches. The Methodists have five; one, however, has not been re-opened since the war through lack of funds. They are in great need of pecuniary aid; 170 children, the greater number children of Catholic parents, are instructed in these Methodist schools, under the direction of the Rev. Emile F. Cook, of which number 100 are received free.

All this has sprung up during the last fifty years, and shows assuredly a great amount of vitality in the Protestant body, which is, it must be remembered, a very small minority, and has had to contend against great difficulties of every kind. It is a remarkable fact that there is one man still living who has witnessed the whole of this development. The illustrious Guizot was already a member of the Consistory of the Reformed Church half a century ago. In a year book of Protestantism published in 1821, his name stands as one of the *elders* of the Church, with those of the Marquis de Faucourt, Comte Boissy d'Angles, Admiral Verhuell, Baron Mallet, and others; and with the names of Pastors Monod, senior, Marron, Juillerat, and Frederick Monod. They are all gone, many of them years ago. Guizot survives and enjoys the plenitude

of his mental faculties, and a wonderful amount of physical vigour, as was seen in the recent synod, in which he was one of the active leaders of the Evangelical party.

At the annual meeting of the Institute, on the 25th ult., the president, M. Camille Doucet, announced that the biennial prize, worth 20,000f. (£800), was awarded to M. Guizot for his "*French History related to his Grandchildren*," and he added :—"M. Guizot has no need of any praise, still less of any reward. He honours by accepting them the honours which it is pleasant to confer upon him. And he will only have received with one hand, to bestow it back with the other, as an encouragement to youthful writers, that glorious reward which the Institute could not more deservedly bestow; that award of high origin, of which it is the twice happy lot to have been given ten years ago to the great historian of the French Revolution of the '*Consulat et l'Empire*' [M. Thiers], and to be given to-day with no less justice to the master, the sage, the philosopher, who from his undisturbed place of retirement (*sereine retraite*) still teaches the history of France to our children, as he wrote at one time for their fathers the History of Civilisation."

It is certainly a great honour for French Protestantism to be able to possess such a man as Guizot. There are numbers of writers and authors of note who belong to Protestantism, but none can be said to equal him. In point of ministerial talent and eloquence the Protestant Church of Paris is not so rich as it was some 15 or 20 years since, when its pulpits were held by Adolphe Monod, one of the greatest orators of the age; Athanase Coquerel, senior, a most able and elegant preacher; Verny, of the

Lutheran Church, and others. Still, there are able and powerful preachers both in and out of the Established Church. Pastor Dhombres, who has published since the war the sermons he preached during the two sieges, under the title of *Foi et Patrie* (Faith and Fatherland); M. Guillaume Monod, brother of Adolphe; and Frederick M. Decoppet, a young minister of considerable promise, who has not yet given all he is expected to give—these three belong to the national establishment. In the Lutheran Church are men who are noted for their piety, learning, and devotedness; but none of them stand out conspicuously. That Church has suffered a great loss recently by the death of the President of its Consistory, Pastor Vallette, a man who blended the most amiable spirit and an open liberal disposition with great energy and firmness, and bold, frank speech on all occasions. He was for many years the chaplain of the Duchess of Orleans, who appreciated his great qualities. He died on the 20th inst., the same day as Professor Munier, of Geneva, and a few hours before Dr. D'Aubigné—three great losses to Continental Protestantism. Speaking of the two last named, the *Univers*, M. Veuillot's paper, triumphs at the death of the two Protestant Popes of Geneva having happened (which is not true) the very time that the Catholic Bishop Mermilliod had been the object of persecution by the Council of State.

But returning to the Lutheran ministers and Paris, I ought to name one who has the singular merit of being perfectly able to preach in English and¹ French, in German and Italian; in fact, he has exercised his ministry in the four countries, and I believe has been successful in every one; I mean Pastor George Appia, a brother-in-law to the lamented Louis Vallette.

The Free Churches can rejoice in having several able men, and among them two stars of the first magnitude, De Pressensé and Pastor C. Bersier. The former is a writer of note ; his theological works are appreciated in England ; he has been intimately connected with the religious movements of the last twenty years ; he has advocated with untiring zeal, both the rights of religious liberty and the principles of the separation of Church and State. One of his books has been crowned by the learned "Académie Française;" he has been decorated, *i. e.*, made a Knight of the Legion of Honour, for services rendered during the war as chaplain of an ambulance, and lastly, he has been elected by 118,000 votes a member for Paris, of the National Assembly. This was in July, 1871. His candidature was supported by all the respectable newspapers, and his ticket gave his special qualification as *Protestant Pastor*. He is a man of middle age, in his prime, has a very healthy constitution, can do any amount of work, and will surely leave his mark after him.

Pastor Bersier (last, but not least) is a self-made man ; he had to contend in his youth against great disadvantages and difficulties ; he came to Paris at the outset of his ministerial career, became connected by marriage with the De Pressensé family, the Hollards, De Valcourts, and others, and rose very rapidly in the estimation of the public, both as a writer and a preacher. He is now the most popular and effective preacher in the great city. He has so well won his way that, although a dissenter, he has seen the pulpits of the National Church opened before him in all the great Protestant centres—Paris, Strasbourg, Montauban, Nismes, Bordeaux. It is deemed a good fortune

to any church to secure his aid in the shape of a lecture or a sermon. He has published four volumes of sermons which have had an unprecedented sale, and he is, with De Pressensé, the chief editor of the *Revue Chrétienne*, a first-class monthly periodical.

I must now conclude with noting that I have heard another sermon in French from Mr. Cook, preached at eight in the evening, and had a gladsome hour with his "olive branches," never to be forgotten. I heard several sermons from our old friend Mr. Nicholson, who in his gown and band looks every inch a handsome clergyman; but thunders out like a real Wesleyan the grand truths, the preaching of which makes that body so famous. His church is a most central one, close by the Madeleine, and adorned, by order of the municipal authorities, with two towers, seen far over Paris, and into which some Communist shots have lodged. I confess that I was pleased to find that Mr. Nicholson looked on being sent to Paris—always an honour—as being banished to the isle called Patmos, when compared with his old field—Ceylon's isle, whither he longs to return as early as possible. And, more surprising and pleasing, so does his worthy partner.

The English Church is in excellent repute in Paris, and I found that the American one is crowded, for Americans are everywhere. At the Wesleyan chapel one morning a nephew of the late Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel preached, although a minister of the Church of England. The Church prayers are read, and a special one dropped in for the Presidents of France and America. The Wesleyan chapel is fully occupied, German and French services alternating with the English.

LETTER LVI.

*A LETTER TO A LITTLE GIRL.—HOW I
HELPED AT NOTRE DAME, AND HOW I GOT
AMONG THE FRENCH VOTERS.*

I THINK my writing to you, my little maid, keeps up the buoyancy of youth, and makes me feel like having a double life. But what can I write on to-day? When I was last here I told you about going down among the dead men in the crypt of the Panthéon, and hearing a wonderful Echo, which imitated my voice when I proposed "Three cheers for the Queen." I told you about one at Naples, and one at Pompeii which did the same, and now I may tell you I have been with some American friends to the Panthéon Echo again, and after cheers for the Queen, and Thiers, the President of the French, we gave loud cheers for Grant, the President of America, and for Greeley, who wishes to be President; and, amid the loud laughter of all, the Echo responded to our catholic sentiments, and gave us all the names and all the cheers over and over, until the vault seemed to shake again.

Now, do you know I assisted at public worship in the grand Cathedral of Nôtre Dame last Sunday morning, while High Mass was being performed, and the part I took was such that it would have made a mess

of the Mass if I had broken down? "What did you do?" I fancy you saying. Guess. "You became pew opener?" "No; there are no pews." "You took charge of the holy water?" "No; but if I had the Mass need not have broken down." "You joined the choir, and had a solo part?" "No; for I can't sing solos, and nobody could help me with one." "You were asked to read the lessons?" "No; only men in holy orders can do that in the Romish Church." "Ah, I know: you were asked to play the organ?" "Wrong again. I can only play 'Home, sweet home,' as you know." "Well, I give it up." "So you may, for all the guests at the inn have tried to guess and guessed in vain. *I blew the organ bellows!*" I was walking up and down the aisles, and came on an old man blowing the bellows, and exposed to the view of all visitors. In a moment I thought—Here is a chance of a story for home; one that will set you guessing. So I said in my best French, "Is blowing hard work, *mon ami*?" My friend agreed that it was rather so, and allowed me to try; and so I blowed, and the organ played, and the chorister boys sang, and the priests chanted, and all went on in good style. But if I had stopped suddenly, would there not have been a mess? So, you see, I assisted in celebrating High Mass in the head church of Paris. If you show this letter to X. Y. Z., who is fond of quoting Shakespeare, he will be sure to say, "See, to what base uses may we come!" A Protestant editor blowing the bellows of a Roman Catholic organ at High Mass! Well, I had no compunctions of conscience in helping the tired organ blower, and he has a souvenir of our meeting.

But I did more—I helped to show the relics. Some

days after, we went to see the holy relics at Nôtre Dame. I had seen them a few months before and had not liked them; but then my good nature made me go with E. There they were, cups, crosses, robes, mitres, and many things of which I knew not the names or uses, some of them very ancient, and many of them very valuable. But there were bits of this and bits of that which I was sure were impositions on the faithful, very probably unknown to their present owners. There were the robes worn by the last three Archbishops of Paris when they were murdered; and, worst of all, the piece of the spine of one of them, through which a ball had gone. The clothes were very dirty, covered with mud and blood, and would have been more at home at Madame Tussaud's than in a church. All these church treasures were in drawers and cupboards, the cupboards very large and running on rails over the drawers. In pulling forward one cupboard, the exhibitor was too weak for the work, and so I gave him a friendly "lift," and sent the cupboard along the rail at my side faster than he did, and almost produced a catastrophe. I confess I had a better conscience in blowing the organ, than in touching the unclean collection of "relics." I felt that I was countenancing a gigantic imposition, and inwardly exclaimed, "In this thing pardon thy servant." (See 2 Kings, chap. 5.)

And now, in finishing a big letter to a little girl, I will tell you how I was taken for a Frenchman. I was going to St. Germain Church when I turned in at the wrong door, and was at once set on by five men and boys, each putting papers in my hands. I took them thinking they were about special services, or tea parties, and walked in, when, behold, I was in

the Mairie, where voting for what we should call a town councillor was going on, Sunday as it was. I examined the papers given me and found that one said, "Vote for Ch. Virmaître;" another, "Vote for Alfred Lamourov;" a third, "Vote for P. Poiret;" and a fourth, "Vote for Dr. Portin, *candidat républicain*."

Bless the men, I did not know one of them, and wished them all well. One paper said, "*Plier ce bulletin et le mettre dans l'urne*." But what use folding it and putting it in the urn, when I was not a citizen of Paris? Dr. Portin begged me by means of a handbill as *cher concitoyen*, to think of the dolorous condition of France, and told me he was penetrated with that sentiment himself. For 15 years he said he had been a doctor of medicine, and so considered he could doctor France. I should not have broken my heart had I been born a Frenchman, for the French are a fine people, but being a "Scot-man," as one Frenchman phrased it when speaking to me, I had no business at the electoral urn, and so departed, regretting that the Sabbath day was always chosen for such engagements. The election had taken place also on the previous Sabbath, but a namesake of one of the candidates put out a bill saying that he retired from the poll, and as the trick took, and there was not a sufficient number polled, it had all to be gone over again.



LETTER LVII.

PRINTERS AND NEWSPAPERS.

PARIS, October.—My Red-tape friends have done me one good service. I have had time and opportunity to visit the chief printing and newspaper offices of Paris, and, perhaps, also to use up my notes of those in Italy, to which I long since intended to have recourse. The best office which I have been able to visit, not connected with a newspaper, is that so long known as the “Imperial Printing” office. It is now, however, called the “National Printing” office. The buildings are in a very narrow street. They are old, but crowded with men, women, and machinery, in a manner which suggests that the Republican system of government requires an immense mass of returns, forms, plans, and maps. I was introduced to the head of all, and to two of the heads of departments, and found them very gentlemanly; but I was much surprised to learn that there was not one in the building who could speak English, not even a workman, who might have picked up a few sentences when abroad. However, by means of writing, when our pronunciation was at fault, we got along very pleasantly, and I found that a deep interest was taken at the office

in all attempts to set type by machinery. My machine was favourably known, and two stereoscopic views of it were accepted with much politeness, and a souvenir of my visit given me in the shape of a photograph being printed on the heliotype principle, to illustrate some valuable book then at press. The number of machines at work in the national printing office or "Imprimerie Nationale," to use the proper name, astonished me, and all the more so when I found many young women "feeding" them—a kind of labour not much used in England for similar purposes, although very common in the largest offices in Edinburgh. Everything was very orderly, and the lithographing department was certainly calculated to excite my admiration. Many of the stones were of an enormous size, and the number of them gave one the idea that plans and specifications for the re-building of Paris had been moved for by some of the most public spirited members of the National Assembly at Versailles. None of the machines, so far as I could observe, were of English make, and at other places I learned with regret that English machinery is by no means so generally used by printers as in other branches of trade. I parted from the managers of the "Imprimerie Nationale" with feelings of high respect for their courtesy; and I have no doubt that any English printers who may find themselves in this city, will have no difficulty whatever in being admitted on the presentation of their card. I understand that the founts of type in use in this establishment are extremely numerous; in fact, fabulous are the statements given concerning them, the number of languages which they can set, each in its own type, being placed at over a hundred.

Of the private printing offices I need but mention that of M. Chaix, the Messrs. M'Corquodale and Co. of Paris. Situated in the centre of Paris, where land is scarce, M. Chaix's offices are very closely packed. Entering a large gateway, you observe horses, drags, vans and carts, all suggestive of activity, rapidity, and enterprise. The rooms are numerous, and the despatch and other boxes may be counted by hundreds. Method is apparent everywhere. Everything seems labelled. Order is M. Chaix's first law. You walk forward and suddenly find yourself on the level of a gallery which surrounds a long printing hall, the whole of which is visible from where you stand. Fronting you at the upper end is a colossal bust of Guttenburg, the inventor of printing. Various other busts of minor men adorn the gallery, and the names of many celebrated in printing, art, and science, are suspended prominently on what would otherwise be a blank and unornamented part of the building. Thus from their earliest days, men in the employ of M. Chaix have their minds familiarised with those who are stars in the intellectual world, and no doubt good results will follow the emulation aroused in the minds of the youths, that they too may shine as worthy citizens of the grand confederation of mind, and have their names held up to reverence and respect by the generation to come after them. I may here remark that in most of the offices which I visited, there were numerous instances of the French taste for ornamenting every place and everything which was possible of being ornamented. The love of the beautiful is inherent in the French mind, and certainly all masters would do well to take away from the blank and sombre look of most of the buildings in

which our artisans have to spend the working part of their lives. The galleries around M. Chaix's office are devoted to bookbinding, folding, ruling, paging, and other kindred branches of trade. At each of the four corners of the gallery is a clerk, or manager, with his books and papers, busily engaged. But I could readily see that each had his eye upon that part of the building which most easily came under his supervision. I felt in a moment that there was not one man or woman, boy or girl, in that busy hive, who could tell that the master's eye was not upon him or her at any particular moment. To conscientious workmen this is always a source of comfort, as they have nothing to fear from a neglect of duty, and everything to hope from being always found diligent at their posts. I have no doubt that these arrangements in M. Chaix's office must be worth hundreds a year to him, if it were only from the fact that the lazy and the incompetent will be rapidly picked out from amongst those who are workmen who need not to be ashamed, and that thus business will move with a smoothness which it never can possess when the incompetent, or the lazy, have free scope, no eye being able to observe them. The whole body of the large hall is filled with type frames and excellent making-up stones, the latter running through the entire middle of the hall, having a most excellent light from the roof. Underneath the galleries there are at least 40 printing machines of all descriptions, driven by steam, and packed so closely that they would rather astonish the ordinary machinists in an English office. M. Chaix's work requires everything to go on in the most methodical manner, every man to be at his post, and do his

best, so that the various railway companies and the travelling public of Paris may never be disappointed.

Of other leading private establishments I need scarcely speak, as they are all much alike in the outward marks of activity, tidiness, and enterprise. The offices of the "chefs" or heads, are very much superior to those in our best establishments in England; in fact, they partake more of the private drawing-room than the mere office,

Passing to the newspapers, there is a great deal which can be said of them. But I must take two or three of the leading ones as representatives. Of the daily newspapers there are upwards of a score. I purchased fifteen of them at one kiosque, very much to the surprise of an old woman in charge, who must have taken me for a lunatic or a police spy. But all fifteen united would not equal in an Englishman's estimation several of the first-class journals so familiar to us at home. To begin with their size, I may state that the *Journal des Débats*, perhaps the best known in England, consists of a sheet not equal in size, and certainly by no means in its quantity of matter, to four pages of the *Times*, and thus not containing so much as three pages of the *Guardian*. Like all the other journals it contains its "feuilleton." That in the number before me is written by the well-known Jules Janin. The advertisements do not number a score, and are set as handbills, the chief one running right across the whole of the page, in letters fully as large as those of the title of the paper itself. I confess that I was not, therefore, very surprised to find that the offices of the *Débats* were rather old, and bore the marks of having seen their best days. The

paper, however, is still a great authority on all commercial and economical matters in the south of France; but scarcely possesses any political weight, and sensational articles are a necessity to it and other Parisian newspapers, as it is only by a high circulation that any profit can be made. The means resorted to by many of the Paris newspapers to secure such circulation are not such as would be resorted to in England. For instance, Paris papers are nearly all dated a day in advance, and thus the curious sight is presented to an English reader of a paper dated the 27th Oct., containing telegraphic despatches from Madrid of the 24th.

The next best-known paper is the *Temps*, which is also about the size of four pages of the *Times*. It is said to be read more on account of its religious than its political articles, especially in the eastern parts of France. Its tale in the number before me is entitled "Tigrane," and how in the world a Frenchman can wait patiently to have a tale supplied to him in morsels of columns, not equal to one of the *Times*, day by day, is one of those wonderful things about which a volume may yet be written. But so it is. You search in vain for English news, even in the *Temps*. In an out-of-the-way corner you find an odd paragraph, but for a proof of any money being spent in telegraphing in the sense in which it is done in England or America, you search in vain. One of the most largely circulated journals in Paris is the *Figaro*. It is in the nineteenth year of its age, and has several very smart writers, who are able to keep its circulation at a very high figure. Prominent amongst them is one named Adolphus Belot, who is at present giving a daily supply of startling

matter under the name of "La Femme de Feu," or the "Woman of Fire." I have not time to analyze the tale to see exactly the nature of such an extraordinary woman, but I judge from the number of times "mon Dieu" turns up, that it is one spiced to the heart's content of the most sensational reader in Paris. There is certainly something in the shape of late news in the *Figaro*, for I find that at 8.30 p.m. of the previous night, "the Japan Minister, accompanied by two of his Secretaries, and three domestics, arrived at the Grand Hotel, and that he had the apartments Nos. 51 and 53 apportioned to him." I am also informed that at ten o'clock the editor sent to enquire from the Ambassador of Austria if Count Apponyi, of whom many of his confrères had announced the return, had arrived; and the editor states that not only had he not arrived, but that the Ambassador was absolutely ignorant of any intention of the said Count coming to Paris that day. There now! what do you think of that for editorial sharpness? But a much greater proof of the enterprise of the *Figaro* is the insertion in large type of upwards of a column, signed "W. Churchill"—and all news paragraphs must be signed, as well as editorials—giving an account of a village Lucretia Borgia in England, who, it is said, has poisoned twenty persons. Mr. Churchill's letter is dated "London, 16th October," and it appears in the *Figaro* of the 30th of October; evidently twenty poisonings would not make the editorial corps of the *Figaro* go a bit faster than the ordinary jog trot of French journals. I need scarcely say that the "murders" refer to the charges laid against Mary Ann Cotton, now a prisoner at Durham.

The *Gazette de France* is a very old journal, the oldest in France. It boasts of being pre-eminently a Legitimist organ, which represents some 70 members of the National Assembly. It is no larger than those papers I have already named; uses very large type, and has advertisements and blocks of an enormous size. Of the *Journal de Paris*, the *Univers*, the *Union*, and, in fact, of the remainder, I may simply speak as being in all things like each other with the exception of their editorial articles. The *Journal des Débats*, which I have already mentioned, has been trying its hand at Republicanism for some time. The *Liberté*, the *Patrie*, and several others, which were under the patronage of the Emperor, are supposed to be in rather a poor condition at the present time. The *Temps* assumes to be, and the *Bien Public* is, the Government journal, and many of the others are used as a sort of pilot balloons to show which way the wind is blowing, before Government introduces any matter likely to cause discussion. These papers get an early hint, and there is a sort of game at foot-ball between them, which enables the direction of public feeling to be known, sometimes with advantage to the Ministry, who may repudiate intended measures when not likely to be popular. A curious fact connected with many of these papers is that they are printed at the same office, although in many respects entirely antagonistic. I found eight of them in one building, and nearly as many in another, and, so far as I could make out, the first eight were all printed by the same printer; and in the large entrance hall there were the various editorial boxes, properly labelled, and certainly suggesting an easy manner of

doing a large stroke of business with very little travelling. I visited the whole of the sixteen. The *Bien Public*, the Government paper, and the *Cloche*, the head of the Radical press, hobnobbed next door to each other. The *Liberté* and the *Presse* were in one office, the *République Française* and the *Eclipse* were the same. I inspected the office where *L'Ordre* is printed, a newspaper which represents the Bonaparte interest in the country, and saw a number of good machines, two or three of them "Marinoni," and I very much surprised the pressmen by laying a *Guardian* side by side with their very tiny publication. They enquired if it was an American paper, seemingly under the belief that everything big must come from the other side of the Atlantic.

But the three most interesting newspapers to me were the *Journal Officiel*, the *Moniteur*, and the *Petit Journal*. The *Moniteur* office is on the other side of the Seine, nearly opposite the Tuileries, and it is, without exception, the finest printing office which I have seen, either in England, Italy, or France. It was originally a Government institution, and that may account for a great deal of the grandeur now apparent in every part. I saw no less than nineteen machines, some of them of large dimensions, and one about to be started to print from endless paper, not made at the *Times* office, but by Derriey, of Paris; and I was informed that it would print 20,000 an hour, and, like the *Times* machine, damp the paper, and cut it into sheets. Upright boilers by Petaw, of very beautiful workmanship, were used, and an engine of 40-horse power, I need not say very much larger than would be required for the printing of one newspaper. But at the

Moniteur office twelve newspapers are printed, including *Le Monde Illustré*. The composing room is a most spacious apartment, and each paper has its own portion and workmen; but I will not dwell upon it more particularly, as it is certainly surpassed in that respect by that of its neighbour the *Journal Officiel*. I found the editorial staff and manager-in-chief, M. E. P. Dalloz, a son of the proprietor, a most gentlemanly man, ready to chat about printing, and printing machinery, and matters in general. M. Dalloz's editorial room is luxuriantly fitted up, magnificent curtains hanging in front of the door to keep the faintest draught from disturbing the editorial equilibrium. Before I arrived at it I had to pass through numerous other rooms, in which various gentlemen were evidently waiting their turn to see M. Dalloz. Again, however, I must express my surprise that there was no one on the premises who could speak English, and I began to have rather a low opinion of the rank which the English language holds in the minds of "intelligent foreigners." The French editors in very few instances can speak many sentences in English, whilst in several cases I found Italian editors at home both in our own language and literature. I believe the French are so proud of their native tongue—of its grace and eloquence, flexibility and applicability to all subjects, that they will not study any other language, except under compulsion. Nay, so far is this feeling carried, that whilst we, as a matter of course, put "M." instead of "Mr." before the name of a Frenchman, or "Herr" before the name of a German, the French invariably adhere to their "Monsieur," whether the party addressed belongs to France, Russia, Holland, or England. But I am forgetting to speak of the *Moniteur Universel*. M. Tolmer,

the chief of the printing works, I found to be a gentleman of great mechanical ability, and the inventor of a damping machine, which I saw at work, and which is by far the most simple ever brought under my notice. A pipe is suspended from the ceiling, made like a two-light pendant, the arms perforated, and it is made to work by means of a cam, backwards and forwards over the pile of paper, the workman keeping time with its movements in laying on a new supply of paper over that already damped.

The work done at the *Moniteur* office in the shape of pictorial embellishment is of the highest class, and includes those fashion-book plates which English ladies are so delighted to see at the beginning of every month. I had given to me an electro-plate of one as a souvenir of my visit, and it is certainly a beautiful specimen of a delicate engraving, being electro-typed apparently equal to the original. For a newspaper and printing establishment I should think the *Moniteur* office must stand at the head of all others in Paris, certainly that of our *Times* is not to be named with it in the same day. I do not, however, forget that the *Times* is not a jobbing office, and that, therefore, the comparison is not exactly fair.

The *Journal Officiel* was established five years ago, on account of a difference between Government and the *Moniteur*, and I was informed that the building in which it is printed was erected in less than three months, although judging from appearances it ought to have been the work of a year. It is certainly a most complete office, and embraces the very latest improvements. The compositors' frames are made of cast iron, and instead of being placed back to back they are all in one direction, the back of the one frame containing several

shelves for the use of the compositor standing in front of the next. The compositors are arranged round the gallery, lighted from the roof, and they appear to have every convenience and comfort which can fall to the lot of a printer. One composing room into which I was taken is at the very top of the building, and there a few compositors every now and again are placed under lock and key, whilst printing State papers which must not see the light until the proper time arrives. The machine room of the *Journal Officiel* is rather dark, but very lofty, and contains eight or ten news machines, driven by a 35-horse engine. Whilst all the Paris daily papers profess to report the speeches in the National Assembly and claim 56 seats in the reporters' gallery, to the entire exclusion of their provincial brethren, the *Journal* is the only one which gives anything but an epitome; therefore during the sitting of the Assembly, the circulation of the latter sometimes rises, I was told, to 200,000 copies a day. It is a small sheet, about the size of the *London Gazette*, and like it consists of just as many pages as may be necessary. The stereotyping arrangements both in the *Moniteur* and the *Journal* offices are of the most perfect kind. In the former eight moulds, eight drying stoves, and eight turning lathes all stand ready for immediate use, so that not only are the stereo plates rapidly manufactured, but turned in a lathe, so as to prevent the possibility of the paper being inked except from type. The pages of the *Journal Officiel* being much smaller than those of the *Moniteur*, they are cast in six moulds, each mould making four pages. I brought with me two or three matrix pages of the *Journal*, and it would be but poor praise to say that they equal anything that can be desired in a newspaper office.

The manager of this department, M. Barbay, is a very young man, but full of energy, intelligence, and amiability.

The *Petit Journal* is in one of the very best streets in Paris, and its office large and complete in all its parts. Its stereotyping arrangements are much the same as those I have already described; but the smallness of the page in nearly every case renders the production of stereotyped newspapers a much easier matter than it can be in England. One thing which struck me as curious was that I found an entire ignorance amongst the machinists of the advantages to be gained by the washing of their type by steam whilst in the page. In no case, either in Italy or in France, have I found that plan adopted, although it has been common for years in Lancashire, some parts of Scotland, and in the *Guardian* office.



LETTER LVIII.

PRINTERS AND NEWSPAPERS.—*Continued.*

PARIS, October.—I had no time to refer in my last to the illustrated papers of Paris. Two of them are highly respectable, almost equal to our *Graphic* or *Illustrated London News*. The *Monde Illustré* is printed at the *Moniteur* office, and has a title page like the *Illustrated London News*. It sells at fourpence, and is dated Sunday. The second is called *L'Illustration, Journal Universel*, and it also has a standing cut on the first page, like the other. It sells at 7½d., and is evidently worth the money. It is dated Saturday, probably because its printer, M. Martinet, is a pronounced Protestant, as I shall notice further on. A highly respectable ladies' paper, called the *Revue de la Mode*, is issued at the *Moniteur* office every Sunday. It gives elegant plates, and it fairly boasts that at the end of the year its 52 numbers form a magnificent volume of 416 pages and 24 sheets of coloured "patrons" or patterns. It is dated Sunday. Various pictorial papers are issued, more or less comic, but nearly all indelicate. There are coloured ones, called the *Eclipse*, the *Sifflet*, the *Cri-cri*, the *Guêpe*, and the *Scie*. Poor Thiers and poor ex-Emperor! Wasps, saws, and whistles are at both of

them day by day. Truly, caricature is decidedly entering into French manners, as one Frenchman says. The Parisians love to contemplate M. Thiers under the most strange forms, and "l'homme de Sedan"—the man of Sedan—under aspects the most grotesque. One editor wisely asks if it is a time to laugh the very day their brethren of Alsace are definitely considered as Prussians.

The jokes of some are very poor—as poor as many home ones. I notice one announcing that Prince Alfred is to marry the daughter of a powerful Scotch seigneur, and it is added that there are many young London girls who would choose husbands in Scotland because there one finds *la fleur des pois*.

A "Comic-Finance" paper would be a *rara avis* in England. One such is in its fifth year here. It is illustrated in the most rustic style, and roads, rails, and money tell their sorrows in woodcuts, poetry, and prose.



LETTER LIX.

NEWSPAPERS IN MARSEILLES AND ITALY.

PARIS, October.—I have had a number of notes about Italian newspapers of which hitherto there has been no opportunity of making use equal to that of now appending them to my remarks on the newspapers of France. In my Italian tour, six months ago, I visited the leading printing offices, and in many cases I brought with me a copy of the current issue, with the editor or publisher's name thereon endorsed. Before entering Italy I made the acquaintance of the editor of the *Sémaphore* at Marseilles, and from my notes I find that "he is a nice fellow and speaks English." This accomplishment, as already noticed, seldom exists in Paris; but the great seaport of the Mediterranean requires a polyglot editor, no doubt. I remember he was quite read up in all professional matters as a printer, which is seldom the case with editors, much to their loss. The *Sémaphore* consists, like most of the Paris journals, of four pages, the size of the *Times*, and has evidently a careful selection of shipping news, and, wonderful to relate, no tale! The *Journal de Marseille*, the editor of

which I did not find at home, is also a first-class looking paper, according to French notions, and issues a Friday's edition on fine paper. The manager is a civil gentleman.

Genoa has a good supply of newspapers, and the editorial offices are upstairs, in huge marble buildings, which once must have been the homes of the famed sea opponents of the Venetians. *Il Movimento*, in its nineteenth year, is a tiny sheet of eight pages. Its editor is a polite Italian, with a good deal of enterprise. His paper of the 4th had "*Telegrammi particolari*" from Rome dated the previous day, and from New York three days before. The *Gazzetta di Genova* is in its 75th year, small and rather poorly printed. Its manager I found to be well informed on all printing matters. *La Voce Publica* is in its eleventh year, uses very large type, and very small paper. The copy I received contained one English paragraph. It was about "*le unioni industrial*," or "trades' unions" (printed in English), in "*contee di Warwick, di Oxford, ed in altre contee vicine.*"

In Florence I saw the editor of *La Nazione*, a paper in its fourteenth year, the size of the French papers, well printed, and well edited, judging from its numerous editorials. I found the editor in lordly quarters, and much enjoyed his conversation. Everywhere type-composing machines are being inquired about. He who first conquers the difficulties will secure fame and fortune. At Leghorn, the *Gazzetta Livornese* I found had an excellent gentleman for an editor. The paper is young, but contained news from home only one day old—quite a mercy. Disraeli had met the Conservatives at Manchester, and "*difende la Camera dei Lordi*"—defended the House of Lords.

The Bank of England—*La Banca d'Inghilterra*—had raised its rate of discount, and the *Times* had received a letter from Philadelphia, about the Geneva Conference.

At Naples I delayed too long to see any editors. At Rome I had a very pleasing interview with the editor of *L'Opinione*, the leading journal, issued every afternoon, and largely filled with tales, as was the case with *La Capitale*, or *Gazzetta di Roma*. Both, however, have been born during the last three years, the Pope having a veto on all newspapers before that time. The *Roman Times*, an English paper, has an English editor, whose acquaintance I made. I believe he is the son of Charles Mackay, the poet. His paper is quite a mercy to the English.

At Venice I only called on one editor, and he was at dinner, and wished me to call on the morrow. Alas, for his loss! I had had to sail up three sewers, and back again through at least other three until we found where his office was. Then my friends had to sit in the gondola for a time until I walked up a dirty street and found him; meantime they were exposed to—I won't say what. Can late news ever reach such an office? Still the *Gazzetta di Venezia* is a fair specimen of an Italian paper. It had the most news from England of any paper we had seen, including John Bright's letter to Cyrus Field.

At Milan I found the head paper, *La Perseveranza*, a daily morning journal, the property of a senator then at Rome. His son is an excellent English speaker, although but young, and I naturally thought he had been long in England. Judge my surprise when he told me he had never been there, yet was familiar with Milton, and Scott, and other British authors. He is worthy of being connected with *La*

Perseveranza. Would that many of our young men would follow his example! What a fluency in foreign tongues could be gained in the time devoted by many young men to smoking and sauntering! And what a noble reward! I met a young Englishman at Genoa, once a schoolmaster at Sheffield. He learned Italian, and was sent out to represent a large mercantile house. *La Perseveranza* is a highly respectable looking paper, with really late telegrams, and the face of its intelligent young manager beamed all over when in parting I told him of the glorious future which I thought was in store for Italy. "I *am* glad," he said, "to hear you speak so of my country."

My next and final visit to our craft in Italy, for at Turin I had no time, was to the *Pictorial Journal of Milan*. I found a pleasing company of editors, &c., and a large and well-stocked office. In a few minutes I was presented with—what do you think? A copy of their journal containing my portrait and composer, reprinted from the *Graphic* on a reduced scale. Need I say, I blushed all over, and yet ventured to remark that *ma femme* did not consider the *Graphic* portrait as handsome as the original? Could I do less than thank them, however, and go through all their works and show them practically in their engine-room how to wash their "formes" by steam?

In concluding I cannot but remark the entire absence of personalities in newspapers here and in Italy. There are no sneering letters, "no answers to mythical correspondents," no insertions to wound friends or foes. Much of this, no doubt, is owing to the practice in France of signing all articles with a real name. What a shutting up to nasty insinuations at home if this were the case! Each editor

knows that he may some day join the staff of his opponent; but *esprit de corps* alone seems to keep out the offensive snappings seen in too many of our home papers.



LETTER LX.

AN ENTERPRISING TRADESMAN—THE SOUP
ESTABLISHMENT—THE HOTEL DU LOUVRE
—ST. DENIS—THE MUSEUM OF THE LOUVRE—
THE PICTURES AT THE LUXEMBOURG—THE
HOTEL CLUNY.

PARIS, October.—In passing along the Rue Rivoli I have been often amused with the enterprise of a tailor at the corner of the Rue de la Monnaie. An immense signboard is headed:—*La Lutte est Impossible*. In other words, the battle of life as a master tailor is no longer possible, and he appeals to his customers thus:—"I bid you adieu, alas! in spite of myself. You have left me and gone to the corner shop, [the place where the fellow is going as manager himself,] and to other places more considerable than mine. You follow the current. You are young, and I am old. My lease is at an end; after 30 years of work I abandon it. The merchants have offered me derisive prices for my stock. I will sell it in detail at 50 per cent. less than its value." Then follows a list. Complete suits are reduced from 49 to 22 francs; black cloth trousers, from 22 francs to nine; and so on. I should have noticed that the whole front of his building is a mass of gas jets.

Another institution attracted my attention as having in it more of the elements of respectability than of clap-trap. Some years ago an enterprising butcher established in Paris what he called the "Etablissement de Bouillons," which may be freely translated "soup kitchens," the essential features of which were reduction in prices, and the entire absence of men waiters, or of those young women who look upon waiting inside a restaurant as merely a convenient way of getting a husband. These Bouillons are now very common here, and are certainly worthy of a passing note. The first thing which strikes you upon entering is the remarkable nunlike simplicity with which all the young women are dressed. Every one has a white apron with bib; every one wears a cap, and certainly whatever beauty they may have is, to all intents and purposes, beauty unadorned. A list is supplied you on entering, opposite which is the price, and upon which the young woman enters figures to show the number or quantity of each article of which you partake. Remarkable cleanliness is apparent everywhere, and it is said that many ladies who would not enter the ordinary restaurants, have no hesitation in going to the Bouillon establishments, as they are waited upon by a class of women whose appearance is suggestive of that kind of domestic attention which they would receive at home. I dare scarcely tell you how cheap a dinner is at such places. I can only say it is marvellous; and yet the originator of them, the butcher to whom I have referred, died literally a millionaire, leaving an enormous fortune to his widow and only son. The widow soon after consoled herself by marrying her husband's manager, and the son is said to be squandering his portion.

Larger places for restoring the wants of nature are the Grand Hôtel on the Boulevard des Italiens, and the Grand Hôtel du Louvre, right opposite the entrance to the Louvre. Probably every one who has visited Paris knows both these establishments, but many are likely never to have ventured within their precincts, from the idea that nothing could be had except by the regular guests. I had an opportunity, however, last Saturday evening, of dining at the Grand Hôtel du Louvre, with several friends, chiefly residents in Paris, to whom the sight was as rare as to myself, and who assured me, which I found to be strictly correct, that all comers were welcome to the table d'hôte at six o'clock, and that it was one of the grand sights of Paris. We were there in good time, and our dinner tickets taken from us as if we had been entering a concert room. The dining hall was certainly a place capacious enough, one would suppose, even for the ambition of a head Parisian inn-keeper. At least 200 if not 250 sat down to dinner, and one waiter apparently had charge of half a dozen guests. At the Costanza dining room at Rome I have seen quite as many at table at once; but that room is by no means so lofty, nor are the guests so visible from every part. It was really a grand sight. None of the hubble bubble noise which one hears at large public dinners in England, owing to the fact that here such are daily occurrences, and that each man knows the duties which he has to discharge so thoroughly well, that the whole party dines with an almost noiseless hum. Our party was allotted a position by itself at the head of a table, and we had as much quiet and opportunity for friendly intercourse as if we had been dining *en famille*. No doubt those

who drank largely of the higher-priced wines would have to pay heavily for their dinners; but those who were satisfied with *vin ordinaire*, at a franc and a half a bottle, or with good pure water, could have a dinner of 12 or 15 courses at a sum not exceeding 4s. 6d. No waiters' fees were asked, and, what is more, not the slightest sign was shown that they were expected or would be taken. The company presented the appearance of a highly dressed mixed assemblage, and one could hear now and again words which were neither French nor English, but which embraced most probably a fair proportion of all the civilized languages of Europe. Should you ever go to Paris, be sure and dine at the Grand Hôtel du Louvre, or you will miss one of the finest sights to be seen in the eating department of life.

I now hasten to notice my visit to St. Denis, the resting place of most of the Kings of France, but a place by no means so generally known by the English as one would expect. We drove to it as the most convenient way, although there is a railway which will take you there in some 15 minutes. St. Denis had a sad time during the war, the Prussians being in possession, and the French trying to shell them from one of the neighbouring forts. In truth, the thousands of shots which we were told reached St. Denis would almost have been beyond belief, were it not for the fact that they fired at particular portions of the town, the French of course not being anxious to lay in ruins a city so much beloved. Many marks of the siege, however, are still to be seen. The celebrated Cathedral itself we found to be in the hands of the masons, partially owing to the effects of the siege. I shall not trouble you with anything like a description

of the magnificent old building, furnished by the verger, who showed us through with the usual amount of French politeness. It is very long, dates back to the time of King Pépin, and is said to have been finished by Charlemagne and consecrated in 775. There are some stories connected with an older church previous to that far back time, which gave way for the new one: but it must be sufficient for me to say there is one which is 1,100 years old at the least. The friends of the Revolution of 1790, who suppressed the religious orders then existing, put an end to the Abbey of St. Denis, and for some time no religious services were celebrated there, and I may say that the visitor as he walks along sees on every side tombs that bear most unmistakable impress of vast age. There were many more prior to the Revolution; but they were destroyed and desecrated, and the treasures connected therewith carried to Paris. The Abbey itself was turned into a Temple of Reason, pretty much as was the Panthéon; but during the time of Napoleon I. everything found its place again, and up to the present day the Imperial Church of St. Denis, and its tombs, continue to form very popular parts of the glories of France. Viewed from the outside, the church looks of a cruciform shape, but the principal façade is turned to the east, following the ancient custom. The inside, however, is by no means so easily described. There are seven chapels, forming a semi-circle; there are four, forming a quadrangle; and there are parts and portions, the use of which I failed to see, and am, therefore, unable to describe. I should not, however, be far from the truth if I said that the chapels number a round hundred, but then the word must be understood as

referring to very small portions of the sacred edifice. They are dedicated to the memory of kings, queens, and others less celebrated, and a stone, or marble, sarcophagus fills many of them, to the entire exclusion of the visitor. The crypt since the days of Henry IV. has been the place of sepulchre of the princes and princesses of the royal blood; but kings and queens have maintained their position higher up, and I had better cut short my remarks by stating that there are the tombs of at least 32 monarchs in St. Denis and marvellous is the fact that only three of them had the pride, or the prudence, to design them themselves. Numerous effigies consecrated by St. Louis to the memory of ancient kings, like the kings in Holyrood Palace, cannot be considered as anything but fancy portraits. From the days of Philippe Le Hardi, we have lots of effigies, all presenting more or less the appearance of those figures which one sees in many of the cathedrals at home. In that portion of the church called the sanctuary, the cenotaph of Clovis I., who died in Paris in 511, has a curious interest. It is sculptured in stone, and only found its way to St. Denis in the twelfth century. An inscription details the legendary history of Clovis, his baptism, and those various miracles connected with him, with which all readers of the marvellous are more or less familiar. But can it be that we really look upon something graven by man's device 1,300 years ago? There is the question; for the fact that Clovis is followed by effigies of his son, and many others of a far-off date, scarcely proves that they were not all made to order at a much more modern period. There is in them undoubtedly much of the rude, and a visible want of that technical knowledge which was

displayed by stone and marble masons at those periods of which we have authentic information. But perhaps it is well not to be over-fastidious, and to rest satisfied with the statement that the effigies are as old as is said. In the transept the figures of Clovis II. and numerous others equally claim our faith or excite our suspicion. King Pepin is shown buried with his face against the earth, as an expiation for the sins of his father,—a plan followed at his own suggestion. The manners and customs of these far back ages, I suppose, are pretty faithfully shown in the stone, and if so, I must certainly confess that all notions of Grecian beauty and Roman dignity were unknown. Here and there there are effigies, some of them recumbent, of grace and beauty, such, for instance, as that of Louis, the grandson of St. Louis; but round about his enormous sarcophagus there is a number of figures shown, as meaningless in their dress and idiotic in their faces as are many of the carved figures in the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame. Was it considered a mark of humility to make men and women look as ugly as the chisel of the sculptor could shape them? and, was this looked upon as some atonement for the sins of their souls? The effigy of Henry II. is certainly one of considerable merit, and is said to have been the chef d'œuvre of Petitot, who received 3,000 livres for the making of two figures couched in marble, and six statues in bronze, which enter into the composition of the monument, the marble and the metal being furnished from the royal stores. The figure of Catherine de Médicis at her husband's tomb is by no means worthy of her fame, and certainly she ought to have been shown something equal to the

reality, as she was young and beautiful at the time of his death, and survived him 30 years. Time would fail me to speak of the chapels more in detail, and I must therefore leave you to fancy one's feelings when wandering among the tombs of names so well known to every student of history as Anne de Bretagne, Catherine de Médicis, Charles d'Anjou, the King of Sicily and of Jerusalem, Charles Martelle, Clovis I., and Clovis II., and the Henries, Jeans, Louises and Philips, which turn up so frequently in the pages of French history.

Returning from St. Denis, after a talk with one of the innkeepers, who has not recovered from the dolorous condition into which the Prussians placed him by the free use which they made of every room in his inn, we went to the Hôtel de Cluny, a place probably not so well known as it ought to be to most English visitors to Paris. It is situated at no great distance from Nôtre Dame, and contains within itself a mass of historical objects in stone, marble, alabaster, wood, ivory, terra cotta, bronze, portraits, manuscripts, bijouterie, church ornaments, precious stones, &c., scarcely second to any of the public institutions in Paris. Lest I should forget, I ought at once to mention how I accidentally stumbled upon a most wonderful solar clock in perfect working order, the name of the maker of which was engraved on the front as "Joseph Naylor, near Namptwich, Cheshire." There are no particulars of this clock in the catalogue, and the attendants could not inform me further than that it had lately been added to the contents of the building. I should judge from its appearance that it was some 200 years old, and there is no reason to doubt that it was made by

the Namptwich clock maker, of whom perhaps some readers of the *Guardian* may be able to give information. Were I to describe at any length the contents of the Hôtel de Cluny, I should have to fill sheet after sheet. It is one of those buildings the contents of which are so valuable and so various that one can scarcely do more than peep at a room and pass on. Dating for many years back as a royal residence, it suggests historical facts, which, if one had nothing else to do than to hunt them up, would no doubt afford considerable interest. For instance, I by accident dropped upon a statement that in the first days of the year 1515, the widow of King Louis XII., Marie d'Angleterre, sister of Henry VIII., made choice of the Hôtel de Cluny for her residence, and there passed the duration of her mourning. Curiously enough in connection with the same story, it is mentioned that at that time the Queens of France displayed their mourning in white. I also learned that a few years after the Hôtel de Cluny was the theatre of an event which gave it what the writer calls a "royal consecration," namely, the marriage of Madeleine, the daughter of Francis I., with James V., King of Scotland. On the last Sunday in December, 1536, James, King of Scotland, made his entry into Paris, and came to lodge at the Hôtel de Cluny, where the French King attended him, and on the following day he married Madeleine.

There are numerous ancient Roman legends connected with the Hôtel—of the ruins of a palace of the Cæsars which has been rebuilt after a sort, but of these I certainly have not time to write on the present occasion, nor of the greatness nor appearance of the building outside. Of the contents I can

simply state sufficient to excite your curiosity when you come this way. There is a "Jupiter," erected by the mariners of Paris in the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, and said to have been discovered under the choir of Nôtre Dame. I suppose, and very probably it is true, that the site of Nôtre Dame was that of a temple raised to this important heathen deity, and that those who made a safe voyage from the sea up the Seine, had erected the statue as a thank offering. It is most interesting for its immense age, and the peculiar circumstances under which it was found. Many other statues, more or less mutilated, have been discovered from time to time in connection with Nôtre Dame, and these are now safely lodged in the Hôtel de Cluny. One notable engraving in stone, representing divers scenes in the life and passion of Christ, much interested me, although it was but of the sixteenth century. The resurrection, the annunciation, and the appearing to Mary, are engraved in a remarkably satisfactory manner. In the highest part our Lord is seen in His glory in the middle of a choir of angels. There are yet many traces of the various colours which enrich this sculpture, and I commend it to the inspection of those who may come after me. Amongst the marbles, the presentation of Jesus in the temple, the work of an unknown artist of the fifteenth century, is certainly one worthy of every visitor's attention. The same may be said of the Queen of Sheba at the foot of the throne of Solomon. It is in marble bas-relief, but dates no further back than the sixteenth century. Amongst the wood carvings is an altar-piece of great beauty, divided into three parts. The most noticeable represents the episode in the life of Abraham and Melchisedec. But time would fail

me to transfer to paper the memoranda made on the various sights worthy of special attention. I must, however, refer to a suite of figures engraved in wood, executed in the reign of Louis XIII. It commences with Clovis, the first Christian King of France, and carries on French history for many hundreds of years. In ivory I observed a remarkably interesting carving of the visit to Emmaus. One extraordinary carving in ivory represents the marriage of King Othon II. in 973, in which Christ is introduced. There is a good deal of Greek and Latin lettering, which I believe has caused considerable discussion amongst the learned men of France. Othon was crowned King of the Romans in the year 962; he was vanquished by Lothair, King of France, and died in 983.

Amongst the furniture, some of which is very ancient, and all of it very interesting, there is a magistrates' chair decorated with figures in bas-relief, upon which is engraven the presentation of the Virgin by her parents, St. Joachim and St. Anne. There is "The Adoration of the Magi," and "The Flight into Egypt." A grand bed of the time of Francis I. is remarkable for the profusion of its details and ornamentation. It is surmounted by a baldacchino which consists of figures of Mars and Victory. It is said that the furnishing of this bed was the work of the first Archbishop of Paris. A Florentine cabinet decorated with mosaics much attracted my attention. Precious materials of all kinds are used in it. Amongst the paintings is one that is very attractive, whatever may be its art value. It is painted upon wood, the whole of which has first been covered with gold. Of the manuscripts one is a parchment with the signature of Catherine de Médicis. Another is an astrological theme propounded by Henry

III., and bears date 1573. The medallions are very numerous at the Hôtel de Cluny, and some are of great beauty. "The Entry to Jerusalem" will much reward the inspection of any visitor. The pottery dates from several hundred years back, and consists of collections apparently from all parts of the world. Some of it is of enormous size. One oval plate, representing the family of Henry IV., much attracted my attention. The King is seated near the Queen, in the middle of his family, and several personages of the Court. The border is decorated with ornaments in various colours. Those who are fond of seeing ancient armour should be sure to visit the Hôtel de Cluny. Arms offensive and defensive, some of them extraordinarily ancient, are exhibited on every side. Curiously enough there is a very old pistol, or, as we should call it now-a-days, an eight-barrel revolver, —another proof that there is nothing new under the sun. Of the precious stones I can say but little, and of the numerous clocks and watches it will be sufficient to say, that in their early days it would have been absolutely necessary to have employed a page to carry some watches, if such a luxury was considered a necessary outfit for a gentleman. The tapestries of Cluny, I believe, are very famed. Some of them that I saw were of huge dimensions, and upon them were worked love stories in rather an attractive manner.

I must now tell you of the Luxembourg. The Luxembourg Gallery, I think, is pretty well known. It is part of the Palace in which was the House of Lords, when such a thing existed in France. It is set apart for the works of painters and contemporary sculptors, and is a continuation of the French School at the Louvre. It was once the palace of Marie

de Médicis, but since 1750 it has been an Art Treasures Exhibition. In walking round its narrow and poorly lighted galleries, I discovered many treasures. Anywhere but in Paris or Florence, they would be called priceless. "The Exiles of Tiberius," "The Captain's Share" (two captive ladies), "A Review Day, under the Empire," "Pilgrims for Mecca," "The Death of the Virgin," "Holy Wednesday at Palermo," "The Levite of Ephraim," "Dominicans adorning their Chapel," "A Bull Fight in Spain," and, above all, the "Death of Edward V. and Richard Duke of York" struck my attention. So did the "Death of Queen Elizabeth," by Paul Delaroche. The story of the ring given to Essex on his return from Cadiz is well told. The Queen had been deceived. Essex had given the ring to the Countess of Nottingham. Elizabeth is sent for to her ladyship's death bed; refuses her pardon; returns; takes no food, and expires.

My time is gone, and I must conclude my "Trip to Paris."



APPENDIX.

APPENDIX A.

PREFACE TO THE LORD'S PRAYER IN 250 LANGUAGES.

- I.—The gathering of the Catholic bishops to the great Vatican Council, the occasion of publishing this work.
- II.—The state and condition of the printing office of the Sacred Council of the Propaganda.
- III.—Others have published the Lord's Prayer in various languages before.
- IV.—Wherein this edition excels others.
- V.—The classifying of languages offers a fitting occasion to investigate the laws of the science of language.
- VI.—A few things of which the reader is to be admonished.

I.—Since it has come to pass by the wonderful leading of Divine Providence that the bishops of the Catholic Church have assembled at the great Vatican Council, and that in this city the head and strong fortress of the Christian name, in these our days if ever, it may be said—"Let every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father" (2 Philip. 11), there is no one who is not affected with sentiments of gladness, or who does not to the utmost of his power desire to show forth his piety and joy. But we should take care that as many proofs as possible of this joy should exist to commend to the memory of posterity the great glory of this age and the great benefits with which we are all enriched. Wherefore it appeared altogether fitting that

this printing office of the sacred council of the Propaganda should put out a memorial which should most clearly make known its rejoicings to all the nations that inhabit the earth. But this it can do in no other way than by exhibiting the fullest specimen of that art which gives us the signs of the speech and writing of different nations, and so set forth after a manner the image and form of that august senate in which the fathers of almost every people are present, telling of the glory of God in their own language. For as we read in the sacred Scriptures that when the Apostles, at the first Pentecost, were come together into one place, there appeared cloven tongues like as of fire which sat upon each, so that they were all filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak in other tongues—(Acts ii.)—and as the Spirit may be said to abide continually in the Church yet confessedly and in an especial manner it must be among us now, when the Catholic bishops gathered together in Christ's name are present in Rome, "that they may bear with the Roman Pontiff their witness to the word of God and the testimony of Jesus Christ, and with the Pontiff may teach all men the way of God in truth under the guidance of the Holy Spirit." (The Pope's Allocution in the Vatican on opening the Sacred Œcumenical Council.) Wonderful, indeed, at this time is Rome, the abode of that house, the church, where dwelleth Peter, that is Pius IX., who holds the place and dignity of Peter, and the other bishops who sit with the Roman Pontiff as the Apostles did with Peter, whom the Holy Spirit fills with its essence, so that they all proclaim in various tongues the wonderful works of God. Of this most holy Council, therefore, this book containing as many and as various languages as possible of the different nations thus agreeing together with one accord to praise God, may be accounted a foreshadowing. Such, therefore, is the book which is here published, in which are given in 250 languages, in their various characters, all especially peculiar to our printing office, that prayer which our Lord Jesus Christ deigned to teach all men, and which, admonished by the divine precept and divinely instructed, we all may dare to say.—Our hope, indeed, is that this memorial, though it should fail to sustain the fame of this illustrious printing press or equal the more recent discoveries of our art, or answer to the science which investigates the various languages of men, their nature and genius, concerning which we shall speak more at large hereafter, will not be wholly in vain.

II.—There are some among us not only of those born out of Italy, and strangers to the Catholic faith, but of our own people, professors of the same religion, who entertain a contempt for everything which there is in Italy, and especially in Christian Rome, the fruitful parent and nurse of every good art, and of learned men, and superciliously

pass over whatever benefits and advantages the Roman Pontiffs, the most provident favourers and encouragers of learning, have procured. Hence, moreover, not to wander further from our argument, if they speak of the art of printing, they either neglect or laugh at what is done in Rome, and yet even this our printing establishment might move their admiration. Scarcely had Pope Urban VIII., to enlarge the spread of the Gospel through preaching, opened a noble house for the pupils whom he had summoned to Rome from Asia and Africa, than he willed that an office should also be provided for printing books in foreign languages and characters. This office, by the care of Francis Ingolius, secretary of the Holy Council, was even from the very first so excellently furnished with everything necessary to the splendour of the typographic art that by the year 1627 there were in it altogether types for printing in 15 different languages. This stock he increased day by day, as well by the liberality of the Roman Pontiffs, as by the wise diligence of those who were set over the printing office, among whom those for their merit most worthy of singular praise are Constantinus Ruggerius and John Christopher Amaduzzi, who filled the office of its president for 22 years. How great was his solicitude, the many beautiful alphabets of foreign languages which he edited with learned prefaces, and the catalogue published by him of the books which were issued from the press of the Propaganda down to the year 1723 sufficiently shew. When it is remembered that in it there were works written in more than 28 languages, the greater part of which were printed in their proper characters, and those not in a single type only, any person disposed to judge fairly may decide how rich and noble this Roman printing press is, which is especially witnessed by two specimens of the characters, one of them exhibiting an epigram in 44 languages, with which Amaduzzi himself welcomed the King of Sweden on his visit to the printing office; and the other, which in 1783 was presented to Augustus Frederic, son of the King of England, which contained poems in 37 languages, printed in characters of different types, amongst which were 14 of those used by the people of the East. And when men of unbridled impiety, desirous of change, and driven on by the madness of lust, towards the close of the last century, had disturbed every thing at Rome, robbing her by force of whatever was beautiful and splendid, and despoiling even our printing office both of its types and its press, it had yielded to none in dignity and in its wealth in the very best things. But if there are in our own age in foreign countries printing offices which in furniture and elegance far excel the Roman, we ought to remember that she in the two previous centuries held the first place, not only by her example and encouragement to others,

but even by the resources she afforded them, which, if our space permitted it, might be easily shown by fit arguments and proofs. Certain it is that John Christopher Wagenseilus, in his work, "The Fiery Darts of Satan," did not hesitate to write—"I had seen at Rome that magnificent and august house the College of the Propaganda, furnished with immense wealth by the Cardinal Prefect, and with what I thought still greater, a typography which in its stock of foreign characters surpasses all others in Europe, and is elsewhere rarely to be seen." Let no one therefore suppose that the Roman press is either to be despised or held in no estimation. The ruin and wreck which we have mentioned, by the assiduity and devotion of Francis Cancelarius and others, to whose care the press down to this time has been in a great measure, though not entirely, committed, has been repaired under the auspices and by the munificence of the Roman Pontiffs. Which, besides many other things is proved by two specimens of types, one of which, exhibiting in 24 languages a celebrated passage in St. Paul's Epistle to Titus, the officials and printers dedicated to Father Cardinal Antonius Xavier de Luca, on the day on which, after his most vigilant superintendence of the printing office, he was named Bishop of Aversi; and the other of which, having 55 languages and many different types, was dedicated to Pope Gregory XVI. in the year 1832, when he kindly visited the printing office. In our own day also Pius IX., the real author and encourager of the best studies, although beset with dangers and great difficulties in his own affairs, has never ceased to devote attention to this printing office, so that its splendour might not only be preserved, but that day by day it may be as far as possible increased. Wherefore it was but just that when, in the year 1866, he, the promoter of its success, gladdened our printing establishment by his presence and commendation, there was, as a testimony of our obedience and joy, a volume which contained the first part of the fourth chapter of Deuteronomy printed in 30 languages, each expressed in its own proper characters. So that if this our new specimen of the foreign riches with which the printing office is filled should go forth to the world it may be received as coming from the favour and encouragement of such a father and prince.

III.—The specimen which we now publish, contains, as we have said, the Lord's Prayer in 250 languages, in as many forms of type. The same design has been begun once and again by different men, either that they might add to the science of languages and speech, or that they might prove by experiment the advantages and improvement of the typographic art. Indeed, to recount here only the more valuable publications (and passing over those which Peter

D'Avity in his "Description of the Four Parts of the World;" Claudius Duretus, in his "Treasury of the Language of the Universe;" Bartolomeo Georgievitz, in his book "On the Manners of the Turks;" John Baptist Grammayeus, in his book containing 100 versions of the Lord's Prayer; Jerome Megiserus, in his "Specimen of 50 Languages;" John Micraelius, in his "Pomerania;" George Pistorius Mauerus, in his German book, "The Pater Noster in Forty Languages;" John Bauterus, in his book, "The Lord's Prayer in Forty Languages;" Schelderberger, in the history of his travels; George Stiernhielm, in the preface to the "Gothic Gospel of Ulphilas;" Bonaventura Volcanius, in his work on the "Letters of the Gesetæ, or Goths;" John Wilkins in his English work "On a Philosophic Language;" Theodore Bibliander, in the year 1538, published at Bourges, a work "On the Analogy of all Languages and their Letters," in which, so far as we know, he was the first to print the Lord's Prayer in fourteen Languages. Afterwards, in the year 1555, Conrad Gesner, in his book entitled "Mithridates, or the Differences of Languages," gave the same prayer in 25 tongues; then Gaspar Waser published at Bourges, in 1610, the work of Gesner, revised and illustrated, with a commentary by himself. But before Waser could reproduce the "Mithridates," Angelus Socca, an Augustinian, of singular learning and piety, had reproduced the Lord's Prayer from the Vatican types, at Rome, in 1591, in his "Appendix on Dialects, or on the various kinds of Languages," which with a commentary, he added to his books of the Apostolic Library in the Vatican. In the following years the number of languages was further augmented in this city. For Andrew Müller, in 1676, published a work which contained 100 languages, and, four years afterwards, Thomas Lükden republished it at Berlin, under the title of "The Prayer of Prayers; or, versions of the Lord's Prayer beyond the hundred, edited by Barnimus Hagius," another name for Andrew Müller. Moreover, a few years later, Gottofred Starkius and B. Mottus, with great care republished these editions; and the latter again produced Lükden's work at London in 1701, with this title, "The polyglot Lord's Prayer, printed in more than a hundred versions, or characters." Starkius again reproduced Müller's Book at Berlin, in 1705, under the title, "Α και Ω." The alphabets and letters of nearly seventy languages, as well as nearly a hundred versions of the Lord's Prayer, collected and illustrated by Andrew Müller. By the persevering studies of the learned in scrutinising languages, both in their differences and their resemblance, the versions of the Lord's Prayer, existing at the close of the 18th century, in number and form of characters far exceeded those of all previous ages. First, indeed, we must mention John Chamberlayn, who published a book at Amsterdam in 1715, containing 152 languages under the title of "The Lord's Prayer in the different languages of nearly all

nations, expressed in the proper characters of each language." After Chamberlayn, Benjamin Schultz published at Leipsic, in 1748, the alphabets of a hundred languages, and two hundred versions of the Lord's Prayer. But in this noble contention Laurence Hervas, a learned member of the Society of Jesus, published, in Italian, at Cæsenna, in 1781, a wonderful specimen of more than three hundred versions of the prayer. But John Christopher Adelung surpassed Hervas himself, undertaking a great work under the same title as Gesner's, namely, "Mithridates; or, the General Science of Language." This work is in four volumes, the first of which was published in 1806, and the others after his death by Severinus Vaterus; in this work, besides the history of languages, and very many words taken indifferently from nearly every language, there are given 500 versions of the Lord's Prayer. Meanwhile when Adelung was perfecting his lucubrations, two printers of great name, the one a Frenchman, J. Marcel, the other an Italian, John Baptist Bodonius, sent out some very elegant works from their presses, namely, "The Lord's Prayer in 150 languages, each expressed in its own types," printed at the Imperial Press in 1805, and "The Lord's Prayer in 155 languages, for the most part printed in their own types." Printed at the Bodon Press in Parma in 1806. To which works, set off by the elegance and beauty of their type, we may add this other, "The Polyglot Lord's Prayer, in the characters of the several languages surrounded by designs from Albert Durer, and edited by Fr. Xavier Stöeger, monk, and lithographed by J. B. Dressely, 1831," which though it exhibits only 33 versions, demands great praise for its designs from Durer. Nor may we pass by "A specimen of the Scriptures in the Eastern languages," written in English in 1818 at Serampore, in India, and published by the Brethren—so they call themselves—of the Serampore Mission, a work of no little value, because it gives the Lord's Prayer of 51 of those nations in their proper languages and characters, 40 of which you may seek in vain in the works of Chamberlayn or Bodon. After this John Ulric Krausen, and John Christopher Wagner, of Hapsburg, published "The Lord's Prayer rendered into more than 100 languages, and printed in their proper types," the latest edition and, as the German title page informs us, "fuller of the various specimens than any former." Lastly, we must mention that most famous book of all, "The Polyglot Lord's Prayer in 815 languages and dialects, the work and labour of Aloys Aver, of Vienna, printed at the Imperial Press in 1837," in which the greatness of the number of languages, combined with the elegance and beauty of the types and the execution of the work, is a noble monument of the printing art. Of this work also it is fit to

say, there are shown in it 608 versions of the Lord's Prayer printed in Latin characters, and dispersed through the various countries of the world inhabited by people using their own language, and 208 in the foreign characters peculiar to each nation. What and how great such a work must be, every one may easily see for himself.

IV.—And indeed it has been a pleasure to me to describe all these famous monuments, not only because recounting them will add ornament to our pages, but also because it will be a further incitement to us to attempt a work of the same kind and to contend for a share of that praise which men skilled in the science of language, and who have deserved well of the printers' art have obtained. There will, we trust, be no one who will blame us for undertaking what was beyond our power. For although our book yields honour and esteem to some of those who have preceded us, yet if any one will consider the number and variety of the languages which we have given, or the copiousness of the types and characters, or will regard the elegance, if not of all, yet of most of those which are foreign, if, moreover, he will attentively examine the borders which circumscribe the pages, if he will weigh well the other ornaments which we have borrowed from the newest inventions in our art, and if he will recollect what we have already briefly said of the condition and state of the press, he will surely be of opinion that this work, if it be not the first, will certainly not be the last in place. The number of languages and dialects here enumerated is 250, which number few books have exceeded: and in order that the translations might be most accurate we have committed them to the learned of this city, well acquainted with languages either to be considered and revised or even newly translated: finally, we have spared no labour that the Lord's Prayer might be fitly given in the proper language of the people everywhere. Which diligence of ours will be approved of most by those who are concerned to compare the tongues of various nations, and who from such comparison endeavour to ascertain the force and character of their language. The characters, too, of these languages, so many and so various, are the property of and belong only to the printing office of the Sacred College of the Propaganda. There are also 180 languages, most of them foreign, and of these 65 are Oriental, and of many of these the form is manifold, both in size and appearance. At the end of the work we shall give an index to all of them, that those studious in such things may know not only what their number is, but also what are the forms and models of each, or as we may say, how many points measure the body of each. Unwilling as we are to

make an idle boast, we are bound to claim the praise due to the Roman press and to this our work.

V.—But in the order which we propose to ourselves in classing the different languages, we must take care that it corresponds to reason, and the laws of the science of languages. For if we weigh well the force and nature of speech we shall find that it consists altogether of simple elements, the first of which we call *radicals*. These, moreover, consist of only one syllable, and either stand singly so as to form separate words, or else two coalesce and cohere to form a single word. Which may happen in two ways, namely, either one of the two is only changed while the other remains wholly the same, or both in some sort put on a new form, and are variously inflected. Moreover, since it is plain that the more simple and more universal are the oldest, therefore in the history of languages three ages are to be remarked. In the first of these the radicals were actually so many words, and so speech consisted of words of one syllable only, or was monosyllabic, like the language of the Chinese. In the second to express words, two or even more radicals are joined together, and while the one indeed remains unaltered, the other is variously changed, and in this the word consists; so that the words carry one or another signification, as they end in one or another form, which may be seen in the languages which we call Turanic or Mongolian. Of this kind also is the speech in which the radicals are so combined together that we call it agglutinated or agglutinating. Lastly, in the third age all the radicals which make separate words, are variously affected, sometimes changing, and again coalescing into one word, which is the rule in the languages which we call Aryan or Japhetic, and especially of those which we call Semitic. And the speech which is really such, is wont to be called organic, in which the radicals of which each word consists are not complete in themselves, but conspire to one end, like the parts which go to compose an instrument or an organ. Wherefore let him who is willing to divide languages in this order, divide them into three classes, as first, the monosyllabic, second, the agglutinant, and lastly, the organic. The learned, who have attentively considered and compared the languages of the several nations and their nature, have perceived that certain of them have peculiarities which constitute a relation and affinity between them. Hence, it has come to pass that languages have been accurately divided into families. And two of the chief of this family of languages are the Japhetic and the Semitic, of which the first has obtained the name of the Indo-European, or Aryan, and the other the Syro-

Arabic. Of which names the reason is this, that the Japhetic, to speak generally, are the languages of those people who occupy Europe and India, and are sprung as it seems from the nation called the Aryan. For the Aryans were a people who occupied India, which was therefore called their seat. And although even in the latter Sanskrit, according to Max Müller, Arya signifies a noble, or one born in a noble place; yet, formerly, the origin of the word being considered, it meant a husbandman or *paterfamilias*, and thence the whole nation took its name. But what is peculiar to the Semitic language is that we ascribe to that family the Syro-Arabic, because all those use this speech who dwell in Syria and Arabia, or derive their origin from them. These separate families of languages, to use a familiar term, are split into different branches, and take in other lesser families, according to the relationship by which the languages are allied. But there are besides very many languages spoken by people inhabiting distant parts of Europe, Asia, Polynesia, and Africa, nay even America, which as their number is almost innumerable, so neither are they as yet sufficiently known, but from the knowledge of them, imperfect as it is, this is plain, that they can neither be referred to the Aryan nor the Semitic families, nor do they constitute separate families amongst themselves; hence it has become the custom to discriminate them by certain orders. The chief of these is the Turanic derived from the Turanii, who, according to Müller, differ from the Aryani inasmuch as they had no settled abodes, and the languages known under this name are wont to be distributed into the various countries where they obtain. Neither, however, are they to be accounted as wholly separate and disjointed from each other, for there is a certain chain between them, notwithstanding that their countries are parted by very long intervals. We have an example of this in the languages of North America, which are bound to the Asiatic, and with the nation itself are derived from Asia, according to the opinion of almost all the learned. But besides the Aryan, Semitic, and Turanic languages, there are the Chinese and other monosyllabic languages, which are to be considered by themselves, and are not to be referred to any language of those families. But having respect in this our work, to the properties and knowledge of language, we shall distribute languages into monosyllabic, Aryan, Semitic, and Turanic, and so this book will be divided into four parts. Yet we shall neither commence with the monosyllabic nor the Aryan, but the Semitic, as well from other causes as because amongst them is to be reckoned the sacred language in which the Holy Scriptures were given by God. The first part therefore comprehends the Semitic tongues, of which there

are three branches—Hebrew, Aramaic, and Arabic. The second part has the Aryan languages, which we divide into five families—the Indo-Iranic (to which are subjoined the Indian and Persian idioms), the Celtic, the Italo-Hellenic (to which are referred the Italian and the Greek idioms), the Wendic or Letto-Slavic, and lastly the Teutonic; but to the Cantabric we assign a peculiar place after the Indo-Iranic family. The third part contains the Turanic or Mongolian languages, which we shall divide, as their genius and disposition demand, amongst the various regions where they flourish or have flourished. And in the first place we shall give the dialects both of North and Middle Europe, Asia, and Polynesia; secondly, the African dialects; and, thirdly, the Middle and Northern dialects of America. Lastly, the fourth part relates to the monosyllabic dialects, to which we may add the hieroglyphic characters. Nor shall we pause, in reckoning either the several languages or dialects to say to what part, family, or branch each belongs, for at first sight the index will make that plain to the reader. Moreover, our disposition of the languages will very much conduce to that knowledge of speech which, especially in our days, is so diligently cultivated. For that it is which the principle of the science itself so much requires, and which, as far as possible, shews the bond by which the various languages are bound together, and thus brings out their nature, so that, however many they be, and though used by other and widely-different nations, and differing in face and form, they must be reckoned to have come as sisters from one mother. And although many of those who have published versions of the Lord's Prayer before us have been but little felicitous in their order, the recommendation which our work derives from it will not be small.

VI.—There are, moreover, a few things of which we think fit to admonish our readers. In the first place we have referred the Etruscan language to the Hebrew branch, following the authority of those who find the language of the old Etruscans allied to the Hebrew, or are inclined to that opinion. Besides these very many hold the Tamul as either a dialect or a language of the older Sanskrit; but two learned missionaries of the Congregation of Missions to Foreign Nations, in the preface to the Tamul Lexicon, published by them at Pondicherry, in 1862, have contended and almost proved by many strong arguments, that it is not only not derived from the Sanskrit, but that it is a different and, as it were, a mother language, which has for its dialects the Telinga, the Canarese, and the Malcalamam. We have placed it among the Turanic. And among these also, for the

best reasons, the Cantabric, also the Hungaric, to which many think it not unlike, ought to be placed. But whilst the question remains uncertain, and the constitution of the language is not thoroughly understood, we have described it as among the Aryan languages rather than as being of some other family. Moreover, according to custom we have named one family as the Letto-Slavic, although in reality it does not absolutely answer to that name. For although there are in it many things common to the Slavonic and Lithuanian languages, yet there are some belonging to a different language and which cannot be referred to the same family. Add to which, that the name Letto-Slavic seems to overlook what is the chief thing, since if compared with the Lithuanian, the Lettic dialect is as if the Russian were compared with the older Slavonic or Paleo-Slavonic, or the Sanscrit Pracrit. Wherefore the two families should be more accurately distinguished. And the same may be said of some of the other greater families, as the Indo-Iranic and the Italo-Hellenic, which we have given as an example of others; but from their nature they might easily be divided into two lesser languages. Lastly, let us say, that if in our hasty and hurried work faults have happened which we cannot excuse, we will yet ask the reader's forbearance. To omit others, whoever examines the Celtic dialects will perceive that they should be described as a family and that the Japanese should be placed not among the monosyllabic but the Turanic languages. But the more accurate index which we intend to give will remove these *errata*.

And having now said enough, and more than enough, we here make an end. If we have raised expectations to which our work does not answer, we trust we shall find just and benignant judges. But we shall especially think we have done well if, as we said at the outset, this book and its specimen of the riches of Roman typography should in any measure foreshadow that most holy council whereat the bishops of every nation are assembled, and whose glory and eminence we have striven to increase with all our might and with a grateful mind.

APPENDIX B.

A N C I E N T M A P S .

THIS is a Map of the World, from that prepared by Fra Mauro, an ecclesiastic at Venice, between the years 1457 and 1460. The original, which is shewn there as one of its curiosities, was one of the results of the intelligence and commercial enterprise which in that age distinguished the Queen of the Adriatic. It is constructed on principles the very reverse of our maps; for instead of the north being at the top the south occupies that place, while the north is at the bottom, the east on the left side, and the west on the right. In each corner there are rubrics or explanations, with headings, the headings of the right hand corner at the top being:—

“How by God’s ordering the earth rose above the water.”

That of the bottom corner of the same side is:—

“How greatly one element exceeds the other in quantity.”

That at the left hand corner at the top is:—

“Of the number of the heavens according to Holy Scripture.”

That of the bottom corner of the same side is:—

“On the site of the terrestrial paradise.” (To which there is subjoined a picture of our first parents in the garden of Eden.)

The map is everywhere crowded with names and inscriptions, and representations of great buildings, some of which seem large enough to occupy a province. There are neither meridian lines nor parallels of latitude upon the map, which has fifty names of countries and

places, and eighteen of rivers and lakes, marked upon it, some of them spelt very strangely. Judea is placed very nearly in the centre of the world, Europe and England would be in their right position if the map were turned exactly round. When this map was made there was a general belief, which it would have been heresy to doubt, that the sun was not stationary, but that, like the other heavenly bodies he had an orbit in which he revolved. Galileo, who in maintaining a contrary opinion followed Copernicus, was thrown into prison for it two centuries later, and was there honoured with a visit from Milton. On this map there is drawn a sphere called the empire of the heavens, which shows the heavenly bodies in their orbits, where there is, first, the earth, then the moon, and afterwards these in their order, Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, the fixed stars, and what is called the ninth (or new) sphere. Pythagoras had very early taught that the sun and moon, the planets and fixed stars, moved each in a transparent solid sphere, in the following order, next to the Earth the Moon, then Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and last of all the sphere of the fixed stars, and that they moved with a harmony of sound inconceivably beautiful, their eight spheres forming by their different distances the seven notes of music, Mercury and Venus together making only one note, an idea which our great bard has thus beautifully improved:—

“Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There’s not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.”

(*Merchant of Venice*, Act v. s. 1.)

This map of Fra (or brother) Mauro must, from the first, have been held in high estimation at its birth place, as the subjoined inscription shows, which tells us that, after hanging for 195 years in the church and then in a hall called Mappamondo, it was removed by the Rev. P. D. Francis Oberard into the library of his monastery in 1655:—

“Hæc tabula geographica cum per centum et nonaginta quinque annorum curriculum partim in ecclesiâ partim vero in aulâ quæ suo nomini dicata erat et dicebatur mappamondo fuissêt appensa tandem jussu Rev. P. D. Francisci Oberardi dicti *erwic, arb*, hujus monast. in

hac bibliotheca seipso instaurata dicata et exarata translata et collocata fuit Anno 1655, Deo. Dre."

A highly finished copy of it is preserved in the British Museum, and a reduced copy which is much easier to read than the original, is engraved in Murray's "Encyclopædia of Geography" (vol. i. 56). If this map was the best of its time it is worth seeing, that we may learn how far the moderns have surpassed the ancients in geography.



APPENDIX C.

ANCIENT MAPS.—Continued.

ANAXIMANDER, of the school of Miletus, who is referred to by Hipparchus, justly recognizing the value of geography to a commercial people, is supposed to have formed the first map of the world about 560 B.C. ("Encyclopædia Britannica," and Murray's "Encyclopædia of Geography," 23.) But even the learned Herodotus derided the idea of the earth being round.

Ptolemy, a great astronomer and geographer, who lived before A.D. 160, improved upon the works of Mela, another ancient geographer. He maintained that the earth moved round the sun, and was the first to prepare a map of the world with meridians and parallels of latitude. This map, as was to be expected, was very far from perfect, and he commits a singular error with regard to Great Britain, making the island to resemble somewhat in shape a falling letter, the effect of which was to make Scotland to incline too far towards the east.

There is an anglo-Saxon map of the world of the tenth century, which professes to exhibit most parts of the world as they were then known. (Knight's "Pictorial History of England;" "Translations of the Liverpool Historical Society," xii. 217.) In this map, which, after Ptolemy's is probably one of the oldest known, the east is at the top, the British Isles occupy the north-west corner, and Great Britain hangs like two door-posts and a lintel over the Isle of Man. London and two other places with names appear upon England, and one nameless place on Ireland. Wales appears to project from the most northerly point of Britain, and the sea beyond is studded with islands almost equal in area to Ireland. ("Liverpool Historical Society," xi. 219, where the map is engraved.)

There are occasional resemblances to curious objects in the outlines of some real maps of countries and places now. Italy, we know,

is like a boot, and Cheshire like a game cock cut out for fighting; but fancy must have been more busy than fact when the outline of Britain on this Anglo-Saxon map was drawn.

At Hereford there is a remarkable map of the world on thick vellum, illuminated with gilt Saxon letters, which, after Ptolemy's, is believed to be the most ancient in the world. Richard de Bello, of Holdingham, in Lincolnshire, its author, who lived about the reign of Henry III., is represented as a knight on horseback with his page and his greyhound in one corner, having some fanciful allusions to the command given by Augustus that all the world should be taxed. This map represents the world as a circular plane, surrounded by the ocean. The south is at the top, Jerusalem is in the centre, and the north at the bottom. The whole map is covered with illustrations and short rubrics, and at the bottom, in French, are these lines:—

“May all who this fair historie
Shall either hear, or read, or see,
Pray to our Lord in Deity
Richard of Holdingham to pity,
That to him may for aye be given,
The joy and happiness of heaven.”

Of this map there is a copy in the British Museum and there is an essay upon it in the “Gentleman's Magazine,” of 1863.

In the thirteenth century an Arabic map was prepared by Eli Edrisi, of which the original is now preserved in the Bodleian Library, and a reduced copy of it is given in Murray's “Encyclopædia of Geography” (i. 49). In this map the Nile is represented as rising in three lakes, which modern discoveries seem to confirm. In it the north is at the top and the south at the bottom, as in a modern map, and Mecca is nearly in the centre.

Sanuda, another Venetian geographer, who lived about the year 1316, compiled another map, which appeared in Bonga's “Gesta Dei per Francos,” which was printed in 1611. In this map, which introduces a new variation, the east is placed at the top, and the west at the bottom, and Great Britain seems to be bestriding Ireland like a Colossus.

A general account of the world, called “Cosmographia,” was written in 1471, and the same work, with a collection of maps, appeared in 1528.

In 1559, Hadji Mehmet, an Arabian geographer, of Tunis, published a map of the world at Venice, in which the world is made to be heart-shaped, and Mecca is near the top, although the top is the south, and the north the bottom of the map. The winds are represented as blowing at six different points from wind-bags, which have

pipes to them, and of these winds the north-east and north-west are represented as the most powerful. The map has meridians and parallels of latitude, and at the bottom is an armillary sphere in which the globe is made round, and, what must have puzzled a true Moslem, there are representations of some of the constellations. On this map, which of course does not give us America, the difference between sea and land is hardly to be distinguished, in consequence of the way in which the map is covered with Arabic explanations.

Sebastian Munster's map of the world, which appeared in 1572, is cleared of some of the mistakes of his predecessors. He had delineated the general outline of the earth very tolerably; but in following Ptolemy too closely in his description of Britain, he commits the mistake of making the island too plethoric, and represents Scotland as inclining far to the east. ('Liverpool Historical Society's Proceedings,' vol. xi. p. 220, where a print of this part of the map is given.)



APPENDIX D.

A NOVEL PRINTING OFFICE.

I HAVE now reached the proper place to tell you of a visit to a novel printing office about three miles out of Paris, along the Avenue de la Grand Armée. The trade clubs in Paris are even more exacting than those in England; besides, here a second kind of club might be used in stormy days, when a mob could have its attention directed to any unpopular workshop. Hence a strong desire to have branch offices, at least out of Paris, worked by women. Two such already exist. In England I know country offices, in the real sense of the word, are springing up, and I lately passed one in a solitary part, near Guildford, where steam-power had given place to a water wheel. It was the branch office of the Messrs. Unwin, of hymnbook fame. Messrs. Clowes and Sons have commenced a similar one; but in each case men are employed. The Paris printers, however, are trying women in their branch offices. Curiously enough, even in the Imperial printing office women "feed" the machines, although the work is dangerous, and no objection is taken to them, mixing as they do with men and boys. M. Martinet and others are, as I have said, trying type-setting by female labour, outside Paris, on an extensive scale, and with marked success of the females. He has an extensive printing office in Paris, is in the middle of life, full of buoyancy, good nature, and enterprise. I did not like to be too inquisitive at my interview with him; but from a copy of the rules, and from what I saw I gather that the employment of Protestant girls has something to do with the movement. In France the Sunday labour question is continually cropping up. The immense majority of masters are not Protestants, hence their workpeople are expected to work as required, and sincere Protestants are placed at a disadvantage. M. Martinet meets the evil to some extent. He has erected a most extensive printing office in

the country, at which he lodges, boards, and educates the young girls apprenticed to him for six years, and to secure the smooth and independent working of the whole, a number of the leading Protestant ministers and laymen of Paris are associated to engage the girls, see to their food, clothes, education, and health, but all at the expense of M. Martinet. Each girl serves six years, and in addition to clothes, food, education, and pocket money, she has 500 francs of wages handed over to her on the day her apprenticeship expires. We first entered the splendid house of M. Martinet, and had a conversation with Madame Martinet, by whom we were introduced to the young lady who has charge of the composing room. We found it to be a lofty well-lighted hall, and in it were 42 girls all setting type. "Click, click," each "setting stick" was saying. Naturally I looked at the appearance of the girls very closely. All seemed well fed, comfortable, and clothed in a dress becoming their position. It consisted of blue check frocks, each with a long black calico pinafore (which the girls make themselves before commencing their apprenticeship,) coming up high in the neck, and all round them, and giving a tidy looking appearance, besides keeping their other clothes clean. In an adjoining building, but quite separated, were various machines at work, worked by young women, aided by men, and near by a stereotyping foundry, and a type-making machine, busy at work. I saw every branch of a first-class book office at work, an inside line of rails was also laid to run the "formes" on from the making-up stones to the machines. Going to another building we found a most complete series of domestic arrangements. One or two lofty, large and airy bedrooms, contained a separate bed for each girl, all nicely made, with night garments in "apple-pie" order. Adjoining was a lavatory, having a basin, a towel, a toothbrush, and a piece of soap for each girl. Each one had her own clothes' drawer, and pegs for hanging up her clothes. Several large baths in another room were at the service of all. Further on, we came on a schoolroom, most perfectly fitted up, and apparently used as a chapel, for it had a pulpit. There was a row of black pinafores for use during school hours near by. The dining room and playground next claimed our attention, and then the sewing-room, where we found girls mending their clothes, under a matron's care. The "deaconess," or head, we found to be a most intelligent young lady, and I cannot but augur from what I saw that many a cleanly young woman, trained fit to be a wife and a mother, will be gained to France by this movement. I should remark that everywhere Scripture mottoes were on the walls.

I cannot, however, in the present state of trade in England do

1. The house is under the
direction of a girl living and

2. The house is under the
for the said purpose in Paris
of June, 1869, between Mr. —
charged with the moral and
The Committee has power to
and her assistants. The sub-
the other officials of the house
the discharge of any of the work
should happen to be contrary

3. The children are placed
consideration of an entrance fee
the children's parents or patron
The cost of the children's wear
by Mr. —.

4. Mr. — will conclude the
only with the parents and patron
presented by the Committee and

5. The girls, must be able to
twelve and not over fifteen years
years.

6. After expiration of the first
hands of the Committee, to the
fifty francs. A sum of one

will revert to the Committee, to be used by them for the benefit of the enterprise.

8. The children will not become the real owners of the money accruing from their wages before the expiration of their time.

9. A gratuity, proportioned to the age, will be allowed to the children monthly, on the entrance fee and on the interest of the moneys paid by Mr. —. In the event of a child leaving the house, and in case of decease, the entrance money reverts to the undertaking and remains at the disposal of the Committee. The parents will not be entitled to any claim, neither have they a right to the wearing apparel, nor to any other article whatever.

10. There will be eight working hours a day, up to the age of fifteen years; and ten hours from the commencement of the sixteenth year. The instructress will give daily lessons to all the girls, to develop the previously received instruction; those under the age of fifteen years will have about two hours' study a day. It will be the duty of all to take, by turns and in an order that will fit in with their other occupations, part in the offices of the domestic affairs of the house, including washing and the needlework necessitated for making their clothes and keeping them, as well as the linen, in repair.

11. No printing work will be done on a Sunday.

12. The Committee will specially watch over the daily religious instruction of the girls, over their participation in public worship, and their preparation for their first communion.

13. The girls will be allowed to go out for a holiday at the following seasons: on the first of January, at Easter, and on the fifteenth of August, on condition that their parents or patrons fetch them away and bring them back themselves. They will be allowed to leave on the evening preceding the holiday, and will have to return the following day in the morning at fixed hours, according to the regulations of the house.

14. The parents or patrons will be at liberty to visit the girls every Sunday in the parlour at the hours fixed by the regulations, exclusive of those set apart for divine worship and for the promenade. In case of illness of their daughters their visits may be more frequent, if it be deemed necessary, and they will be apprised if any serious case occurs.

15. An excellent hygiene, order and cleanliness will be the rule of the house, which will be kept in the best possible state and condition. The diet will be wholesome and abundant. If the health of any of the children should claim a particular care, it will be given, and the indisposition under which they may labour will be treated in the infirmary

1. A certificate of birth.

2. A certificate of health, testifying to the mental and physical condition of a servant, &c., &c., over all nomination and dismissal.

18. The applications for admission of a member of the Committee or of a servant, along with the papers accompanying them, who alone have power to decide.

19. The papers required for admission are: 1. A certificate of birth. 2. A certificate of health, testifying to the mental and physical condition of a servant, &c., &c., over all nomination and dismissal. 4. A letter of introduction from a cony, or from another person of station, which is to be filled up as follows:

20. The girls must not be suffering from any disease, nor tainted with vicious habits. The physician and by the Directress of the institution, should turn out to be their parents or patrons, who are to be placed, at the expense of the institution.

21. A ticket of admission is not to be issued to any girl from the house from which the girls' parents are to be authorised in due form by the Committee.

22. The parents and patrons are to be authorised in due form by the Committee.

23. It is incumbent on parents or patrons to impress the children with a sense of the greatest deference for the Directress, who represents the Committee and carries out their decisions in the interests of the pupils and the house. The Committee's only object, and for which it labours with solicitude, is the moral and religious advancement of the girls confided to them, by inculcating into their youthful minds the love and fear of God, and by training them to habits of order and industry, that will in after-life afford them valuable means of subsistence.

THE END.









